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THE ARROW

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

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I SUPPOSE the reason why cabin stewards fold them like that, instead of tucking 'em in as bedclothes are arranged on shore, is that if the ship founders you can get out of your bunk so much quicker. The life preservers are up there, on top of the little wardrobe. The picture of Mr. Boddy-Finch, the resolute-looking man with a mustache, showing how to wear the life-waistcoat, is on the panel by the door. Mr. Boddy-Finch's mustache has a glossy twist, probably waxed like that to keep it from getting wet while he's demonstrating his waistcoat. He guarantees that the thing will keep you afloat for forty-eight hours: how can he tell unless he's tried it? Amusing scene, Mr. Boddy-Finch floating competently in the Mersey while a jury of shipowners on the dock cheer him on toward the forty-eighth hour.

So he was thinking as he got into the berth and carefully snugged himself into the clothes that were folded, not tucked. The detective story slid down beside the pillow. No bed-companion is so soothing as a book you don't intend to read. He had realized just now that the strangeness had worn off. This was his first voyage. He had supposed of course he would be ill, but he had never felt more at home, physically, in his life. The distemper that had burdened him was of another sort; but now it was gone—gone so quietly and completely that he hardly missed it yet. He only knew that some secretive instinct had brought him early to his bunk, not to sleep, but because there, in that narrow solitude, he could examine the queer delicious mood now pervading him.

The steady drum and quiver of a slow ship finding her own comfortable way through heavy sea. The little stateroom, which he had to himself, was well down and amidship; the great double crash and rhythm of the engines was already part of his life. A pounding hum, pounding hum, pounding hum. He invented imitative phrases to accompany that cadence. Oh, lyric love, half piston and half crank! Roofed over by the

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upper berth, shaded from the lamp by the clicking chintz curtain, this was his lair to spy out on the laws of life. He could see his small snug dwelling sink and sway. Marvelous cradling ease, sweet equation of all forces. He studied the pattern of honest bolts in the white iron ceiling. Surely, with reference to himself, they were rigid: yet he saw them rise and dip and swing. The corridor outside was one long creak. There was a dropping sag of his berth as it caved beneath him, then a climbing push as it rose, pressing under his shoulders. He waited, in curious lightness and thrill, to feel the long slow lift, the hanging pause, the beautiful sinking plunge. The downward slope then gently tilted sideways. His knees pressed hard against the board, he could see his toothbrush glide across the tumbler. He was incredibly happy in an easy bliss. Now he understood why sailors often feel ill when they reach the dull flat solidity of earth.

The lull and ecstasy of the sea is what man was meant for. The whole swinging universe takes you up in its arms and you know both desire and fulfillment. And down below, from far within, like —oh, like things you believed you'd forgotten—that steady grumbling hum. The first night he was a bit anxious when she rolled: his entrails yawned when she leaned over so heavily on emptiness. But then he had divined something: it is the things that frighten you that are really worth while. Now, when she canted he did not hold back; he leaned with her, as though eager to come as close as possible to that seethe and hiss along her dripping side. It was the inexpressive faces of stewards and stewardesses that had best fortified him. They stood on duty along the exclaiming passages, priests of this white ritual world. Their sallow sexton faces seemed gravely reassuring the congregation that all was calculated, charted, and planned. They flexed and balanced serenely, like vicars turning eastward at the appointed clause. He had barely escaped horrifying one of them, his bedroom steward who came in suddenly—the door was open—while he was doing a private caper of triumph at realizing he wasn't ill. He repeated his silly chant, smiling in the berth:

Wallow in a hollow with a pounding hum,
Pillow on a billow with a pounding hum.
Now the Atlantic
Drives me frantic,
Pounding pounding pounding hum!

If you ever tell anyone this story, he said to me—long afterward, when he first talked about it—make it very matter-of-fact. I know that some writers have a way of putting things handsomely, picturesquely, full of ingenious witty phrases. That's dangerous, because people get a notion that these affairs are only the invention of literary folks.

The first days were very uneasy. He couldn't read, he couldn't bear talking the gay chaff that is legal tender on shipboard, he dreaded the discovery of a mutual friend in Pelham Manor that thrills adjoining deck chairs. He couldn't write, nor imagine concentrating his mind on cards; besides, he was young enough to be alarmed by the warning notice about Professional Gamblers. He'd have enjoyed more deck tennis, but the courts were usually occupied by young engineer-officers and a group of girls whose parents, in desperation, were sending them abroad to school. They were rather noisily true to type and carried with them everywhere a toy phonograph, the size of a candy-box. This occult machine, busily rotating dark spirals of jazz, was heard intermittently like a pagan refrain. It uttered such cries as Pan might ejaculate under ether. Long after the diligent ship's orchestra had couched themselves it chattered, in dark corners of the deck, against the thunder of yeasty sea. Evidently it was hastening its damsels into a concentric *cul de sac* where they would eventually find themselves blocked. There would perhaps be the momentary alleviation of a picture in the Sunday

paper ("Among the season's interesting brides") after which they would be irretrievable wives and mothers; with friends in Pelham Manor.

He paced the deck endlessly in windy bright September. Weariness is the only drug for that sea-unease. At night the mastheads swung solemnly against clear grainy sky. Even the Dipper seemed swinging. Here and there he paused, in a kind of dream, vacantly studying the log of the day's run, pondering on the chart a shoal called The Virgins, or watching, through a brass-rimmed port, cheerful people gossiping in the lounge. He was too shy and too excited to enter into the innocent pastimes of the voyage. Sometimes he went into the smokeroom for a drink. Brought up in the Prohibition era, acquainted only with raw gin and fusel oils, leperous distillments, he had never before encountered honest ripened Scotch. When that hale benevolent spirit amazed him with its pure warmth it occurred to him that perhaps there is no reason why the glamour of life should not be taken neat. It need not always be smuggled about in medicine bottles or under false and counterfeit labels. But the smokeroom frightened some essential chastity in his mind. It was full of women smoking and drinking. They wore cheese-colored silk stockings, provokingly obvious, and their eyes were sportively bright. Perhaps they were gamblers even more professional than those referred to in the sign. One evening, when he had a bad cold, the doctor gave him some phenacetin and aspirin tablets to take with hot toddy. That night he lay stewing in his warm cradle, submerged in a heavy ocean of sleep, rolled in a nothingness so perfect it was almost prenatal. So he told the doctor the next morning, and caught a flash from that officer's eye. Both put the phrase aside where it wouldn't get broken, for private meditation. Being diffident, he did not tell the doctor what jolly dreams had swum through the deep green caverns of his swoon. His mind lay on the bottom like a foundered galleon, its treasures corroding in the strong-room, while white mermaids. . . No, they weren't mermaids, he said to himself.

But now I know why the steamship companies arrange so many distractions for their passengers.

As nearly as I can make out, his obscure agitations resolved themselves into a certainty that something was going to happen. But he could put no label on this strange apprehensive sentiment. When you can put your feelings into words, they cease to be dangerous. Now you see, he added, why my bunk was the safest place.

He paused. I think he realized that I didn't see, altogether; and I nearly remarked, in the jocular way an old friend can say things, that if he expected any editor to be interested in this story it was time he got into it something more tangible than phenacetin mermaids. The ladies with cheese-colored stockings had sounded promising. But somehow, with no notion at all of what he was coming to, I wanted him to work it out in his own way. After all, it's only the very cheap kind of stories that have to be told in a hurry.

Evidently it would be wrong to imagine that his disturbance was unhappy. For I got the impression that little by little a secret elation possessed him; on that special evening when he retired early to his berth he was particularly certain that some blissful meaning lay inside this experience. For suddenly, at the heart of that unsteady clamor, he lay infinitely at peace. The dull crash of those huge pistons was an unerring music; the grave plunging of the ship was perfect rest. He lay trembling with happiness, in what he described (rather oddly) as a kind of piety; a physical piety.

I wanted him to make this a little plainer, but he was rather vague. "I felt, more truly than ever before, a loyalty to the physical principles of the universe. I felt like Walt Whitman."

I decided not to pursue this further, but in a determined effort to explain himself he made another odd remark, which I suppose ought to be put in the record. "One day the chief engineer took me down to see the machinery. But before we went below he made me leave my watch in his cabin. He said that if I had it on me when we went by the dynamos their magnetic power was so strong that it would throw my watch into a kind of trance. It would be interesting as a specimen of polarization, he said, but it wouldn't be a timepiece. Well, it was like that with me. I felt polarized."

It appears that he felt himself on the verge of great mental illuminations; but, as one turns away from a too brilliant light, he averted himself from the effort of thinking. He took up the detective story, but it lacked its usual soporific virtue. And presently, still wakeful, he slipped on his dressing gown and went for a hot bath. The bathroom farther down the corridor would be unoccupied at this hour. On that deck all ports were screwed up, on account of the heavy weather, and it was undeniably stuffy. Several stateroom doors were hooked ajar, for ventilation, and as he passed along . . .

"I should have told you" (he interrupted himself) "about the day we sailed from New York, a marvelous warm autumn noon, the buoys chiming like lunch bells as we slipped down toward Staten Island. I got down to the ship rather early. After seeing my baggage safely in the stateroom and looking at some parcels that had been sent me—you know that little diary, *My Trip Abroad*, that someone always gives you; I'm sorry to have to say its pages are still blank—I sat in the writing room scribbling some postcards. You must realize what an extraordinary adventure all this was for me. My Trip Abroad! With a sense of doing something rather dangerous I went off the pier to mail my cards. I remember the drowsy Saturday sunlight of that wide cobbly space; taxies driving up; the old Fourteenth Street trolleys rumbling along as usual, and in a few hours I should be far away from it all. It was then, returning across the street, that I noticed the head of some goddess or other carved over the piers. I wondered why, but I didn't dally to speculate. I had a naïve fear that the ship might somehow slide off without me—though there was still nearly an hour to sailing time.

"A friend had come down to see me off, and we palavered about this and that: he was an old traveler and was probably amused at my excitement. The deck was thronged with people saying good-by, and while my friend and I were having our final words there was a bunch of women near us. My companion may have observed that I was hardly paying attention to our talk. I was noticing a gray dress that had its back turned toward me. It was an exquisitely attractive thing, a sort of cool silky stuff with crisp little pleats. Its plain simplicity made it admirably piquant. Somehow I had a feeling that anyone who would wear so delicious a costume must be interesting. I can't attempt to describe the garment in technical terms, but it was draped just properly flat behind the shoulders and tactfully snug over the hips. What caught my eye specially was a charming frill that went down the middle, accompanied by a file of buttons and ending in a lively little black bow. I saw only the back of this outfit, which included a bell-shaped gray hat and a dark shingled nape. I noted that its wearer was tall and athletic in carriage, but my friend then recaptured my attention. When he had gone the dress had vanished. A visitor, I supposed; it was obviously the summery kind of thing that would be worn, on a warm day, to go down to say good-by to someone who was leaving. But several times, in my various considerings, I had remembered it. I thought particularly of what I called the

Spinal Frill and the impudent little twirl of ribbon that ended it. Did, or did not, anyone who wore that know how enchantingly inciting it was? It must be put there with some intention. But was it the wearer's intention, or only some casual fancy of the dressmaker's? Yet it was there to be admired; and if I had gone to the lady and told her how much I admired it, shouldn't I only have been doing my duty?

"Well, as I started to say, when I went by that partly open door I saw that gray dress, hanging in a stateroom. It was on a hanger, its back toward me. It looked rather limp and dejected, but there could be no doubt about the frill and the buttons and the bow.

"I was hurrying, as you do hurry when you go along a public passage in your dressing gown, and it really didn't occur to me until I was comfortably soaking in a deep tub of slanting hot water that I might have noted the number of the room. Then I could probably have found out from the passenger list who she was. But even so, I was glad I hadn't. I didn't want to seem to spy on the gray dress: I admired it too much for that; and also, just in the instant I saw it, it looked so emaciated, so helpless, almost as if it were seasick. I couldn't have taken advantage of it. I dallied in my bath for some time; when I returned all the doors were shut."

II

The following day there was that subtle change which comes over every Atlantic voyage about three-quarters of the way across. Perhaps it happens at the place where the waves are parted, like hair. For on one side you see them rolling in toward America; on the other shore they move with equal regularity toward England and France. So obviously there must be a place where they turn back to back. The feeling of Europe being near increased the humility of passengers making their maiden voyage; more than ever they shrank from the masterful condescension of those anxious to explain what an intolerable thrill the first sight of Land's End would be. A certain number of English ladies, who had lain mummified and plaided in their chairs, now began to pace the deck like Britannia's daughters. Even one or two French, hitherto almost buried under the general mass of Anglo-Saxon assertiveness, pricked up, and showed a meager brightness. The young women with the phonograph, if they had been listening, might now have learned how to pronounce Cherbourg. Friendships that had been still a trifle green and hard suddenly ripened and even fell squashily overripe. Champagne popped in the dining saloon: the directors of Messrs. Bass prepared to declare another dividend; there was a fancy-dress ball. A homeward-bound English lecturer hoped that the weather would be clear going up the Chops of the Channel; for then, he said, in the afternoon light you will see the rocks of Cornwall shining like opals. But the weather grew darker and wetter; and with every increase of moisture and gale the British passengers grew ruddier and more keen. Even the breakfast kippers seemed stronger, more pungent as they approached their native waters; the grapefruit correspondingly pulpier and less fluent. Hardheaded business men, whose transactions with the smokeroom steward now proved to have had some uses, were showing their wives how to distinguish the half-crown from the florin. It struck them oddly that it might be some time before they would see again the Detroit *Free Press* or the Boston *Transcript*. Thus, in varying manners, came the intuition (which always reaches the American with a peculiar shock) that they were approaching a different world—a world in which they were only too likely to be regarded as spoiled and plunderable children. The young women with the phonograph, subconsciously resenting this, kept the records going prodigiously.

In a mildly expectant way he had kept

an eye open for a possible reappearance of the gray frock; but ratiocination persuaded him it was unlikely. For it was not the kind of dress one would wear for dancing—obviously it was not an evening gown, for it had no hospitable exposures; yet it certainly had looked too flimsy for outdoor appearance in this weather. Perhaps it was a garment too tenuous ever to be worn at all in Britain, he pondered, as the chill increased. Then came the fancy-dress ball, for which he was enlivened by the Scotch and the enthusiasm of his steward who admired his tentatively suggested costume of bath towels and curtains. A stewardess pinned him together, loudly praising his originality although she had seen one just like it almost every voyage for twenty years. He found himself dancing with a charming creature who might even, by her build and color, have been the gray unknown. He had intended to be a trifle lofty with her, for he doubted whether she was his intellectual equal; but neither the cocktails nor the movement of the ship were conducive to Platonic demeanor. He decided to try her with a hypothetical question.

"If you had a gray dress with long sleeves and a nice little white collar, on what sort of occasion would you wear it?" he asked.

"When I became a grandmother," she replied promptly.

"There was nothing grandmotherly about it," he insisted. "It had a spinal frill and a velvet bow on the bottom."

She laughed so they had to stop twirling.

"The bottom of what? The skirt?"

"No, at the end of the frill. On the saddle, so to speak—the haunches."

"Haunches!" she cried. "If you were any good as a dancer you'd know they don't have haunches nowadays. D'you see any haunches on me? I'm sorry I didn't get to know you sooner, you're priceless. This music is spinal frill enough. Come on, Rudolph, step on it."

So they danced. The second-cabin saloon, tables and chairs removed (she was a one-class ship in her last years), was now called the Italian Garden, a humorous attempt on the part of the steamship architects to persuade passengers they were not at sea. It was used for dancing and Divine Service, two activities so diverse that they canceled out perfectly. The slippery floor swung gravely; every now and then there was a yell and a merry shuffling as a deeper roll tilted the crowd out of step and they slid against stanchions and the potted shrubs that symbolized Italy. The musicians, remembering that to-morrow would be the day to take up their collection, braced themselves on their chairs and played valiantly. Like a drumming undertone came the driving tremor of the hull, pounding hum, pounding hum; the ceaseless onward swing of the old vessel, dancing with them, curtsying stiffly to her partner, smashing her wide wet bows into swathes of white darkness. Then the serio-comic yammer of the tune overcame everything, moving pulse and nerves to its rhythm, repeated again and again until it seemed as though the incessant music must cause some actual katabolism in the blood. You remember the song that was the favorite that year:

When Katie has fits of the vapors
  And feels that occasional peeve
That cuts such irrational capers
  In the veins of the daughters of Eve,
There's still one elixir
That surely can fix her
Whatever depressions may vex—
Sitting up late
Tête-à-tête
With the So-Called Opposite Sex.

Before quitting they went on deck for a gust of fresh air. He wondered vaguely why he had not enjoyed more of this sort of frolic during the previous eight days. This, evidently, was what life was intended for: he was as healthily and gladly weary as a woodchopper. Would she expect him to offer a few modest endearments? It seemed almost discourteous not to, when the whole world was so lyric and propitious. But as they rounded the wind-break into the full

dark blast of the night they collided with one of the phonograph urchins, embracing and embraced with some earnest young squire. They hurried by and stood a few moments alone forward of the deck-house. There was a clean cold scourge of wind, a bitter sparkle of stars among cloudy scud.

"Oh," she exclaimed angrily, "shall we never be there? I hate it, hate it, this sensual rolling sea."

She cried an embarrassed good-night and was gone. He remembered the head carved on the piers and guessed now who the goddess was.

The next day was the last. At the Purser's office appeared the notice *Heavy Baggage for Plymouth Must Be Ready for Removal by 6 P.M.* The tender bubble of timelessness was pricked. The heaviest baggage of all, the secret awareness of Immensity, was rolled away from the heart. Again the consoling trivialities of earth resumed their sway; though those not debarking until Cherbourg had a sense of reprieve, as of criminals not to die until a day later. The phonograph wenches, regardless of a whole continent of irregular verbs waiting for them, packed the French grammars they had never opened during the voyage and, unaware of plagiarism, made the customary jokes about the Scilly Islands.

He slept late. When he came on deck in mid-morning he could smell England. The wind was still sharp but ingrained with fragrance, motes of earthen savor. Almost with dismay, as they drew in toward narrower seas, he felt the long plunge of the ship soften to a gentler swing. In the afternoon a fiery sunset broke out in the debris of storm they had left astern; the blaze licked along rags of oily cloud, just in time to tinge the first Cornish crags a dull purple. He avoided the English ladies whose voices were rising higher and higher toward their palates, but he forgave them. This was plainly fairyland, and those returning to it might well grow a little crazed. He saw comic luggers with tawny sails, tumbling in the Channel, like pictures from old books: he imagined them manned by gnomes. He was almost indignant at the calm way the liner pushed on into the evening, regardless of these amazements. He would have liked her to go shouting past these darkening headlands, saluting each jeweled lighthouse with a voice of silver steam.

It was late when she stole gently up Plymouth Sound and anchored in quiet blackness. There was Stygian solemnity in that silent unknown waterway: the red wink of a beacon and the far lights of the town only increased the strangeness. After days of roll and swing the strong deck seemed lifeless underfoot, while some spirit-level in his brain was still tilting to and fro. The good fabric of the ship was suddenly alien and sorry; stairways and passages and smells that had grown dearly familiar could be left behind without a pang. It was truly a death, things that had had close intimacy and service now lost their meaning forever. Glaring electric lights were hung overside, brightening the dead water; slowly into this brilliance came a tender, ominous as Charon's ferry. He waited anxiously to hear the voices of its crew, the voices of ghosts, the voices of another life. It was called *Sir Richard Grenville*, amusing contrast to the last boat whose name he had noticed in New York, the tug *Francis X. McCafferty*. Then, realizing that the *Sir Richard* was coming for him, he broke from his spell, hurrying to join the drill of departing passengers.

"Stand close about, ye Stygian set," he thought, remembering Landor, as they crowded together on the small tender, craning upward. The ship loomed over them like an apartment house, the phonograph girls and others, making a night of it before reaching Cherbourg, chirping valediction and rendezvous. As they moved gently away a curly puff of flame leaped from the ship's funnel. Some accumulation of soot or gases, momentarily ignited, gushed rosy sparks. He never knew

whether this was a customary occurrence or an accident, but for an instant it weirdly strengthened the Stygian color of the scene. It was as though the glory of her burning vitals, now not spent in threshing senseless sea, must ease itself by some escape. In the hush that followed the passengers' squeaks of surprise he heard the toy phonograph, poised on the rail, tinning its ultimatum.

Later, just as he was getting into the boat-train, he thought he saw, far down the platform, a glimpse of the gray dress.

III

What he remembered best of those first days in London was an extraordinary sense of freedom: freedom not merely from external control but also from the uneasy caperings of self. To be in so great a city, unknown and unregarded, was to have the privileged detachment of a god. It was a cleansing and perspective experience, one which few of our gregarious race properly relish. He had no business to transact, no errand to accomplish, no duty to perform. Only to enjoy, to observe, to live in the devotion of the eye. So, in his quiet way, he entered unsuspected into circulation, passing like a well-counterfeited coin. Comedy herself, goddess of that manly island, seemed unaware of him. Occasionally, in the movement of the day, he saw near him others who were evident compatriots, but he felt no impulse to hail and fraternize. The reticence of that vastly incurious city was an excellent sedative. Once he got out his *My Trip Abroad* album to record some impressions, but desisted after a few lines. "I felt too modest to keep a diary," was his explanation.

Except for the left-hand traffic, which cost him some rapid skipping on street crossings, he encountered no phenomena of surprise. London seemed natural, was exactly what it should be. At first the dusky light led him to believe, every morning, that some fierce downpour was impending; but day after day moved through gossamer tissues and gradations of twilight, even glimmered into cool fawn-colored sunshine, without the apparently threatened storm. In the arbored Bloomsbury squares morning lay mild as yellow wine; smoke of burning leaves sifted into the sweet opaque air. Noon softly thickened into evening; evening kept tryst with night.

His conviction of being in fairyland, when I come to put down what he said, seemed to rest on very trifling matters. The little hotel where he stayed was round the corner from a post-office, and in an alley thereby were big scarlet vans, with horses, and initialed by the King. These ruddy wagons in the dusk, the reliable shape of policemen's helmets and boots, a bishop in the hotel who fell upon his breakfast haddock as though it were a succulent heresy, the grossness of "small" change, and a black-gowned bar-lady in a bodega who served glasses of sherry with the air of a duchess—these were some of the details he mentioned. His description of men in the subway, sitting in seats with upholstered arms, smoking pipes and wearing silk hats, was perhaps, to a New Yorker, more convincing suggestion of sorcery. But apparently the essence of London's gramarye was just that there were no shocking surprises. Fairyland should indeed be where all the incongruous fragments of life might fall into place, and things happen beautifully without indignation or the wrench of comedy. London seemed so reasonable, natural, humane, and polite. If ever you felt any inclination to be lonely or afraid, he said, the mere look of the taxicabs was reassuring. They were so tall and bulky and respectable; they didn't look "fast," their drivers were settled and genteel. He even formed an idea that London fairies, if encountered, would wear very tiny frock coats and feed on the daintiest minuscule sausages; with mustard, of course; and miniature fried fish after the theater.

The region where Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road transect in an

X, like policemen's braces, was his favorite resort. There was no rectitude in the union of these highways; theirs was a gay liaison that had begotten huge families of promiscuous byways and crooked disorderly stepstreets. One parent absorbed in literature, the other gayly theatrical, the young streets had grown up as best they could. In the innumerable bookshops of Charing Cross Road he spent October afternoons; the public lavatory of Piccadilly Circus was near for washing his hands, always necessary after browsing along second-hand shelves. Then the cafés of Soho were pleasant to retire to, taking with him some volume he had found. No man is lonely while eating spaghetti, for it requires so much attention. He dined early, to visit the pit-queues before the theaters opened. There courageous eccentrics sang or juggled or contorted, to coax largesse from the crowd.

It may have been some book he was looking at that sharpened his ear. Outside the bookshop a street-piano was grinding, and presently the bathos of the tune, its clapping clanging gusto, became unendurable. It was sad with linked saccharine long drawn out, braying and gulping a fat glutton grief. It had an effect, he said, of sweet spaghetti boiled in tears. It was an air that had been much played on the ship, and for a moment he felt the dingy bookshop float and sway. The verses he had been reading may also have had some effect: poetry, pointed so brutally direct at the personal identity, is only too likely to bring the heart back to itself and its disease of self-consciousness that is never quite cured. The melody ended and began again. It was a tune concocted specially for dusk, for the hour when filing cases are shut and vanity cases opened; for the dusk, dreadful to solitary men; and he fled down Shaftesbury Avenue to escape. But the deboshed refrain pursued him, it lodged in his fertile cortex like a spore and shot jigging tendrils along his marrow. The ship, forgotten in these days of fresh experience, returned to his thought. He felt her, rolling the whole pebbled sky and wrinkled sea like a cloak about her wet shoulders; he saw her, still in a dark harbor, gushing a sudden flight of sparks.

I'll wash my hands and go to a show, he thought.

A golden filtration was flowing into the cool dusk of Piccadilly Circus. The imprisoned fire had begun to pace angrily to and fro in the wire cages of advertising signs. Rows of sitting silhouettes, carried smoothly forward on the tops of busses, moved across the pale light. Black against the shimmer was the figure of a winged boy, lifted on one foot's tiptoe, gazing downward part in mischief, part in serene calculation. His outstretched bow was lax, his hand still drawn back after loosing the string. The frolic knave, tilted in airy balance, gauged the travel of his dart. His curved wings, tremulous to poise him so, seemed visibly to spread and flatten in the diamond air. Along a slant of shadow, where light was grained with slopes of sunset, sped the unseen flash.

And having, as he thought, washed his hands of the matter; coming blithely upstairs from the basin, he received the skewer full in the breast.

The shock thrust him backward upon another pedestrian. "Careful how you poke that umbrella about," someone said. At first he felt dizzy, and did not know what had happened until a warm tingling drew his attention. The thing had pierced clean through him, a little aside of the middle waistcoat button.

It was prettily opalescent, with tawny gilt feathers. Sparkles from the electric signs played on the slender wand; the feathered butt projected at least eight inches in front of his midriff. Anxiously reaching behind, he felt that an equal length protruded from his back, ending in a barbed head, dreadfully keen. His first thought was not one of alarm, though he realized that such a perforation might be serious. "Isn't that just my luck," he reflected, "with my new

suit on?" For only that morning he had put on his first British tweeds.

The horns of busses and cars, the roar of traffic seemed very loud; almost like a crash of applause, the great shout of a sport-loving throng acclaiming this champion shot. He stood there, tottering a little, suddenly concentrated full on himself. It was surprising that there was no pain. A hot prickling and trembling—that was all. Indeed he felt unusually alert, and anxious to avoid attracting attention. People might think it somehow ill-mannered to be transfixed like this in such a public place; an American kind of thing to do. He tried to pull out the arrow, both forward and backward, but it would not budge; and tugging at it merely suffused his whole system with eddies of fever. Already several people were looking curiously at him. He hastily gathered his loose overcoat, which had been flapping open when he was hit, over the feathery tail. Unpleasantly conscious of the shaft emerging from his back, and which he could not hide, he set off toward the nearest policeman.

As he crossed the darkening and crowded Circus, edging carefully sideways to avoid spitting anyone with his awkward fixture, it appeared more and more difficult to consult a policeman in this matter. The all-competent, solid, and honorable London bobby seemed the last person to whom one would willingly confess so intimate and absurd a humiliation. And as he was not in pain or weakened, but even strangely exhilarated and feeling a desire to sing, when he stood beside the constable he found it difficult to mention the topic.

Without removing his vigilant gaze from the traffic, the policeman bent a courteous ear down toward him.

"Which bus for Bedford Square?" he found himself asking.

"Number 38, sir." (Or whatever the number was.)

He had intended to remark, as casually as possible, and with his best English lift of intonation, "I say, constable, I've had a little accident; I wonder if you'd help me." But he had a clear vision of the astounded officer halting all the traffic and a morbid crowd gathering to stare while the stalwart fellow placed a huge foot on his chest and hauled out the shaft. He would have to lie down on the pavement; it would be very painful, he might scream. No, it was too public.

"See here, constable," he said nervously, "has anyone been shooting arrows round here?"

Still watching the stream of vehicles, the policeman took his arm in a powerful grasp and held it kindly but firmly until there was a pause. Then he turned and looked at him carefully.

"Not this early in the evening," he said. "Why, the pubs is only just open. Later on, I dare say, the air is thick with 'em. Now you take my advice, get along 'ome to Bedford Square and 'ave some black coffee."

"Well, look here!" he cried angrily. "What do you think of that?" He flung open his overcoat to show the thin pearly shaft and the sparkling feathers.

The bobby gazed unmoved. "Button up your coat," he advised. "Someone'll nip that nice watch-chain." He escorted him to a neighboring curb.

"Here's where your bus stops. Now no more o' your nonsense."

The attentive faces of the throng alarmed the young American into silence. He mounted the omnibus, and sat carefully ajar on the outside of a seat, to prevent the arrow striking anything. But even so, three passengers complained that he was jabbing them, and he was put off before they reached Oxford Street.

TO BE CONCLUDED

SHOULDER STRAPS

A POST-WAR CONVERSATION

BY H. G. DWIGHT

THE hostess, having given her signal, shepherded her rustling flock into the drawing-room.

I sighed. It had been that rarest of phenomena produced by the Eighteenth Amendment, a dry dinner, and I feared the coffee and cigars would be dryer. The host—a small ceremonious man, full of virtues, no doubt, but if not given to wine, not likely to be given to woman and song—had even taken elaborate precautions to pass around the word that we were to let alone for once that inevitable topic of conversation, the Court Martial. This was on the guest of honor's account—a general, of how many stars it was difficult to divine. He looked sufficiently distinguished in mufti, but somehow did not suggest the war horse of the Book of Job: "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." From my remote post of observation I gathered that something was amiss with the Republic and that, having exposed its situation to the hostess, he would have little left to say to an unworthier audience. Then there was a congressman, rather disappointing in that he turned out not to be a knife-swallower. Also a near-personage from the Department of State: the most promising one of the lot, if one might judge by his yarn about a member of the French Debt Commission, who apologized for his tardiness at a great lady's tea by explaining that he had been to Arlington to depose a wreath on the tomb of his Unknown Creditor. Likewise a glum-looking man who appeared to know me but whom I couldn't quite place. And the inevitable young man of whom nobody knows anything except that he lives in a dinner jacket and exhibits it in everyone's dining room. Hardly the type to raise the somewhat depressed morale of so correct an entertainment.

The coffee had duly been poured and the cigars lighted—they, at least, happily belied my dark prognostications—when by way of avoiding the Court Martial the young man of the perennial dinner jacket inquired of the General whether he knew Captain Thomason. The General indicated with some finality that he did not. Which might have closed the incident had it not been for the glum-looking man.

"The General is a general," he took the trouble to explain to the discomfited young man, "while the Captain is not only a captain but a Marine. What is worse, he isn't even a West Point man. He's a human being. He's an ex-journalist and an artist who stayed in the Leathernecks because he liked them. But he certainly has written some rattling good stuff about the war."

Slowly the General turned upon the glum-looking man, and slowly turned away again, his distinguished eyes.

"Even if this Captain Thomason is not an officer of the old line," the General remarked to the young man of the dinner jacket, "he may have had time to collect impressions rather more accurate than those gathered by others

whom circumstances brought into the army during the war. Have you read a book called *Soldiers Three*? By a man named—"

"Kipling?" suggested the intrepid host, while the General probed his memory.

Slowly the General shook his distinguished head.

"You don't mean Dos Passos, do you, sir?" put in the State Department man. "I believe he wrote a book called *Three Soldiers*."

The General bowed.

"Yes, that's the name. And a most unfortunate book. Mr. Dos Passos evidently knew nothing of what he was talking about, because he makes the climax of his story turn on the fact that his hero—if so improper a term may be used—while under arrest as a deserter, failed in addressing an officer to salute him, and was disciplined accordingly. If this Mr. Dos Passos had been better informed he would have known from the Regulations, and in particular from the Manual of Interior Guard Duty, that no officer or man of any rank, when under arrest, is permitted either to give or to take the salute."

"Nevertheless, might it not have been possible for Mr. Dos Passos to observe some such incident?" ventured the Congressman. "There must have been a good many young officers in France who had not had time to study manuals very thoroughly. During that period, in fact, I suspect that some rather queer things went on in all the services." And he glanced at the State Department man with a smile.

"Very true," admitted the General. "I fear you are right. But it is deplorable that a man who served with the colors, for however short a time or in however humble a capacity, should deliberately propagate false, unpatriotic, and subversive ideas. With regard to the salute, for example, Mr. Dos Passos seems to feel an actual bitterness, as if it were an act of servility. Whereas it is purely an act of courtesy, like lifting one's hat to a lady. It is a privilege which every right-thinking soldier should be proud to possess and ashamed to lose."

"The younger officers," said the glum-looking man, who struck me as looking a trifle less glum, "may look upon it as a privilege. To be saluted, that is. The privilege of returning the salute, especially to privates, they are not so keen about. And I have been told by older officers that the curse of going behind the lines during the war was the eternal saluting. Isn't all that polite talk in the Regulations about military courtesy applesauce, sir, to make the soldiers swallow the duty of obedience toward those whose privilege it is to order them about? That's what it sounds like to me. But, of course, I grant you that without orders or obedience to them, battles would be even more ridiculous than they are."

The General raised his distinguished eyebrows.

"I am happy to find at least one civilian who appreciates the necessities of the case. That is why it seems to me regrettable that Mr. Dos Passos should have written a book which conceivably might be true to fact, but which in spirit is not only erroneous but misrepresentative of the American army and harmful to public opinion. Not that I pay the book the compliment of believing that it has exerted any great influence."

At that I felt it incumbent upon myself, not to encroach upon the forbidden ground of the Court Martial, but to take up the defense of American letters.

"That may be true too, General; but I see no necessity whatever of requiring that a novel be representative, or representative in one sense only. Books like *The Plastic Age* and *This Side of Paradise* don't pretend to represent all hobbledehoys or all students at all American colleges. If they did they wouldn't represent anything. *Madame Bovary* doesn't represent all provincial

French women. *Hamlet* doesn't represent all crown princes, by any manner of means. Even *Soldiers Three* hardly represents Tommy Atkins. Why should *Three Soldiers* be expected to represent the American Expeditionary Force in France? It merely represents, to my way of thinking very successfully, out of two million members of the A.E.F., three perfectly credible individuals, and three only, who happened to fall under the observation of an uncommonly scrupulous artist. To be sure they were not such types as fell under the most willing observation of Captain Thomason. And I take it that military life appealed less to Mr. Dos Passos, as a career, than to Captain Thomason. But is that a valid reason why one should be any less free than the other to record his observations?"

"Far be it from me," replied the General with deliberation, "to deny any man the right of free speech. It is perhaps as much as anything a matter of taste. But I may be allowed to add that relations between the army and those in civil life seem since the war to have grown progressively less satisfactory. It is hardly too much to say that I mark occasional signs, on the part of civilians other than Mr. Dos Passos, of an actual antipathy toward us soldiers. The army, in spite of its recent services to the country, is at its lowest ebb, and nobody seems to care a rap. Why is it?"

As the General ended his eye rested upon the Congressman, keeper of the purse-strings—who in the absence of more potent remedies fortified himself with a sip of coffee. But the glum-looking man hastened to relieve the statesman of the responsibility of the interpellation.

"Oh, I don't think the army is yet at its lowest ebb, sir," he reassured the General. "After the Civil War, I understand, it dwindled to ten regiments. Even after the War of 1812 it was treated to what Jefferson called a chaste reduction. I fancy you still have quite a distance to go. But wouldn't it be too much to expect us, or even the ladies, to stick at the pitch of enthusiasm we felt for you in 1917, 1918, and the better part of 1919? Circumstances have changed. That is all. The fire is out—and we have an idea that the volunteer firemen may have had something to do with it. We also have a natural feeling of relief that the thing is over, plus a not unnatural reaction against the expense, discomfort, and general high-handedness of a military regime, plus a possibly hard-hearted yet not ill-founded impression that you are more useful in times of war than in times of peace. You exist, and there can be adduced reasons for your existence. We look upon you as a necessary evil, inseparable from an imperfect stage of civilization—like the tax collector, the undertaker, the plumber, the dentist, the policeman. But we haven't a particle of antipathy against you, sir. It is merely that in our present perfectly intelligible mood nobody cares whether you sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish."

"General," contributed the host, "I hope you are following the good example of General Bullard and General Harbord, and are preparing your reminiscences for publication."

"Thank you," replied the General ambiguously, brushing the tip of his cigar into his empty coffee cup. "I quite understand the psychology of reaction, and I am the last to deny that without the co-operation of those in civil life, whether in khaki or out, the army could hardly have brought home its laurels. But what is more difficult for us to understand is a tendency to deny us our legitimate share of those laurels, and to make us feel that the indifference with which we are regarded is rather more pointed than in the case of those with whom you are good enough to class us, namely the policeman, the plumber, and so on."

"Why not?" inquired the glum-looking man. "We are perhaps less aware of your poor relation the policeman because him we have always with us, and unhappily we do not meet him at dinner.

Whereas you have your hour at irregular intervals, and your social position forces us to comparisons. We accordingly discover that you pay the penalty of the specialist, and of one who begins to specialize rather earlier than the rest of us. West Point and Annapolis are less like the colleges we go to than cloisters, where boys are as carefully guarded as nuns against finding out what the world is really like, and where they spend so much time in saluting, drilling, and learning how most efficiently to destroy their fellow men, that they have an even narrower margin of leisure for the humanities than their football rivals of Harvard or Stanford. The sailors see a little more of the world—at least in a geographical sense—while life in the close quarters of a ship tends to make the relations between ranks and ratings more like those of normal human beings. But you are dragooned into a rigider mold. At the best, therefore, you have the handicap of a second-rate education, which only the most powerful spirits among you can overcome. And at your worst— My God! Far be it from me to mention names, sir; but to achieve the mental outlook and the manners of a type we have both encountered, somebody must have boiled down and extracted the essential juices of the prize sophomore at one of our conspicuous universities, a secretary of embassy carefully picked for his elegance, haughtiness, and freedom from ideas, an active member of our loudest anti-gin or anti-evolution league, the winner of an Atlantic City beauty contest, a couple of prize fighters, and half a dozen pre-war Prussian colonels."

If the General did not say among the trumpets, Ha, ha, he at least permitted us to taste a moment of lively anticipation. The State Department man profited by it to nudge me in the ribs, and the host to extinguish his cigar. Then, clasping the arms of his chair, that anxious man attempted to catch the General's eye. The General's eye, however, heavy lidded and impassible as doom, sought his glass. And having taken one sip out of it, he gave it a glare of mingled surprise and disgust, set it down again, and impatiently pushed it from him. After which he bitterly disappointed us by saying:

"Your observations lack nothing in candor, but they seem rather to prove my point than to satisfy my curiosity."

"My use of the personal pronoun, sir," the glum-looking man blandly assured him, "is quite impersonal. As you asked a plain question, I took it that you might be interested in a plain answer."

"Quite so," the General agreed. "But, granting that my profession is no more exempt than yours from its due quota of imbeciles, has it not perhaps contributed more than its due quota of the world's great men? The histories I read, and the statues I see in the streets, would certainly appear to testify to that effect. And if we pay the penalty of the specialist, do we not also perform, very distinctly, the duty of the patriot?"

"You open so many doors, sir," answered the glum-looking man, "that I hardly know which way to turn. What, for instance, could be a more mysterious problem in psychology than that there should be men, of whom General Grant was possibly one, who cannot collect their faculties or rise to their full height of character except under the stimulus of high explosives? It might be very interesting to speculate whether it be worth while to provide the stimulant in order to enable the man to find himself. But I shall waste no time in contesting the greatness of the military art or the glory of Napoleon. I shall merely suggest, very modestly, that with all your triumphs you do not hold the patent on patriotism."

"I did not suggest that we do," retorted the General, with, it may be, a shade of vivacity.

"Perhaps not, sir," admitted the glum-looking man. "Yet you might have made it more obvious that with you patriotism expresses itself in ob-

scurer ways than by going to war. That is what you are there for. It doesn't necessarily follow that you are patriotic. Whereas with freer agents like the rest of us the case is a little more complicated —so long as there be no conscription. Not that I mean to imply that we hold the patent on patriotism, either. As I look back to the time of the German War, when so many of us masqueraded in khaki, I suspect that what not a few of us were there for was to follow the fashion, or to see the world, or to get away from our wives, or to collect medals, or to pursue a dozen other designs which have nothing to do with patriotism. It was a time, you see, when one could get the credit of being patriotic without half the risk of crossing the street against a red signal. Which is not saying that you did not run risks. No one can pay a sincerer or humbler tribute than I to the thousands who ran the most terrible risks, at the most terrible cost. But that is not what we are talking about. We are talking about patriotism. And even if you were to say that the patriotic act, for you, lay in dedicating yourself thirty or forty years ago to the service of your country, I should still be troubled by doubts. For patriotism is a virtue which appears to be rather rare, which is excessively difficult to disentangle from other human motives, and which is one of the slowest to mature. It certainly is dormant at the age when school children are taught to wave flags and to mouth phrases. I question whether it be much more active at that when plebes enter West Point. It is conceivable that some of you go there out of a precocious spirit of patriotism—as others may go out of a precocious consciousness that they have no more definite tastes or ambitions than to be 'gentlemen,' and that one of the easiest ways of achieving that most harmless of distinctions is to be an officer. I fancy a good many of you go, however, for the same reason that other boys go to college. Their parents send them there."

"You surely don't mean—" began the host.

"I mean it is not impossible," the glum-looking man continued, "that the minds of most plebes work in the same haphazard way as those of the rank and file. Among the plebes there may not be so many of those more arrant misfits for which the army is a catch-all—hiders, runaways, sons of Mr. Draco and Mrs. Fuss, to whom a camp means refuge, freedom, change, excitement, romance. For which, if a young roughneck means more or less what we do, he has other names! But the plebes have their version of the restless youngster who can't sit still, or stay in the house, or stick to one job, and who is more than likely to try a hitch in the army. And then there is the solider type for whom all this rubbish about sales resistance, business personality, and correspondence-school popularity was not written; to whom books or banks mean very little, to whom horses and outdoor life and a spice of adventure mean a great deal; and in these degenerate days the army is one of the few places where a young man without money can find them. And if a war happens to break out, such young men—for all their growls—are in their element. They take charge of us, stave off our perils, defend or widen our frontiers, rise to epic heights of heroism, throw away their lives as I throw away my morning paper, and win for themselves and for us immortal glory. Still, it seems to me too much to claim for many of them that they are actuated by patriotism. Some of them are quite capable of asking for a bonus the next morning. And, as I have already hinted, it is a serious question whether it be desirable to pick quarrels in order to improvise thrills, virtues, and splendors for young fire-eaters—or old ones—who had the ill luck to be born out of their time."

"I note certain inconsistencies in your remarks," commented the General, "as well as certain gratuitous implications;

but from their trend I gather that you are a pacifist."

"No, sir!" the glum-looking man promptly declared. "I am a post-impressionist."

"In which case," put in the State Department man with a smile, "the General must be a realist."

"Well, hardly. The General, if he will allow me to speak for him, is a rosy romanticist. He doesn't belong to the same school of romance as Senator Borah, for instance, because he doesn't believe any more than I do that the millennium is around the next corner, or that you can change human nature by Act of Congress. But he regards patriotism, as you have seen, through spectacles much more romantically tinted than mine. He believes in a millennium not just ahead but just behind, when knighthood was in flower; also when appropriations were prompt and generous, and nobody asked rude questions. And he finds in the Manual of Interior Guard Duty the miraculous virtues which Senator Borah sees in an Act of Congress. To some, indeed, his scheme of outlawry might appear more picaresque than Senator Borah's."

"I think it is safer to let each of us speak for himself," the General said affably. "What do you know about the Manual of Interior Guard Duty?"

"Nothing at all, sir," confessed the glum-looking man. "I never heard of it until you mentioned it a few minutes ago. I only know that you take a good many thousand perfectly healthy and normal specimens of the male sex, nine out of ten of whom can beat you at poker, at boxing, at shooting, at riding, at swimming, at landing a black bass, at mending a motor or a radio set, at making love or money—at doing any of the things by which men measure one another—and you try to impose on them a perfectly abnormal and arbitrary social system in which the first-class private is better than the second-class private, the corporal is better than the first-class private, the sergeant is better than the corporal. Then you fix a great gulf, on the farther side of which you set the sprightly sh-econd lieutenant, who of course is a thousand times better than the sergeant. And so on up to the four-star general, who is the best of the lot and in whose presence no dog dares bark. Of course, it's a delightfully convenient way of bringing order out of a world which is disgustingly mixed up and illogical. I don't blame you for liking it—especially if you happen to be nearer the top of the scale than the bottom. The only trouble with it is that life, in spite of its magnificent absurdities and injustices, really isn't quite so simple as that. In real life, you know, we don't find it enough to glance at a man's shoulder straps before making up our minds whether to be civil to him or not. And in a world which is yet far from safe for democracy, but which after all has got rid of a good deal of nonsense since Louis XIV, we begin to find it rather quaint that you should still be standing up there gravely going through those eighteenth-century motions."

"I am reminded," observed the imperturbable General, "of an account a friend of mine gave me of a trip he made on a Caspian steamer in 1920 or thereabouts, when he was unable to find accommodations for the night because all the cabins were occupied by the stokers and their wives. Is it your idea that discipline should be relaxed to that extent? Or would you prefer to trust the defense of the country to Mr. Bryan's armed million who would spring up over night?"

"Very pertinent questions, sir," replied the glum-looking man, not unconscious of the smiles that broke out around him. "I could tell you a story too—of seeing, long before anybody had heard of a Soviet, five Russian officers blithely playing tennis on one court. Five! And in boots and spurs at that! It was a sight to make an American or an Englishman explode. But it was one which casts its small light on several things that have happened in Russia

since, as well as on what we are talking about. The thing is a game and a game has to have rules—and penalties for breaking them, and captains of teams, and a clear field for the players. We are all sports enough to understand that. That is no reason, however, why you should act as if the rules of the game had been handed down from Sinai on two tables of stone. Least of all is it any reason why you should take it for granted that they can never be changed. Baseball and football are now quite different from what they were when we first played them. So are a number of other ancient and honorable autocracies which have latterly been through rather rough water. Discipline and *esprit de corps* and all that are very well. Still, we can't help regarding your power and prestige as less important than the prestige and power of the country to which you belong. And you can't expect us not to be tickled, once in a while, at the precautions you take to protect yourselves against new ideas. Not that we don't envy you too. For what can cause more inconvenience, worry, and lying awake o' nights than a new idea? Yet if it annoys you, and if the man who was so unlucky as to have it is also unlucky enough to have on his shoulder straps that particular piece of tin which requires him to salute you first, all you have to do is to tell him to shut up. And if he doesn't—"

At that the host felt called upon to introduce a new idea. He rose and resolutely cleared his throat.

"Gentlemen," he proposed, "is it not high time for us to join the ladies?"

"They will perhaps be able to throw a little more light on these interesting questions," agreed the General genially. "They may even inspire our post-impressionist to elucidate what he is driving at. For myself, I have the impression that he is not so far as he professes from Senator Borah's school of romance, in that his main point seems to be to disagree with everyone else." With which the guest of honor slowly rose in turn, pausing to draw the last puff from his cigar.

"Oh, not quite with everyone, sir," rejoined the glum-looking man as chairs were pushed back, vests pulled down, ties straightened. "There are several, perhaps even in this room, with whom I share the old Anglo-Saxon prejudice of which you are the victim, whereby the military has been subordinated to the civil arm of the body politic. We long ago found out that if we wanted roofs over our heads, or roads to travel on, or a few other conveniences of life, it wasn't safe to give you a free hand. Then I must say that I don't altogether disagree with another prevalent, if possibly less concrete or well-established, idea. As a matter of fact, no great attention had been paid to it until 1918 or so. We don't know just how to express it. We don't know just what to do about it. We are perhaps obsessed by the slowness with which habits and institutions change. Still, they do change. And the idea, for all its indefiniteness, is unquestionably there, silently seeping through the world in which you kick up your time-honored dust about preparedness, in which admirals stamp around raising a hullaballoo about the dangers to which we are exposed and putting all manner of unnecessary difficulties in the way of those whose business it is to keep the peace. Of course we are exposed to dangers. Life is a highly dangerous affair. Nobody denies that. But since we all have to take chances, why not consider the chance that our neighbor may not intend to stab us in the back? That doesn't mean that you will be in the slightest danger of losing your job for a long time to come. It merely means that a lot of people, in all parts of the world, are beginning to suspect that war may be an antiquated, inconclusive, and disappointingly unprofitable method of settling disputes—not to say stupid. And that may be why you intimated, in raising these interesting questions, that you had recently become conscious of

an unwonted chill in the air. Isn't it merely that you are sometimes conscious of a quizzical look in our eyes? However skeptical about the millennium we may be, the most matter-of-fact of us occasionally indulge in harmless flights of fancy in which we wonder what a really intelligent world would be like. Well, we aren't very unanimous about it. Nevertheless, when we scrutinize the well-worn furniture of our present world, most of us find it hard to imagine doing without our celebrated friends the plumber and the policeman. They at least minister to certain more or less fundamental human needs. But you—In spite of Napoleon and all that, we can't help asking ourselves how you would look in a nicely warmed and lighted museum. Stuffed!"

As those of us near the door stepped back to let the loftier members of our hierarchy out first, I found myself next the glum-looking man.

"Weren't you rather rough on him once or twice?" I whispered.

"Rough?" uttered the glum-looking man out of the corner of his mouth. "I wish you could have heard the bawlings out he treated me to in France! But I bet he's forgotten all about them."

"I bet he hasn't," said I.

ONCE IN A LONELY HOUR

BY JOHN HALL WHEELOCK

UPON my breast
Once, in a lonely hour, your head was laid,
And you had rest
From much that troubled you—you were no longer afraid.

But now even here
No refuge is; you shall not ever lie
As once in my heart's shelter here,
Poor heart, while the great hounds of Time go roaring by.

Vain was the strength
You leaned on in that hour, you did not guess
How vain the strength
Whereon you propped your ignorant lovingness.

And yet—what more
Has life to offer life, here in the lone
Tumult? A little rest, no more—
Upon a heart as troubled as its own.

THE INTOLERABLE CITY

MUST IT KEEP ON GROWING?

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

THE mouths of our great cities are gigantic hoppers. Into them pour the foods we coax from the earth, the energy we snare from the sun, the metals we disembowel, the men and women we draw from the smaller communities. What comes out of these hoppers? Ordinarily, people think that wealth is increased and life is far more attractive and thrilling; for if this were not so, who would be drawn into New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Philadelphia, and why should any other city boast about its increases in population and attempt to put itself in the same census tables? Surely, this *is* the best that modern civilization can offer, this New York with its dazzle of pointed towers, this Chicago with its sweep of avenues, this Detroit with its thick pageant of motors?

But let us look at the hopper more closely and see what is actually coming out of it. Census reports, mortality statistics, and income-tax returns do not tell the whole story: there is something beneath all that, the life of the ordinary man and woman. In the long run the things that tip the balance are those that cannot be weighed: they must be seen, felt, handled, endured. Recently, the New York State Housing and Regional Planning Commission confessed that only one-third the population of New York City had an income sufficient to enable the family to live in decent modern quarters. Let us single out Mr. Brown, who is one of this fortunate minority, and follow him through the routine of his day.

As an inhabitant of a vigilant city, Mr. Brown is proud of the low death rate his health department boasts; unfortunately, the statistician keeps no account of the living rate, so we must make a first-hand appraisal. Mr. Brown usually comes home at the end of a day with that tired feeling, and all the quack medicines in the drugstore do not quite relieve him of it. He is proud of the fact that he keeps books or sells insurance on the eighteenth story of a skyscraper; but so much of the ground was used to build those splendid offices that Mr. Brown works most of the day under artificial light; and in spite of the slick system of ventilation, the middle of the afternoon finds him dull.

The journey home undoubtedly calls forth physical effort; unhappily it is not invigorating. The Swedish massage he receives at the hand of the subway guard does not improve his appetite; nor is it helped by the thick fumes of gasoline when he walks out upon the street. Eventually, Mr. Brown sits down at his dinner table and looks out on an air-shaft or a court where a dozen other kitchens have been busily preparing a dozen other meals: it never varies. No change in color, no hint of sunset or moonlight, no variation from season to season as the vegetation flourishes or shrivels: only the smells that creep through the windows tell the difference between Thursday and Friday.

Once upon a time Mr. Brown used to

stretch his legs and play with the children; the six-room flat was common in Boston and New York; the seven-room house flourished in Philadelphia and Chicago and St. Louis. Now the walls of the rooms have contracted: Mr. Brown pays so much for his four cubicles he is perhaps forced to harbor an ancient aunt or his wife's parents in the same narrow quarters; and, as likely as not, there are no children. When the Browns have put by a little they will have either a baby or a cheap car: it is hard to decide which, for the upkeep is high in both cases; but the car has this advantage—it would enable the whole family to get out into God's own country on Sundays.

This pursuit of God's own country would make the angels themselves weep: it means a ride through endless dusty streets, and along an equally straight and endless concrete road, breathing the dust and exhaust of the car ahead, and furnishing an equal quantum of exhaust and dust to the car behind; a ride with intervals spent at hot-dog stands, and long hours wasted at ferry houses and bridges and main junctions and similar bottlenecks, where the honking of impatient horns reminds Mr. Brown in the spring of the frog ponds he was not quite able to reach. As the main city grows, the country around becomes more suburban and the fields and hills and lakes are more difficult to reach. A generation ago Mr. Brown's father used to catch shad in the Hudson, or he might have spent the Sunday rambling with his youngsters along the bays and inlets of Long Island Sound. To-day a vast load of sewage has driven away the fish; and the expansion of great country estates for the lords of the metropolis has blocked and fenced off the rambler. Nor does New York alone suffer. Buffalo was forced to jump sixteen miles from the city line the other day to recover a paltry thousand feet of lake front for its citizens. By the time open spaces are set aside, however, the population has multiplied so furiously that, on a summer Sunday, the great parks are as congested as the city's streets—so much for solitude and natural beauty!

When dinner is over neither Mr. Brown nor his wife is in condition to listen to great music or to attend the theater. First of all, they are not in financial condition to do this because ground rents are high in the amusement district, and the price of seats has risen steadily to meet the increase in rents. Unless the occasion is important or Mr. Brown is willing to scrimp on the week's lunches, he cannot afford to go. Again, he is in no mental condition to participate in play that demands mental activity or emotional response above the spinal cord; and if this were not enough, the prospect of another hour in the subway kills most of the impinging joys. The seventy theaters that exist in sophisticated New York are, really, only one to a hundred thousand people; there are a score of little towns in continental Europe that are far better provided with drama and music. The fact is that, with all New York's wealth, its cultural facilities are *relatively* limited: they would be insufficient were it not for the fact that only a minority can afford to enjoy them regularly.

But Mr. and Mrs. Brown have their amusements? Oh, yes, they have the movies; that is to say, the same entertainment, served in almost the same form, as it comes in Peoria or Tuscaloosa or Danbury—no more and no less. If they are too tired to "drop around the corner" they have another consolation, the radio: this, too, works no better than it does in the despised, backward villages of the hinterland, and if the Browns happen to be situated in one of the mysterious "dead areas" it does not work nearly so well! In short, Mr. Brown travels through the pulping mill of the subway, endures the tawdry monotony of his flat, divorces himself from the natural enjoyments he can never quite recover on Sunday—for what? For an occasional visit to the museum or the opera? He could have as much if he

lived a hundred miles away. His sacrifices are in reality made for a much more mystical purpose: his presence increases the "greatness" of his city. By adding to its population, he raises the capitalizable value of its real estate; and so he increases rents; and so he makes parks and playgrounds and decent homes more difficult to obtain; and so he increases his own difficulties and burdens; and his flat gets smaller, his streets bleaker, and his annual tribute to the deities who build roads and subways and bridges and tunnels becomes more immense.

Mr. Brown grumbles; sometimes he complains; but he is only just beginning to doubt. His newspaper tells him that he is fortunate; and he believes it. He fancies that when another subway is built he will find room in it for his feet —if he leaves the office promptly. I shall deal briefly with this fond hope a little later.

II

What is true of Mr. Brown is true also of the people who live on the East Side, the South Side, the Hump, the Stockyards District, or "the other side of the railroad track." Since, however, they lack Mr. Brown's snobbishness, they have a touch of neighborliness for consolation, and may occasionally manufacture a little special amusement for themselves in wild dances and hearty weddings and funerals full of pomp and dignity and excellent wine. If these groups, through advances in wages, could be raised to the level of Mr. Brown's station, they would not exactly be in Paradise; but suppose Mr. Brown stood at the apex of the pyramid—perhaps that would be Paradise? Perhaps that would justify Mosshunk's trying to become Boomtown, Boomtown's trying to become Zenith, Zenith's trying to become Chicago, Chicago's trying to become New York, and New York's trying to become like Mr. Hugh Ferriss's picture, The Future?

Well, let us consider what Mr. Smith-Robinson, the millionaire widget manufacturer, gets out of the great city, with its increasing population, its multiplying turnover, its skyscrapers, its subways—in short, all the symbols of its dominant religion of material expansion.

Mr. Smith-Robinson lives in a twenty-story apartment house on Park Avenue. It is like Mr. Brown's plain apartment, but it has ascended the ladder of evolution: the blastula has become a gastrula, or to speak more plainly, the four-celled unit has multiplied to sixteen units, six of them being sacred chambers devoted to lustration and baptism. To overcome the bare efficiencies of the building, we shall call in the services of a fashionable architect; he will arrange the scenery to persuade his client that he is a Spanish ambassador, an Italian prince, or a medieval English baron—but woe to the poor client if he take it into his head to draw back the hangings and look out the window. The chances are that he will find himself facing directly a blank honeycomb of windows, exactly like Mr. Brown's exhilarating view—only there are more of them. After all, the company that built the apartment was not in business for its health: they covered every square foot that the building laws and zoning ordinances would permit. Though they may call the few tubs of trees and shrubs at the bottom of the court a Persian garden, it is a feeble attempt to confuse the mind: the virtues of a Park Avenue apartment are those of an honest barracks.

So numerous are the lofty palaces and cloud-capped pinnacles where the "emergent minority" live, that the streets are vastly overtaxed by the traffic of their automobiles. When Mr. Smith-Robinson comes down from the country estate he sooner or later acquires, he finds that it pays to leave the car at the outskirts and take the rapid transit into town. The theaters, the clubs, the teas, the dances, the dinners, the concerts, the opera, and all the other devices for "performing leisure" which Mr. Thorstein Veblen has catalogued have, perhaps, a strong appeal to Mr. Smith-Robinson;

but more and more, for all that, he is tempted to adopt the Friday-to-Tuesday week-end in the country. He finds, curiously, that as his income increases, the devices for reducing it become more and more effective. He bequeathes a young fortune to his fellow citizens to buy them a park; his executors are able to get hold of only a small wedge of land. Or he adds a wing to a hospital, and finds that it is overcrowded before the first year is over. As the avenues become clogged, as crimes increase, as he becomes conscious of the danger of merely walking abroad on the streets, our fortunate citizen perhaps grows a little thoughtful; at the least, he reads with great interest the weekly bulletin of plans for doing away with traffic congestion by sinking endless millions into ingenious feats of engineering. These plans are to Mr. Smith-Robinson what new subways are to Mr. Brown; and with the fond hopes that they too embalm I shall deal shortly.

III

In the meanwhile, neither Mrs. Brown nor Mrs. Smith-Robinson is an altogether happy woman: the city they live in was at best designed for adults, and there is no place in it for the coming generation. So much money is spent in the detection of criminals, in the treatment of preventable disease, in the building of refuges for the mentally unstable and, above all, in the labyrinth of sewers and subways, that there is relatively little left for the more fruitful processes of living and learning. The schools are driven, by mere weight of numbers, to offer an education which caricatures our democratic technic of living; and no pabulum that may be added to the curriculum quite makes up for the impoverishment of educational opportunity in the city itself.

As for play, it is almost out of the question; even generous Chicago cannot keep up with its necessities. The acreage of parks and playgrounds in our metropolitan hives bears no relation at all to the density of population; for although by crowding people together and piling story on story we may almost indefinitely multiply the normal density, Nature does not permit us to pile one lawn upon another, or one tree upon another; and even if the rooftops were used for playgrounds, too, there would not be an adequate amount of open spaces. Indeed, as our cities continue to grow, and become more deeply in need of parks, the difficulties of holding open the land they do possess become greater: art galleries, museums, universities, art centers, and similar institutions run without commercial profit naturally covet land that need not be bought—and as ground rents rise their demands become more importunate.

So note the paradox. As a city increases in "population and wealth" it becomes less able to afford the things that make life gracious, interesting, and amusing. The difficulties of carrying on mere physical existence are so terrific that a major part of a city's money and energy, which should be spent on making life itself better, is devoted to the disheartening task of keeping "things" from getting worse. For a fortunate and able minority the city provides power and riches—much power and much riches. But the chief benefit of a big income is that it enables the possessor to escape from the big city. Hence the estates that are being planted from Chestnut Hill to Santa Barbara; hence the great drift of the middle classes into suburbia. If metropolitan life were the best civilization can now offer, it would be impossible to explain the fact that the suburbs are increasing in size, number, and population. The smaller cities that copy the defects of New York and Chicago, towns that ache for skyscrapers and apartment houses and pray to heaven for a little traffic congestion—even these cities are in the same boat; for many of them are being engulfed by suburbs which take advantage of the city's business facilities and escape the increasing burden of taxes.

IV

Manifestly, the suburb is a public acknowledgment of the fact that congestion and bad housing and blank vistas and lack of recreational opportunity and endless subway rides are not humanly endurable. The suburbanite is merely an intelligent heretic who has discovered that the mass of New York or Chicago or Zenith is a mean environment. Is the suburb, then, a "solution"? Will the metropolis of the future cover a radius of at least fifty miles from the central district; will Boston, New York, Philadelphia be merely high points of congestion in a vast belt of suburbs and industrial districts stretching along the coast? That is the assumption upon which many of our city surveys and regional plans, to say nothing of real estate speculations, are being tacitly made. Let us examine this beautiful prospect.

The suburb is an attempt to recapture the environment which the big city, in its blind and heedless growth, has wiped out within its own borders. With the aid of the suburb, business and living are divided into two compartments, intermittently connected by a strip of railroad. For the sake of clearness, let us isolate the case of Mr. Jones, the typical suburbanite, the perennial theme of the cockney cartoonist. Twenty years ago Mr. Jones built a house in Grassmere. It contained some of the closets, rooms, niches, fixtures, furniture which had been oddly missing in his city apartment, and it was surrounded by a garden which, until the garage began to demand space, and the car itself most of the family's time, was well-cultivated. The streets were embowered with trees, the school was small and surrounded by a playing field; within ten minutes walk was Chestnut Woods, a great place for picnicking.

When Mr. Jones moved to Grassmere it was Eden; almost it was. All the suburbs along the line were small, the railroad company was obsequious and kept the fares low; and if the journey to the office was a little tiresome, the newspaper presently increased in size and reduced the mental distance. The sacrifice of the climax of the third act was a small price to pay, in fact, nothing at all to set over against the children's gain. As long as Mr. Jones had "business in the city" this was perhaps the best possible arrangement for the life of his family.

In establishing himself in Grassmere Mr. Jones forgot only one thing: he forgot that he had not really escaped the city. The very forces that created the suburb moved out, inexorably, with icy relentlessness, and began to smear away this idyllic environment, which had the neighborliness of a small community and the beauty of gardens and parks and easy access to nature. Inevitably, the suburb grew and, growing, it became more like the city it had only apparently broken away from: the market street lengthened into a garish main street, ungainly offices and lunchrooms sprang up, an apartment house was built near the railroad tracks. Land values boomed; but taxes, alas! rose too. Potentially, Mr. Jones was more prosperous; but if he wanted to keep his house as a permanent home every increase in land values and taxes had the effect of making him poorer. If he had a little extra land he was forced to sell it as building lots; that brought neighbors uncomfortably near. The simple dirt road, which had cost little, was replaced by asphalt; traffic increased and it was necessary to widen Main Street: both improvements cost money. The old method of sewage disposal and the old water mains were no longer adequate for the doubled population; Grassmere enlarged them—and that cost money. New streets were opened at the behest of the leading real estate man, who happened to be Mayor during the boom period; while these streets waited for new owners and housebuilders, they "ate their head off."

All the costs of sewers, paving, unnecessarily wide residential streets, street lighting, gas, electricity, and police went

up so rapidly that presently the newcomers could no longer afford a roomy, comfortable house like that which the Joneses had built: they put up monotonous semi-detached rows or plumped into apartments. Mr. Henry Wright has pointed out that the cost of these little accessories has been steadily mounting during the last century, and now comes to about forty-five per cent of the total cost of a house. When all the land is covered with asphalt, when all the streets are designed indiscriminately for through loads of traffic, when the land itself is sold by the front foot, the single family house becomes a forbidding luxury, and there is no choice at all for the greater part of the population but to build multi-family houses. The "Own-your-own-home movement" does not recognize that the real difficulty under these conditions consists in keeping your own home.

When his suburb became choked with new buildings, Mr. Jones began to wonder if he might not endure an extra hour's travel each day for the sake of quiet, lower tax rates, a tennis court, and a more congenial community.

Unhappy Mr. Jones! If he moves farther into the country the improvement is only temporary. So long as the office buildings and the lofts crowd higher into the sky, so long as the factories are planted more thickly along the railroad sidings that line the entrance to the great city, so long will the blessings of suburbia be little more than a momentary illusion. The sort of life the suburb aims at is of course only partial: inevitably the suburbanite loses many of the cultural advantages and contacts of a complete city; but even its limited effort to obtain two essential things—a decent home for children and a comely setting for life—is thin and ephemeral in its results. The suburb is not a solution. It is merely a halting place. So long as the big city continues to grow, the suburb cannot remain suburban. Its gardens are doomed, its quiet streets are doomed, the countryside around it is doomed, a doom hangs over every aspect of its life—sooner or later it will be swallowed up and lost in the maw of the great city. Spring Gardens was anciently a suburb of Philadelphia; Cambridgeport, of Boston; Flushing, of New York—and where are the snows of yesteryear?

V

The conditions that we have been examining are those that attend uncontrolled and unregulated urban growth. They are not evils which are inherent in the constitution of cities; but neither are they accidental defects which will be wiped out by a little adroit street-widening or municipal regulation. It is true that during the last forty years a great corps of technicians has arisen, city planners, engineers, transit experts, and municipal administrators who devote themselves to easing the burdens of congestion and repairing the more obvious damages. Unfortunately, however, for the hopes that these excellent minds awaken, none of their remedies permanently remedies anything—and they themselves are the first to confess it! Our technicians usually accept the fact of unregulated and unbounded urban growth as "given." So instead of attempting to remove the causes that create our mangled urban environments, they attempt only to relieve a few of the intolerable effects. They exhaust the devices of mechanical engineering and finance to provide palliatives for expanding cities and expanding populations, and they flinch, most of them, from asking the one question which promises any permanent and effectual answer—how can we provide a stable environment for a stable population?

It is quite fatuous to ask what promise there is of reconstructing New York and Chicago internally, to make them fit for permanent human habitation. Our efforts to combat the evils of congestion never get within miles of that: the most Mr. Brown hopes for is that the next subway will give him more standing

room, in New York; or that a series of double-decked streets will give more clearance to his automobile, in Detroit. As urban growth takes place now, Mr. Brown might as well dream of free airplane excursions to the North Pole. Each new transit line opens up new tracts of land, or increases the capacity of the existing areas to bear a heavier load of people. Thus the remedy increases the population in the Central District and at the outskirts; with this increase, land values rise again and, in turn, a still heavier load falls upon the land.

The same principle applies to those marvelous double-decked avenues and underground ways that modern engineering so eagerly threatens us with. As exhibitions in constructive audacity, these schemes are highly admirable; as instruments of business enterprise they are also, perhaps, admirable; in fact, they are altogether delightful for any purpose except for that for which they are intended—namely, the relief of congestion. The reason is plain: the cost of each new bank of streets or each new boring of tunnels must fall back, eventually, upon the land; and in order to meet the taxes and carrying charges of our monster skyscrapers, still greater monsters must be erected. In short, the remedy just adds a little more of the disease. To build streets in anything like the initial ratio to the original density of population would throw an intolerable charge upon the buildings—unless it were possible to increase the height, and so destroy the ratio! None of our current plans for city improvement break out of this vicious circle; for the only way of breaking out is by limiting the increase of population within a single congested area, whereas none of our present improvements would be tolerated, on business principles, if they did not promise just the opposite of this.

Since all this holds for the present metropolis, we might as well put down in the cellar those purely fanciful solutions of our urban problems upon which Mr. Hugh Ferriss exerts his able and masculine draughtsmanship. Physically, there is perhaps no limit to the heightening and extension of New York and Chicago; the real limitations on city development are not physical but social. They lie in the very nature of a humane life, in the fact that the city is not essentially an agglomeration of houses, but an association of human beings. "Men come together in order to live; they remain together in order to live the good life." Only a megalomaniac imagines that life in a two-hundred story building is in any way better or greater than life in a two-story building, or that air pumped into the city from stations leagues away is superior to air breathed directly, without going through an elaborate mechanical apparatus. The capital objection to immuring oneself in the canyons of the existing metropolis, or the far more colossal canyons that exist in the real-estate speculator's imagination, is that the things that make life tolerable are not a single whit furthered by all this mechanical apparatus. And after all, someone must live at the bottom of these eyries that our bold architects project from Cloudcuckooland; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, life below the fortieth story would be as precarious and dull as it is to-day in those parts of the city that are not on show.

So we come back to the problem: How are we to obtain the physical foundations of a good life in our cities?

VI

The problem would be utterly discouraging were it not for two conditions. One is that the growth of modern invention has diminished the necessity for urban concentration. The other is that human beings are still, after all, human; and though they would doubtless stand for even worse conditions if they thought their sacrifices and discomforts could not be helped, they are not likely to stay in the same posture once they find that an avenue of escape is open. Without

any great optimism, I think it is now becoming plain that the more intelligent and sensitive part of the population is becoming a little bored by "greatness," and they are beginning to feel towards their skyscrapers the way an Egyptian slave perhaps felt towards the Pyramids. Also, perhaps for the first time, there is the promise of conditions which would favor and encourage a fundamental social and economic change.

All our plans for city improvement have hitherto been based on conditions which existed in the past; the city planner genially assumes that these forces will operate equally in the future. There is this fatality about such plans: they rarely catch up even with the past. Against this school of thought stands another group that has grown up slowly in the last generation: it first centered about Mr. Ebenezer Howard and his garden-city group, and it now has distinguished adherents in every country. These planners believe that we can effectually take care of the past only by preparing for a more desirable future. For them, the congested metropolis is not primarily bad or miserable: it is merely wasteful, inefficient, technologically obsolete. That is to say, it arose out of industrial and commercial conditions which have ceased to operate in full force to-day, and may not operate at all to-morrow.

Let me explain. During the railroad era the favored urban spots were at the terminals of trunk lines: urban growth took place linearly, along the tracks. The result was vast urban agglomerations—it is impossible to call them "cities"—at points where the traffic ended, coalesced, or crossed. Modern motor transportation and modern airplane traffic do not abet this tendency: They favor a more even distribution of population, like that which characterized the wagon and canal period; for the net of motor roads makes it possible to serve any point in a whole area by car or truck, instead of simply those points "on the line." Economically, this works towards regional rather than metropolitan development; towards industrial decentralization rather than toward further congestion.

Now, the first outcome of motor transport has been in the domain of living rather than in industry. All over the land a great body of people, fed up with the life they have been forced to live in the old centers, have taken to wheels: they drive around the country, more or less consciously seeking a better environment. They are no longer content to live where they can work; they want work, rather, where they may have a little opportunity for truly living. They do not make the search, generally, with either imagination or intelligence—for the moment a large number of them think Florida is the paradise of the heart and the end of human aspiration; but at worst, they manage to plant a bungalow in the middle of some deserted field beyond the city's limits—mean and pathetic, perhaps, but a symbol of the desire to recover freedom and a sense of the human scale.

At present this going and coming of motors is as anarchic as the buying and selling of urban lots. Giant power and industry planning are the two positive forces which are capable of turning this loose human desire into socially constructive ends. Giant power, as distinguished from superpower—the mere commercial linkage of generating stations—carries with it the notion of distributing electricity in districts where a balanced day and night load may be carried along the same mains: this requires a community devoted to both domesticity and industry, not a community in which these things are separated, as they are in the big city and its suburbs. Such a development has been engineered through public ownership in Ontario with a deliberate social purpose; but in certain regions it is likewise being fostered and stimulated by the commercial companies. In outlining their policies on power, Governors Smith and Pinchot have emphasized the oppor-

tunities Giant Power offers for building up the rural community, and restoring life to the whole countryside; and in the preliminary report of the New York State Housing and Regional Planning Commission the writers showed how a whole belt of the State, now poorly developed and cultivated, might be opened up, through motor transportation and electric power, for the creation of new communities. Mr. Henry Ford's attempt to lower the vast overhead of metropolitan industry and to restore a smaller factory unit to the old mill sites in the open country is a significant industrial departure in the same direction—and it is a departure, too, in this special sense, that it leaves the great and growing city of Detroit behind it.

The benefits of motor transportation and electric power are, I hasten to add, potential; against their free operation is the drag of habit and routine and business enterprise, which keeps industry fettered to the sites where high land values can be maintained and charged back to the consumer, and where vast private fortunes may be built up through the congestion of population. These new tendencies, however, show that the continued growth of the great city is not merely vicious—it is technologically futile. As industrial processes become more refined, as electricity supplants raw coal, as industrial production becomes planned and socially regulated, as the working population achieves even such relative stability as it has now attained for example in the garment trades, as all these things happen, industry has less and less to gain by haphazard overcrowding. Whereas for a century we have lived where industrial and commercial opportunities seemed greatest, we can now reverse the process, and deliberately plant our industries and our communities in regions where the human opportunities for living are best. In the light of this, our ingenious plans for super-cities, with super-congestion, super-subways, super-tenements, and super-skyscrapers are, if I may be allowed a pun, a little superficial.

The alternative to super-congestion is not "back to the farm" or "let things go." The real alternative to unlimited metropolitan growth is limited growth and, along with it, the deliberate planning and building up of new communities. Once we abandon our naïve belief in the quackeries of engineering, we shall perhaps be willing to face the wholesale change that this implies; for it breaks entirely with the notion that congestion is a boon, that city growth beyond a certain limit is desirable, and that we can solve our human and social problems by placing them all on the plane of mechanics.

But how can the growth of cities be controlled? Is the flood of population not as inevitable as a river flood? It is indeed; but river floods are not inevitable. The comparison serves very neatly; and it was well put recently by Mr. Benton Mackaye. There was a time when the cities along the Ohio used to protect themselves from spring floods by raising dykes; presently, a great tide of water would rush down the valley and flow over the dykes; and then more elaborate ones would be built. As long as cities attempted river control by this sort of patchwork they were perpetually defeated. Genuine flood-prevention dates from the time that the flood-engineers planted forests in the hills to retain the moisture and hold back the waters; when they dealt with causes, rather than effects.

Need I point the parallel? Effective community planning cannot go on so long as each new flood of population can break down the dykes. Any effective effort to provide good living conditions within our existing cities rests upon achieving a fairly stable population: this can be accomplished only by building up new communities in the hinterland, which will hold back the flood, or, to make the metaphor more exact, will not merely hold it back but also drain off some of the surplus from existing cen-

ters. What we need is a policy of "community afforestation." Our present small towns and villages are unable to retain their young people because so many of them are scrub communities; neither can they, in their present state, attract new industries or foster new homes. If we are to prevent congestion, we must deliberately create communities which will be fully equipped for work, play, study, and "living." Our new communities must be at least as well designed as a Gary school; in other words, they must be, in English usage, complete garden cities.

VII

How would these new communities differ from existing cities? First, in placement; they would be established in relation to the best remaining water and power resources, and in country districts where land values were still low. They would be surrounded by a permanent belt of agricultural land, to provide a continuous local food supply of green vegetables, and to preserve open spaces without taking them altogether out of productive use. Second, provisions for all the institutions necessary for a community of a given size, say ten thousand or fifty thousand, would be made from the beginning. That is, the land needed for schools, churches, libraries, theaters, hospitals, municipal buildings, associations, playgrounds, and parks would be calculated, platted, and reserved; at the same time, the land needed for shops, factories, and offices would be allocated, with due respect to convenient access, to amenity, and—in the factory district—to prevailing winds and outlooks. The residential parts of the city, instead of being intersected by innumerable streets, would be planned for quiet, safety, and beauty; so that while traffic roads would doubtless be much wider than our present roads, the homeways would be much narrower and much more lightly paved. In general, no houses higher than three stories, and no office higher than five, would be permitted; but that would not prevent the erection of a single tall building, or a small group, as high as, say, ten stories if the height served some direct purpose, such as the grouping of municipal departments, or medical services. The high building would not, however, be permitted as a mere rent-barracks—any more than it is to-day in most European cities.

The provision of gardens and playgrounds would likewise be made on the initial plan; and since the population would be definitely limited, their adequacy would be permanently insured. The time now wasted in subway travel would, since the area of the city is limited, be available for sport, rest, education, or entertainment. Land values increase in the business district of such a city; but the increase is kept for communal purposes. Hence, the stimulation of land values becomes no ordinary part of the processes of business or industry. If some potent institution, like an expanding industry or a great center of learning, caused such a city to attract more people than originally provided for, the further extension of the city, once it had filled its sites, would be taken care of by founding another city, similarly restricted in area and population, similarly surrounded by a rural belt. Mr. Waldo Browne, in an excellent discussion of our overgrown universities, has suggested that institutions like Harvard, instead of automatically getting bigger, should "swarm," and create new Harvards in Indiana or California. It is an excellent principle: in precisely this manner growth would take place in the garden city.

I have painted only a partial picture of the new community; but I trust no one will think I have been dealing with an imaginary town. On the contrary, I am just translating into general terms the realities of Letchworth and Welwyn, with a touch now and then of other communities—including an interesting housing development where I happen to live, unique among all the urban dormitories of New York in the fact that, promoted

by a limited dividend corporation, it carries with it an adequate amount of garden and playground from the beginning, as part of the normal cost of housing. There is nothing "ideal" in Letchworth or Welwyn or Sunnyside in the sense that the men and women who live there have suddenly become beatified, marvelously intelligent, feverishly public spirited. Let me emphasize, on the contrary, that this sort of community is merely human. What makes it desirable, against the congested metropolis, is that our New Yorks and Chicagos are a little less than human—admirably fitted for the habitation of robots. The planning of a merely human community is a prodigious advance upon our current metropolitan plans to "decrease (i.e. further) congestion." It will be time enough when we have provided humane conditions to conceive of habitations fit for Men Like Gods. At any rate, garden cities call neither for superhuman powers, nor for a religious conversion—unless the subordination of speculation and profiteering to the welfare of the community implies, in fact, a religious conversion.

Once the desire for better living conditions is effectively expressed, there is nothing in modern industry itself to hinder its being worked out; for the building of new garden cities calls for no violent departure from normal American practices. For three hundred years we have been planting new cities: it would be strange if, at the height of our mechanical powers, we had suddenly become paralyzed. Every day new factories are founded, or old ones forced to expand and to move: outside of highly localized industries, such as those connected specifically with mines or ports, there is no reason why a fresh start should not be made in the new centers, instead of adding to the clutter and confusion of existing ones. Finally, every day new houses are built: it needs only social foresight, and financial co-ordination to connect the erection of houses with the spotting of new industries.

Here then is the choice—between growth by the "mechanical extension" of existing urban areas, and growth by the foundation of new communities, fully equipped for working, learning, and living. In the growth by mechanical extension we move inertly towards the intolerable city whose various phases I have described. With a tithe of the constructive power we now spend on palliatives, we might found a hundred fresh centers in which life would really be enjoyable, in which the full benefit of modern civilization and culture might be had. It is not easy, I confess, to translate this alternative into stunning sky-pictures: hurtling masses of steel would perhaps seem far more attractive on paper, especially for minds that are starved for something to worship, and will worship a skyscraper, provided it be big enough. Nevertheless, the alternative is genuine; the "way out" it offers is real. Shall we make the attempt? Perhaps not. The likelihood is that we shall go a little farther along the road of super-congestion, before our disillusion becomes complete, and our physical state odious. Sooner or later, however, we shall find out that, in Professor Patrick Geddes's tart phrase, metropolitan growth means "more and more of worse and worse." When the supercity crumbles in our imagination, I do not think anything will keep us from achieving solid human communities, in fact. They existed once. They will exist again; and by promoting them we should make life in our present centers more tolerable.

TWO CHRISTOPHER ROBIN POEMS

By A. A. MILNE

SNEEZLES

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN
Had wheezles
And sneezles,
They bundled him
Into
His bed.
They gave him what goes
With a cold in the nose,
And some more for a cold
In the head.
They wondered
If wheezles
Could turn
Into measles,
If sneezles
Would turn
Into mumps;
They examined his chest
For a rash,
And the rest
Of his body for swellings and lumps.
They sent for some doctors
In sneezles
And wheezles:
To tell them what ought to be done.
All sorts and conditions
Of famous physicians
Came hurrying round
At a run.
They all made a note
Of the state of his throat,
They asked if he suffered from thirst;
They asked if the sneezles
Came after *the wheezles,*
Or if the first sneezle
Came first.

They said, "If you teazle
A sneezle
Or wheezle,
A measle
May easily grow.
But humor or pleazle
The wheezle
Or sneezle,
The measle
Will certainly go."
They expounded the reazles
For sneezles
And wheezles,
The appearance of measles
When new.
They said "If he freezles
In draughts and in breezles,
Then Phtheezles
May even ensue."

. . . . . .

Christopher Robin
Got up in the morning,
The sneezles had vanished away.
And the look in his eye
Seemed to say to the sky,
"Now, how to amuse them to-day?"

JOURNEY'S END

CHRISTOPHER, Christopher, where are you going,
Christopher Robin?
"*Just up to the top of the hill.*
Upping and upping until
I am right on the top of the hill,"
Said Christopher Robin.

Christopher, Christopher, why are you going,
Christopher Robin?
There's nothing to see, so when
You've got to the top, what then?
"*Just down to the bottom again,*"
Said Christopher Robin.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THE uproar about the teaching of evolution has brought back once more to the center of the stage the old controversy between science and religion. As one reads the many articles upon the subject one gets the uncomfortable impression that, while the extreme fundamentalists are unmistakably definite in their views about an inerrant Bible and the wickedness of evolution, and while the scientists are clear-cut in their attitude about the truth of evolution and the necessity of freedom in teaching it, the position of religious liberals is not being clearly put.

Some vaguely progressive minds take too much comfort in such consoling generalities as that true science and true religion cannot conflict. The proposition is so harmless that no one is tempted to gainsay it but, so far from solving any problems, it serves only to becloud the issue. The plain fact is that, however true science and true religion ought to behave toward each other, actual science and actual religion are having another disagreeable monkey and parrot time.

That this ought not to happen, that, ideally, science and religion move in different realms and should peacefully pursue each its separate task in the interpretation of man's experience, is easy to say, and it is true. Life, like the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, if it is to be fully understood, needs for one thing the grammarian. He will analyze it into its parts of speech, note the differences between nouns and pronouns, verbs, adjectives, articles, and adverbs, and will formulate the laws by which they are put together to make a complex unity. That is an indispensable piece of business in the understanding of the chapter and it represents the scientists' work on the world at large. But if the chapter is to be fully known, a more comprehensive method of interpretation must be exercised upon it than the grammarian alone can be responsible for. Its meaning as a whole must be apprehended, its lessons understood, its spiritual value appropriated, its author studied through the medium of his expression. That attitude applied to life is religion. Religion is the appreciation of life's spiritual values and the interpretation of life, its origin, its purpose, and its destiny in terms of them. The grammatical analysis and the spiritual appreciation ought not to quarrel. The appreciator ought to thank God for the grammarian whenever he thinks of him.

But, for some reason or other, making the lion and the lamb lie down in peace together has proved no more ideal a dream than getting science and religion to quit their controversy and become partners in the interpretation of life. What is the reason?

IN SO far as religion is responsible, there are at least two explanations of this recurrent contention. One is the association of religion with an inerrant

book. Every one who knows anything about the historical origins of the Bible knows how little it is an artificial product, the result of supernatural dictation, handed down from heaven, as has been taught of the Koran, or miraculously hidden and discovered, like the Golden Plates of Mormon. Modern scholarship has traced the progressive writing and assembling of our Scriptures with a massing of evidence that puts the general outline of the process beyond reasonable doubt. From the earliest documents, such as the war songs of Deborah, up through the long story of growing laws, changing circumstances and customs, enlarged horizons of moral obligation, worthier thoughts of God, through the prophets, and the Master's ministry to the early Christian church—stage by stage the writing and assembling of the documents which now comprise our Bible can be traced. How much of the Bible was in existence in the eighth century B. C. we know, and what each new century with its changing thoughts and insights contributed we can see.

It is obvious that this amazing literature came warmly up out of human experience. That is its glory and its strength. Touch it anywhere and you can feel the pulse of men and women in their joys and sorrows, struggles, aspirations, faiths, despairs. The whole book is "blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity." These were real folk whose spiritual life welled up in psalm and prophecy and whose life stories are told in the most rewarding narratives that literature has preserved. Here also was recorded a development of thought about God, about duty, about the significance of human life, far and away the most valuable that history records. Of course, a Christian who deeply believes in God does not think it was an accident. Of course, he sees in it a revelation, an unveiling of the truth by which man's life is elevated, purified, redeemed. Of course he thinks it was inspired.

But whatever else inspiration may mean, it certainly does not mean that men in writing a sacred book are lifted out of their own day and provided with the mental thought-forms, scientific explanations, and world-views of a generation thousands of years unborn. It is that utterly fallacious and futile idea of inspiration which causes the trouble. One wonders why anybody should wish to believe it. What good does it do? What addition does it make to the inherent spiritual value of the book? Would the Twenty-third Psalm be more beautiful if the writer had had a Ph.D. from Harvard, or is the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians dependent for its worth upon the supposition that the writer held the Copernican astronomy?

There is no peace for religion in its relationship with science until we recognize that of course the Bible is not an inerrant book. So far as the physical universe is concerned, all the writers of the Bible supposed that they were living on a flat earth covered by the solid firmament of the sky, with heaven above and Sheol beneath, and fiery bodies moving across the face of the sky to illumine man. The Great Isaiah did not have to look through Galileo's telescope to write his fortieth chapter, nor would Micah's summary of the law, to do justly, to love kindness, and to walk humbly with God, have been any finer if he had been able to explain Einstein on relativity.

When, therefore, the Bible is set up in opposition to evolution, the whole issue is ludicrously false. The Bible knows nothing about evolution, just as it knows nothing about automobiles and radio. It knows no more about Darwin and his mutation of species than it does about Copernicus and his revolution of the earth. The Bible antedates all that. The first chapter of Genesis simply took the old Semitic story of creation, purified it of mythology, made it monotheistic, and set it in majestic language. It is the noblest narrative of creation in any ancient literature. But it has no possible connection with evolution, for

or against. It is a picturesque presentation of creation in six literal days, each with an evening and a morning. It is not pro-scientific; it is not anti-scientific; for the simple reason that it is not scientific at all. And the absurd attempt to make Genesis mean evolution by stretching the days into eons never was dreamed of during the long centuries of the Bible's existence until it was ingeniously suggested by some scribal mind, as a desperate device to insinuate geologic ages into Holy Writ.

No armistice can possibly be declared in the recurrent war between science and religion unless this elemental fact about the Bible is clear. To suppose that we must think about scientific problems in the way the Biblical writers did is incredible. Nobody does it. The most rock-ribbed fundamentalist never remotely approaches doing it. Voliva of Zion City comes the nearest to it. He believes that the earth is flat.

The Bible is the supreme Book of spiritual life. There we touch a valid revelation of the character and the will of God. It is a fountain that never runs dry, and the better it is known the better for personal character and social progress. But to use it as a scientific textbook is perilous nonsense which does far more harm to religion than to anybody else. That is indeed hoisting religion with its own petard.

RELIGION'S responsibility for the contest with science can be traced to another source. Religion may almost be said to consist in a sense of sacredness; it makes man feel that some things in his life are holy, inviolable; it reveres them, loves them, even worships before them as the symbols and evidences of God. This attitude of religion, throwing a glamour of sanctity over everything with which it is closely associated—shrines, rituals, holy persons and places, ideas and ideals—belongs to its very genius. No one would want a religion that did not do that. The cleansing of religion from superstition does not eliminate this powerful influence which inheres in the sense of sacredness; it simply detaches the feeling of sanctity from unworthy and magical objects and reorients it around moral ideals, transforms it into reverence for personality and devotion to duty seen as the will of God.

This consciousness that something in life is sacred, worth living and dying for, is one of humanity's moral indispensables, and religion is the fruitful mother of it. But it is very dangerous. It is one of the things which we cannot get on without but which it is perilous to get on with. I was talking recently with a student of sociology about the strange contrast between the eager welcome given to new scientific inventions and the apathy, dislike, or active opposition that greets new suggestions in the social and spiritual realms. The automobile, the airplane, the radio—how instantly and avidly they are received and utilized! But to alter the ritual observances of a church, to introduce eugenic practices, to get a reformation of theology, or to organize a League of Nations to replace belligerent nationalism—what an uproar of outraged sentiment always accompanies suggested change in such realms!

The reasons for this strange inconsistency are doubtless many, but the sense of sacredness clearly plays an important part. That holds up progress indefinitely in any place where it can get a foothold. Nobody any longer counts a bicycle sacred if he wants an automobile, or regards rowing a boat as holy if he is able to buy a motor. The sense of sanctity does not operate in such realms. We change from candles to kerosene lamps, to gas, to electricity with no struggle against the rebellious sentiment of sacredness. But in the realms of human relationships in general and of religion in particular the feeling of sanctity is one of the most powerful, restraining influences in our lives. Patriotism conceived in terms of *my country against yours* gains sanctity, and when men

wish to change it to *my country with yours for the peace of the world*, aroused patriots resent the new idea as though a shrine were being desecrated. Even such unlikely things as the rules of the United States Senate can become sacred until any alteration seems sacrilege. As for religion, this truth easily explains most of its ultraconservatism. How typical of all religion it is that, long after the stone age was passed and bronze knives had come in for household purposes, the old flint knife still was used to slay sacrificial beasts! Religion had cast over the ancient implement the glamour of sanctity and it could not be changed.

The application of this to the problem in hand is clear. Whatever else religion may clothe with feelings of reverence, it is sure to do so with those forms of thought, those mental vehicles in which it has carried the precious freight of its spiritual experience. Listen to good old Father Inchofer in 1631 as he pours out of a pious heart his outraged sense of sacrilege at the idea that the earth moves: "The opinion of the earth's motion is of all heresies the most abominable, the most pernicious, the most scandalous; the immovability of the earth is thrice sacred; argument against the immortality of the soul, the existence of God, and the incarnation, should be tolerated sooner than an argument to prove that the earth moves." Why this rage? Why should a gentle servant of his fellows thus boil with indignant grief at a new astronomy? The reason is precisely the same that makes the fundamentalist to-day forget the Sermon on the Mount and ransack the dictionary for something bad enough to say about the evolutionists. Father Inchofer, I suppose, had had a deep and beautiful spiritual experience. He had lived on terms of fellowship with God and love for men. He had always visualized that relationship in terms of a stationary earth with the concentric heavens encircling it. On that mental trellis the flowers of his spirit had bloomed. It was very sacred to him. He revered it as part and parcel of his faith. We ought to sympathize with him. No wonder the idea of a moving earth seemed to him, not an advance of science, but an abyss of blasphemy.

Nevertheless, Father Inchofer was wrong and Father Inchofer's successors to-day are wrong for the same reason. They have let their sense of sacredness run away with them. Their feeling of sanctity has unintelligently attached itself to all sorts of things that are not integral parts of vital religion. A stationary earth is not sacred; a whimsical universe where miracles, not law, are the order of the day is not sacred; creation by fiat is not sacred. Religion has no inherent dependence on such outgrown ideas. Yet all these things, along with many others from the use of anæsthetics in operations to acceptance of the law of gravitation, have been bitterly opposed in the name of religion as though the old science to which the religious imagination had clung, around which it had entwined itself, were a holy thing. There is no peace in sight between science and religion until religion recognizes that the sense of sanctity is too valuable an article to be misused in holding up scientific progress. Once many Christians were scandalized at geology just as now they are scandalized at evolution: they called it "a dark art," "dangerous and disreputable," "a forbidden province," "an awful invasion of the testimony of Revelation." How long shall religious people go on making this lamentable blunder which always reacts disastrously upon the fortunes of religion itself and in the end can do nothing against the new truth?

Always the outcome has been the same: the scientific view of the world at last has triumphed and the seers of the spirit have found the new truth a nobler vehicle than the old for the experiences of the soul. Religion is not dependent on this scientific formulation or that. Religion moves in the realm of spiritual values where the soul does

justly, loves kindness, and walks humbly with its God. Through all the centuries, under every conceivable scientific view of the world, men have found their peace and power in that; and if to-morrow our modern view should be upset and Darwin be outdarwined by some new discoverer, our children's children at their best would find the fountain of eternal life still flowing in their new channels, whereof, if a man drink, he does not thirst again.

ONE does not mean that blame for the repeated contests between science and religion rests exclusively upon religion. Scientists are human also; they are quite capable of making fools of themselves. Especially they display an inveterate weakness before one besetting temptation. They get a working hypothesis in some special science; they rejoice in its effectiveness; they organize by means of it the data in their particular realm; and then, infatuated by their success, they proceed to posit the hypothesis as a complete explanation of the universe and an adequate philosophy of life. Again and again that has been done. One specialist in the effect of sunlight on life was even guilty of the ludicrous dictum: "Heliotropism doubtless wrote Hamlet." To-day some of our behaviorists in psychology are doing the same thing. One might have expected it. This overweening confidence in the adequacy of a working hypothesis in a special science to explain everything naturally emerges in the early days of the science when the new idea has just burst in all its glory on the thought of its discoverers. Behaviorism is a very valuable working method of investigation in psychology, but behaviorism is not an adequate account of personality, as some of its devotees consider it; much less does it furnish a comprehensive philosophy of life.

Religion, therefore, does have reason to be deeply concerned about some tendencies in modern science. There is a real conflict between those whom science has led to a materialistic philosophy and those who interpret life in terms of its spiritual values. But this is not a conflict between science and religion; this is a conflict between most scientists and all religionists on one side and a few scientists upon the other.

As for the issues now popularly upsetting the equilibrium of the churches in America, let fundamentalism look to itself. It is not fighting evolution with facts, which alone can be effective instruments in such a war. No one who knows the facts is against evolution. It is fighting evolution with authoritative dicta from an inerrant Book and with a horrified sense of outraged sanctity about the disturbance of an outgrown way of thinking. That sort of procedure never yet did anything but harm to religion. Meanwhile, increasing multitudes of devout Christians rejoice in the larger thought of God and the stronger faith in him which evolution has brought.

PARADISE REGAINED

A STORY

BY HAROLD W. BRECHT

RALPH was of the type of those queer boys who are good in school and fond of books. In the gay society of the children of Beulah Road he was distrusted as a sissy, and it was only during the past summer that they had let him play with them. Prestige, in that society, depended largely on a history of successful combats, and each of its male members felt confident of being able to lick Ralph. This was partly because, perhaps, he was not very tall for one almost thirteen and rather thin—slender, his mother put it. His mother said that he reminded her most strongly of Cousin Foster, his father's cousin, who had also been slender and pale (the Sumners were always pale) but he had filled out wonderfully. And Ralph was just such another dreamy child, and she was glad he had got in (at last) with some boys his own age.

Ralph never thought now of those dreary, unfilled days before that society had permitted him to be one of them. His major happiness was playing with them. In the evenings they raced madly up and down the pavement, their footsteps flying, their voices high and shrill, while their parents sat on their porches and remarked, as they recognized voices in the tumult, "That's Ralph," or "That's Tommie," or "That's Betty." "Hide and Seek," "Kick the Wicket," "Run, Sheepie, Run," "Prisoner's Base" were some of the games they played, and when they became tired of running they lay on their stomachs in the grass, kicking their legs in the air and discussing which of the games they liked the best. Ralph preferred "Prisoner's Base," though he was passionately fond of all of these games in which he could take so ardent and happy a part, unlike baseball or football, in which his lack of skill forced on him the ignominious role of an unnoticed spectator. Often at supper he was too excited to eat, and his father or mother would have to say, "Ralph, you've got to eat better'n that, or you don't stir out of this house to-night," before he would cram the unwanted food in his mouth, his blue eyes wide with fear that he would be deprived of this so great pleasure.

If you had watched him playing, his high, merry voice clear above the others, his cheeks finally as ruddy as his friends', you would have thought him the gayest and most carefree in that society in which all were so gay, so reckless of worry. Yet, during the past few days, he was playing on the brink of a certain disaster, beneath the menace of a fear which was dire and changeless in the background of his mind. He shrank from admitting it, even to himself. In words, it was that he was afraid. He was only a sissy, and his friends would find out.

He was a sissy because he was afraid to fight. On Thursday last week, going to the other end of Ventnor on an errand, he had met Charley Livingston and another boy. Charley had dared him to fight, and he had been afraid. Charley had said that he was a sissy and when

he got him he would smash his face. Charley was after him, and there was one street in Ventnor down which he dared not walk.

When his friends found out . . . The thought was worst as he lay in his dark, silent room, just before he went to sleep. Involuntarily he would open his eyes, not seeing the oppressive blackness, but what would happen when Charley came finally to Beulah Road to get him. Charley would appear when he was playing with his friends and, at sight of him, threatening and sinister, he would smile like the rest and say, "H'lo Charley."

"Now I got you, you sissy," Charley would reply, scorning this mild propitiation. Then, amid the surprised silence of his friends, Charley would hit him, and he would smile, as if the blow were but a joke of Charley's.

"He's yellow," Charley would say scornfully, "he's scared to fight. Go on, beat it, yellow-belly, before I hurt you."

He would beat it, amid the faint jeers of those who had been his friends. After that, in the evenings when the rest played their mad games, he would have to watch them from a window, an outcast, or stand in the safety of his own yard, disconsolate, like Sidney Cohen.

That society of children would not accept Sidney Cohen because he was a Jew and because he could not be induced to fight. They called him "Izzy." When other games grew tiresome through the long summer evenings they would gather in a taunting semicircle in front of Sidney's house, daring him to come out, shouting "Izzy Cohen, dirty Jew!" in their young, laughing voices. Sometimes Mrs. Cohen came on the porch and cried, in her harsh voice with its foreign accent, "Go away, insolent children. Shame!" At her appearance all but the boldest dispersed into the shadows while these answered her with mock politeness until some other member of the family led her, protesting, into the house.

Afraid to offer more than the passive protest of a noncombatant to the will of the majority, Ralph usually stood silent or slipped away unobtrusively when the rest gathered in front of Sidney's house. He was sorry for Sidney because he was like him, he felt, and it was only by the uncertain whim of fate that he, like the little Jew, was not also banned and an outcast. If Sidney would only turn and fight any one of his tormentors—but he was afraid, and they all knew that he was afraid. Sidney didn't dare, any more than he, Ralph, dared to fight Charley Livingston.

His friends—they would not be his friends when they found out. He had had other worries before, such as whether he had lost his fountain-pen or left it at school, whether he had been caught copying in the arithmetic examination. These had had a quality of variation, or with the passage of time became insignificant, so that he was almost disposed to regret them now, beneath the menace of this fear which was unchanging, and whose harshness time did not soften. Even when he thought of the favor shown him by his friends, of a girl in that society who was always on his side, no matter what the game, and who wrote him notes at school signed "Love and xxxx, Betty," his thoughts, no matter how wide their range, always returned, fettered with the shame of his cowardice, to his impending disgrace. The shadow of that dread was a somber background that could be relieved only ineffectually, and for a little while. They would couple him with Izzy. Izzy Cohen and "Sissy" Sumner.

But the days slipped past and he did not see Charley. Yet he had no hope that Charley had forgotten; it was only a postponement that he was enjoying, not an escape. In the evenings he played with an almost nervous fervor, as though each moment held a final, precarious pleasure to be snatched be-

fore the arrival of his certain disaster. Never, he thought, had the evenings been as happy as these, any one of which might end with Charley's coming and his ostracism. Reckless in the face of calamity, when his friends recounted their personal triumphs he added imaginary victories of his own (over Charley), though he never could feel that they were anything but . . . made-up.

At school it was not hard to avoid Charley, who was only in the Seventh Grade. Ralph went to school now by a roundabout way, which he called "Route No. 3," like the Automobile Blue Book. In the morning he would say to himself, "I'll go by Route No. 3," as though he were starting on a tour.

Betty and her girl-friend also took this route. (In the notes she wrote him the x's were for kisses.) She would saunter ahead, her arm around her girl-friend's neck, as though she were content with this affection, and Ralph, interested and wondering, could only follow, watching them giggle together. Sometimes, subtly irritated, he would chase them, grabbing at Betty's short flying hair until she turned her indignant face to him and cried, "Now you stop, Ralph Sumner." Or she would beckon to him, "Come here, I gotta secret to tell you." But at his approach she would usually laugh and pirouette away, her bare knees flashing. She was a pretty little thing, his mother said, and seemed a nice little girl, too, which was a wonder with her mother gadding about the way she did, and painting her face, at her age.

One afternoon in school he was caught whispering to Betty and kept in. "Ralph," Miss Sensenderfer said, "this is the first time you have been kept in since school opened." He only smiled, in bravado, for in that society it was considered an admirable thing to raise heck in school. Miss Sensenderfer liked him and sometimes, when she asked him to help her after school and no one else was there, she called him "my dear." He hoped that no one in that society would ever get to know that. This afternoon he had to do a long-division problem, but she let him go before he had got it to come out even.

He went home by Route No. 3. As he approached Beulah Road he saw, with a sudden sick sensation, a little knot of his friends on the curb. They had found out . . .

"How long'd she keep yuh?" Walter Meredith demanded.

They didn't know. He smiled . . . Tommie Cochrane, leader of that society, was writing with chalk on the pavement. Betty tried to stop him, rubbing with her foot at what he was writing, but he pushed her away. "G'wan," he commanded, "you know you said it."

"I did not," Betty declared.

Tommie drew a heart, and in it he wrote, "Betty Martin loves Ralph S." There was not enough room in the heart to write "Sumner." "Oh, Ralph," the boys and girls cried, laughing, "Betty's your girl."

Ralph felt ashamed, irritated a little. "She is not," he disclaimed hotly.

"Oh, yes, she is. Oh, Betty, who's your fellah?"

Betty stood defiant, rubbing the tip of her left slipper on her right leg. "Shut up, you make me tired," she said shortly, tossing her head. She walked away, with a flounce of her short skirt.

Ralph watched her, his irritation fading in a pleased, proprietary smile. . . . Tommie Cochrane covered the pavement with descriptions of more of the amours of Beulah Road. The other boys, sitting on the curb, began to boast of their girls and, Ralph, sitting beside them, clasping his knees in his arms, was finally proud to add his boast of Betty.

That night, playing "Kick the Wicket," they hid together, under Ralph's front porch. That was a good

place to hide, though it was hard to get out of in a hurry. You had to crawl under the lattice, which could be lifted a little, and inside it was dark, with an earthy smell. "Children," Ralph's mother said, "you'll get all dirty."

"Ssh!" they answered. Ralph helped Betty wriggle under, though she usually managed capably by herself. They lay on their stomachs, side by side, supporting their chins on their hands. He could just see her in the faint light which sifted through the lattice. But the tickle of her hair on his face and the feel of her body pressed against his gave him a strange, pleasant, almost frightening sensation. . . . In the gloom, with the cool, earthy smell, he had the feeling of being completely removed from the world, from Charley, of release from the bitterness of his fears.

To them floated the voice of someone who had been caught, "Kick the wicket, and let me out." . . . "Ralph," Betty said, "you didn't mean that, what you said this afternoon?—"

"No, I didn't mean it," he interrupted. "I was just kiddin'. Look what I got for yuh." With difficulty from his pocket he drew a gold ring, from a nickel peppermint stick.

She was delighted. She put it on her finger though it was too big. On the ring he swore that he would be her fellow and she, that she would be his girl —forever.

The next night, of that society which would soon fill the air with their laughter and the sound of their flying footsteps, Ralph was first on the street. He was often first, not only because he was anxious lest a moment of their common gayety be wasted, but because he liked the street for its own sake. To-night he was not quite so eager, for even as he ran down the echoing steps and out of his own yard he could not help remembering what had happened that afternoon in school. Charley had found occasion to whisper, while the classes were passing in the corridor, "To-night —I'll git yuh." To-night. He paused a moment on the pavement, stuffing his mouth with the fig-cake that had been dessert, thinking of Charley. His fear was so keen that his mouth became dry and the cake almost choked him. To-night. Yet as the houses and the double row of trees exercised over him their familiar spell it seemed to him that here was a sure refuge into which no alien figure could dare to penetrate. It was so long ago that Charley had threatened first, so many evenings that he had not come. Deliberately he dismissed thought of Charley, as though over this thought he were complete master, surrendering himself to the familiar bright pleasure of the street's influence.

He thought how he would not wish to express his pleasure to any one of his friends, except perhaps, to Betty. He began suddenly to run, playing a sort of gigantic hop-scotch with the shadows underneath the trees, leaping from dark place to dark place. Past Betty's house. From the dining rooms of all the houses shot ineffectual oblongs of light, and through the windows he could catch glimpses now and then of a boy or girl in that society, lips moving in an animated fashion, as though talking.

It was odd for them to talk without his being able to hear them, to see them, and not be seen. He had again the strange sensation of the previous evening, as though he were in a different, removed world. In the other world was Charley, and underneath the trees, the light caress of the wind on his cheeks, the thought of him had faded like an unpleasant dream, almost forgotten. He looked at his legs, in their colored stockings with turn-over tops, at the low shoes his mother had bought for him, and he felt that the legs and feet were not a part of him, Ralph Sumner. They, like Charley, like his worries, belonged in the world behind the trees,

inside the houses. There it was noisy and light. Here it was quiet, and in the darkness he was alone, but in his mind were bright dreams.

He had run up one side of the street and down the other. As he approached Sidney's house the door slammed and Sidney came down to the hedge which bounded what was both his refuge and his prison. "Hi, Ralph," he said diffidently.

"Hi!" He sometimes spoke to Sidney, drawn to see closer the pain that he too must suffer if Charley came after him, though he was always fearful that he would be seen talking—he was the only one who would talk—with him. "It's nice here, ain't it?"

"Aw, you ain't lived nowhere but here. It was nicer in the city."

"Yeh?"

"Sure. There was lots o' lights, and a drug store on the corner. Yuh could get hops off autos." Animation stirred Sidney's moody face. "The fellahs on our block had a club and I was treasurer. I was in charge of all the money."

Ralph tried to picture this other Sidney, getting rides in strangers' automobiles, popular, club-member.

Mrs. Cohen, who had, perhaps, been watching them, appeared on the porch. "Siddie," she called, "ask your little friend to come in and haf a piece of cake."

"Aw, he don't wantta come in," returned Sidney. "Do you?"

"No," said Ralph, grateful to Sidney for realizing that that society would hardly forgive him for entering his house. "No, thank you. I'm just waitin' here a minute for some fellahs. Maybe I will to-morrah."

Other doors were slamming on the street, and voices pierced the gloom. "Hi, Walter, where's Tommie?" "Hi!" "Is Tommie out yet?"

"Well, I gotta be goin' now," Ralph went on, anxious to escape association so hazardous. "See yuh to-morrah." A last look at Sidney, listlessly pulling off the little green hedge-leaves.

Ralph started to run toward the arc light that was their meeting-place. He began to yell with sudden gayety at the top of his voice, "Ai-i-i!"

Suddenly he stopped, for underneath the arc light was a squat, sinister figure. Charley. Turn around. Go home.

Too late. "Hi, Ralph," one or two of his friends said. With dragging steps he walked into the circle of light. "Hi, sissy," Charley said.

Silence, while the ring of young, bright-eyed faces watched him expectantly. He could hear his heart beating. He looked, with hunted, imploring eyes, at the lit circle, at Charley's menacing, contemptuous figure.

"He called you a sissy," said Tommie Cochrane.

"We don't want no—" began Walter Meredith.

"Shut up," commanded Tommie, unhurried. Perhaps Tommie was on his side, perhaps he would say he didn't have to fight. . . . "He says you're scared to fight him," continued the calm, inexorable voice.

"Sure he is," interposed Charley.

"See." Charley shouldered him roughly and Ralph tried to smile, as though this were a private joke between Charley and him. "Don't you laugh at me," ordered Charley harshly, drawing back his fist as though to hit him. He cowered, raising his hands to shield himself from the blow. "What'd I tell yuh?" Charley laughed, and there were smiles on those lit faces. "Go on, beat it, yellaw-belly, before I hurt yuh."

Ralph wanted, with words, to forestall or prevent the irrevocable finality of their judgment, but he could think of nothing to plead but "Let me stay," and he did not dare speak, for fear he would start to cry. One last look at these boys who had been his friends. It was as though he were a stranger for whom they felt only malice. They regarded him with indifference and amusement.

"Beat it," Tommie Cochrane said.

He turned away from the lit circle into the dark street. He could hardly realize what had happened, but when one or two of the boys yelled "yellah-belly" after him he understood that his worst fear had come true. Like Sidney now. From now on he was the target for their ridicule and abuse, from now on forever. Never, any more, would he be permitted to be a member of that society, but from that paradise of games completely an exile, utterly an outcast, he would have to be only a looker-on of their pleasure. Not even that if they noticed him. Beat it. Play, that was what he wanted to do, what he liked best in the world, and now he was only like Izzie. There was no one who would play with him. Every evening he would have to sit on the porch with his father and mother, waiting for the dull hours to pass, while his father or mother said, "Ralph, do be quiet," or "Ralph, go to bed." The next day would be like that, and the next, in each no fun, nothing to do. Before him was nothing but the gray prospect of those interminable days.

Unnoticed, his feet were leading him down to one end of Beulah Road, where there was a vacant lot which was one of the properties of that society. Each part of it—almost each foot—had had for him its happy memory. Here was the cave they were digging when they said first, three months ago, that he could play with them; here was their hut; here was their furnace, where they roasted potatoes and, seeing himself forever barred from further share in any of these glories, he sank face-downwards in the tall weeds and sobbed openly. His worst fear—Charley had come after him to his street. They all knew, now. He would like to hurt Charley, hit him till he screamed in pain and begged for mercy, make him cry before the others. His hands were clenched as he wiped the tears from his own eyes. But he couldn't. He couldn't fight Charley. Charley was so strong. He could lick him easily. He was the one who would scream in pain and cry for mercy. He did not dare offer himself as a mark for those fists. He was afraid. Even here, by himself, he was afraid of Charley. To this alien figure who had so lightly spoiled his happiness he had done nothing, except to try to propitiate him, and Charley had done all this to him. Worse than that. Now all the boys would have in him a convenient butt for their cruelty. They'd chase him, shouting names, instead of Sidney. In the sport of persecuting a new victim Sidney would escape, a little. He was the one they'd follow to school now. "Yellow-belly," they would call him. "Sissy Sumner."

There was a rustle in the weeds. He started to his feet, he had no right by the hut now, and a feminine scream of simulated fear greeted him. "Ooh! Ralph! Where've you been? I been lookin' everywhere for you."

Betty. Disregarding his published shame, she had come to find him. Though he was only a sissy, she was still his girl. He thought, with humiliation, that of all that society it was only a girl who remained his friend.

They sat down with their backs against the hut, and the weeds, as tall as they were, brushed his cheeks and hands with their cool, damp touch. He hoped that in the darkness she could not see that he had been crying. She hunched up her legs, and her bare knees had a quality of pale light in the gloom. He had, oddly, a desire to touch them. She tried to pull her skirt over her legs. On her finger the ring wobbled, almost came off.

"Look what I got for you," she said gayly, taking from the pocket of her skirt a crushed piece of candy, as though the purpose of her coming had been to give him that, and not to share his disgrace and grief.

"I don't want it. You eat it."

"Go ahead, take it. It's good. It's got a cherry inside. They cost a dollar a pound."

He put it in his mouth, and the sur-

prising amount of juice it contained spurted on his chin. They laughed. He had thought, just now, that it would be a long time before he would laugh again.

She pretended that his chin had to be wiped off. She wiped it off with her handkerchief, smelling faintly of chocolate, her short hair brushing his cheek. He remembered that in "Drop the Handkerchief" she always stood before him when they sang "Stand before your lover." When he kissed her then it was a game. Now it would be different. It would be for real, like in a book. He grabbed at her hand, tried to snatch the handkerchief but, laughing, she drew it out of his reach. . . . It was funny that she liked him, among all the others. He wondered, would he have to come to her if she were the outcast?

"I like you an awful lot, Betty. Better'n anybody, I guess." The avowal trembled on his lips, and he tried to lower his eyes, but her eager gaze held his, her face brilliant with pleasure.

"I like you, too, better'n anybody."

They sat in silence for a little while, noises of the night surging around them, broken now and then by shouts and laughter from the boys and girls playing on the street. "I guess maybe you'd rather be with them," he said at length, mentioning with difficulty that society from which he was an exile, "instead of just sittin' here."

"I would not. I hate that little Charley Livingston. I think he's horrid."

"I could 'a' fought him if I'd wanted to."

"I wouldn't dirty my hands if I was you."

Calmly she accepted the lie, making a virtue even of his cowardice. He moved his hand over the rough stuff of her skirt until it reached, as if by chance, her leg. The cool bare skin was as though surrendered and waiting for his hesitant touch, as though fulfilled and made valuable only by this contact. . . . "Stop," she cried, "you're ticklin' me."

Her little hard fingers attacked his ribs. Gayly they scuffled, almost wrestled together, seizing handfuls of weeds and trying to poke them into each other's mouths. But as he felt her body tremble and quiver with laughter, he had again that odd, pleasant, tingling sensation, as though this were only in appearance a mere contest of tickling, as though it were more than mere play.

"Oh, Ralph," she said, spitting out fragments of grass, "you're awful ticklish."

He said that, if you held your breath, it was impossible for anyone to make you laugh, unless you wanted to.

Panting and disheveled they sat in silence again. . . . She had come to him when he was despised and forsaken, content to share his loneliness. He would never forget that, he thought. He wished that there were some danger from which he could heroically rescue her, save her from a fire or a robber. But there was nothing he could do. He did not even have words to express his feelings.

The gay voices on the street sounded nearer. He stirred uneasily. He had forgotten for the moment that his disgrace had been proclaimed, that he was only a sissy barred with contempt from happiness. Like Izzie now. If they found him here with a girl. He had no right here, by the hut he had helped build.

"Let's go up to my house and sit on the steps," Betty said.

"Awright." He followed her through the tall grass and weeds toward the pavement.

"Here comes Sissy Sumner. Oh, here he comes." A little knot of boys was on the curb, as though waiting for them. They stood up and danced around him. "Oh, see the ol' sis," they yelled with delight. "Yellahbelly, scared to fight," Walter Meredith said. Others seized on this and made it into a kind of chant, adding, "Out with a girl, out with a girl," laughing immoderately between the lines.

He darted hunted glances around him, looking from one derisive gleeful face to another. Beaten beneath the storm of insults he was ready to sink with shame. He remembered how Sidney had looked, when they had waylaid him once on the way to school.

"Come on, Ralph," Betty said, disdainfully tossing her head. "Take no notice."

Contemptuously Charley Livingston made his way to the front, and stood before them, blocking their way. "Well, Sissy Sumner," he drawled insultingly, "where d'yuh think you're goin'?"

"Just you get out of my way, Charley Livingston," Betty said.

"He gets a girl to fight for him," a boy commented, laughing.

"Just you get out of my way," Charley mocked her, his voice falsetto. She pushed forward. He grabbed her flying hair.

Ralph saw her wince with pain, saw the boy he hated grin at her. Suddenly he forgot everything but his hate. He leaped forward on Charley. There was a hail of blows, but so blind was his rage that he felt nothing, saw only through a kind of red mist this boy whom he hated. He was going to kill him. . . . "Ow, ow, give up!" A scream of pain. "Give up!" Charley was in the gutter and he was on top of him, hitting him in the face.

Someone pulled him off and held him. They had to help Charley to his feet. He was crying. His face was twisted with pain. His nose was bleeding, and he kept both hands over one eye. The boys tried to see his eye, but he pushed them away. "Boy, that's a beaut'," they said, "that'll be a beaut' to-morrah."

"When you get home, put a piece of raw beef on it," Tommie Cochrane said. It was Tommie who was holding him. Ralph could feel himself trembling.

"I guess our ol' Ralphie ain't some little fighter," Walter Meredith said.

Tears and blood were mingled on Charley's face. Suddenly he turned and started to run up the street, limping a little. The boys shouted derisively after him. "Better stay home where you belong." "Hurry up, Ralph'll git yuh."

The boys gathered round him, congratulating him. They said that they had known, all along, that he could lick Charley. They were glad, because none of them liked Charley. They discussed Charley's eye and how it would look the next day. "Oh, boy," they said laughing, "it'll be black." They said that Ralph was some little fighter. "I hope to tell yuh," Tommie Cochrane said, "I thought you was gonna kill him till I pulled yuh off." They discussed whether or not it had been a fair fight, since Ralph had hit him after he was down. They decided that it was all right to hit someone when he was down if he had not said, "Give up!" They predicted, laughing, that it would be a long time before Charley came again to Beulah Road, where he was in danger of encountering such a tough gang.

They all talked excitedly at once, pointing out to one another where Charley had lain in the gutter, mimicking how he had cried, but Ralph heard them only vaguely, hearing instead a gay voice in his brain which was singing, "I licked him, I licked him." He wanted to dance and shout, let this pæan of joy fill the air as it filled his mind. "I licked him." Over the worst of his fears he was conqueror. Charley's face, smeared with tears and blood. He had given him a black eye. He had not been afraid. Izzie would have been afraid. There was nothing about him like Izzie any more. Izzie was a coward, scared to fight. He was not. He would lick Charley the next day. Charley had called him a sissy. He would make him take it back, go after Charley to Charley's street.

He almost swaggered toward Betty, as though drunk with the intoxication of his prowess. "I licked 'im," he said.

"How d'ja give him that black eye?" one of the boys was asking.

"Oh, with my left hook, I guess." He showed the boys how he used his left hook. He looked at their intent, admiring faces, knowing that wordlessly they were welcoming him back to that society, that they were glad he was their friend.

"What d'yuh want to play, Ralph?" Tommie Cochrane asked.

A little later they were in a taunting semicircle in front of Izzie's house, chanting in their high, childish voices, "Izzie Cohen, dirty Jew." In the front was Ralph, his high merry voice clear above the others.

Mrs. Cohen appeared on the porch and most of them scattered into the shadows, but Ralph, with one or two of the boldest, held his ground. "Shame, insolent children," she cried. "Shame on you!"

Gayly he led the jibes that greeted her. He dared to bandy words with her, an adult, adapting a sort of profane hymn:

> Missus Cohen gave a party,
> Nobody came but a big fat darky.

spurred on by the laughter and admiration of his friends. Betty was at his side, his girl. He was supremely happy.

QUESTION

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

HOW shall you know the road I am going?
Can you measure the heat of the sun
Or the golden cloud thin spun
Of a meteor blowing
Into the dark, or be one
With water's flowing?

How shall you guess the way I am taking?
Can you span the arc of a hill
With your timorous hand, or still
The strident waking
Of young gulls clamoring shrill
At the dawn's breaking?

How shall you sense the dream I am holding?
Can you cleave white rivers of fire,
Or shatter your heart's desire
On a stone, remolding
Shivering fragments, dire
With love's unfolding?

THE PLIGHT OF THE GENTEEL

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

IT IS not given to all of us to see, in our own lifetime, a real social revolution: by which I mean no matter of barricades and blood, but a genuine re-distribution of classes. I wonder if we Americans are not seeing one now. Certain it is that the middle-classes are passing away before our eyes. Not the devil himself, the "Lord of this world," can destroy natural hierarchies or assemble all classes into one; but he can simplify ruthlessly. The Deity would seem always to have been on the side of a complicated existence; and it is the devil who plays Procrustes. Of all regimes perhaps the most Procrustean is a plutocracy; yet no one will deny, I fancy, that most of America is plutocratic in ideal to-day. One of the worst features of a plutocracy is that it applies so simple a standard as to destroy "fine shades and nice distinctions" and that diversity of Allah's creatures which Kipling has latterly praised. It has, with us, applied its simple standard pretty effectually; and the result is that abolition of the middle-classes referred to above. There are no middle-classes any more: there are only rich and poor. One finds oneself thinking of people as rich whom, on the old scale of infinite gradations, one would never have nominated thus. Also, one might as well admit that large numbers of one's friends—to say nothing of oneself—are poor. Wealth is not wholly a matter of positive figures—it never has been. The philosopher with nothing has been rich because he wanted nothing that money could buy. The person of complicated tastes and a moderate income has always, in a sense, been poor. But never so poor as now. What our own plutocracy has done is to impose a social standard that, more than at any time in history, takes count only of purchasable things. Its list of essentials is made up almost wholly of concrete items which any rich man can afford. The man who cannot afford them is poor, no matter what intangible goods he may possess. Outside of those material objects, his choices do not come into it.

The very interesting and poignant article in the December *Harper's*—and anonymity has enabled the author to be both more interesting and more poignant than any writer can be who signs his name—called "Living on the Ragged Edge" might serve as a bit of autobiography for most of the members of the professional class. There is not a pang noted, not a reaction which is unfamiliar. The writer comes closest to the heart of the general problem, perhaps, when she says, "We have seriously tried to cut down in every possible way, but we are either too obstinate or too weak to alter our most fundamental ideals of what life should afford us and our children. Perhaps we lay emphasis on the wrong things as necessities."

From the writer's general exposition one gathers that she and her husband do not lay emphasis on the wrong things as necessities—only on things which have ceased to be sanctioned by public opinion as such. What they obviously desire is a civilized background for life: a certain way of doing those ordinary things which must be done. One knows exactly what she means. But she, like

very many of us, cannot afford them. Whatever her husband's income may be, they are poor. Once—or perhaps, as she says, elsewhere—they would not have been. Now, they are. And the reason why they are poor is the reason we were giving above. The plutocratic ideal has so far prevailed that what every man wants is just the things the rich man can buy. Possessions are, more and more, the sole basis for social distinctions. Aristocracy consists in being able to buy the things most people have learned, from the rich man, to desire.

Someone may protest that if we chose to renounce space, privacy, domestic service, books, we too could have the material luxuries. That is really not true. We have less and less, each year, of the advantages we have preferred to the rich man's toys: less leisure and privacy, less service, fewer books, and duller holidays. The high cost of living comes back, very largely, to the high cost of labor, whether on the farm, in the factory, or in the shop. The greed of captains of industry and monopolistic producers is partly responsible, to be sure; yet it must not be given all the blame. Though bricks and lumber are dearer than they were, the great leap in expense for the man who would build a house, is not the brick or the lumber but the wage of the bricklayer and the carpenter. We must live; which means that we must eat and wear clothes and go about our business. In spite of the fact that our generation has been learning, since birth, to curb the imagination, there are such things as necessities. A vicious circle? No doubt! The laborer, too, must live. But being a free citizen in a free country, he is not content with living. He wishes, humanly enough, to live according to his ideal, and the materialist has dazzled him into accepting materialistic ideals. When skilled labor demands a wage-increase, it has its eye on luxuries. One is aware of miserable poverty, of wretched conditions, in some of the national industries. The misery of some groups of people still fills the pockets of some individuals. But skilled labor is no longer in that boat. And because skilled labor desires tangible goods, all material objects have gone up in price. To the end of time, one pays in kind. It is literally true that for a long while the things of the mind and the pleasures of the imagination could be had for less money than wine and jewels, because one paid for them not wholly in cash. What the plutocratic ideal has done for us is to make the average man desire what can be bought only with cash. Therefore cash is more important to him than any other medium of exchange or barter.

II

I live in a small town, where I have more chance perhaps than residents of the metropolis, to observe the private lives of the people with whom I do business. For two months, recently, we tried to get our own electrician to repair an electric-light outlet. He always promised, and never came. He told my husband that small jobs did not pay him. Yet outlets have to be repaired; and you cannot make a big job of them. Meanwhile we went without that particular light. Eventually a personal friend of my daughter's nurse undertook to do the job, after hours, as a kindness. Had it not been for her good offices, our lighting scheme in that particular room would still be incomplete. Fortunately, our plumber is a faithful friend of many years, and he usually sees us through promptly when we are in trouble. But we have waited months for a carpenter to mend a leak; only because nothing pays but a big job. Last week a cab driver here tried to send another cabman to an old customer of his whom he could not attend to. "I can't be bothered with thirty-five-cent jobs," the man remarked, and cruised on—thirty-five cents being the legal fare for a passenger within the borough. Our laundress—an excellent one, and appallingly expensive—does our washing as a favor. She and

her husband own a comfortable house and a good car and, having no children, she has not enough to do to keep her busy. Therefore she condescends to our wash—which we struggle to keep as small as possible.

Now, as I say, living in a small town, I know these people, and I know, roughly speaking, their ideals. We and our friends are renouncing luxuries every day in order to pay them for furnishing us with necessities. Being householders, we are the employers, if you like—in however small a way—of butchers, grocers, carpenters, electricians, cab drivers, and laundresses. We want their services and their provisions; they want our money. We might, conceivably, envy them their motor cars, their fur coats, and their bank balances; they envy us nothing that we have. Our intangible possessions, such as they are, arouse no desire and no emulation within them; for these possessions have no prestige value outside our own class—which means that they have no prestige value with the majority. I can think of nothing my husband and I have which the electrician or the carpenter would like to have—unless, possibly, the faculty privilege of applying for tickets to the Yale game. In point of fact, they seem to be as sure of attending the game as we are—more so, indeed, since we sometimes revolt from the expenditure of cash. What, indeed, have we that they could envy us for? They are well aware that social position, in America, depends ultimately on money, and that if they could only accumulate enough of it, they would be able to ostracize us. Probably they could ostracize us already in any but a college town where "faculty" still has an advantage. Travel, the opera, books, and pictures? We do not have them because they cost too much; they do not have them because they do not want them. Are they, then, pure of desire? By no means. They want expensive cars and expensive clothes; they want the best cuts of meat and costly radio sets; they want every labor-saving device, from the electric range to the electric refrigerator. They want, according to their own conception, the civilized and comfortable life; only they do not mean by a civilized and comfortable life precisely what we mean. They do not mean by it privacy-ensuring space, or intellectual progress, or high æsthetic satisfaction. They mean physical comfort and the ability to purchase costly objects.

In a democracy, where there are officially no social distinctions, one can gauge the situation pretty well by asking and answering a simple question. What is it that the successful citizen has which the less successful citizen aspires to have? The answer is clear: material goods. The man who can afford the motor cars and the fur coats, asparagus out of season, and diamond rings is the rich man. The man who cannot afford them is the poor one. The standard is, as we said, very simple, and takes no account of anything between the two. Moreover, morally speaking, the man who is not exactly rich is more and more forced into the class of the frankly poor. Everyone who shops knows that you hold neither the respect nor the attention of the shopkeeper if you are trying to get good value for reasonable money. You may say that you do not care one whit for the opinion of the shopkeeper. The point is that the shopkeeper learns his attitude from the class that is socially prominent; and the class that is socially prominent nowadays applies these tests.

III

What becomes of the "genteel"? They are eliminated. They are simply poor and of no importance. In the matter of one's way of life nothing counts so much as service, and we all know what the problem of domestic service has become. A friend of mine said to me not many months ago, on the verge of a long trip, that she was never going to keep house again in the way in which she always had. "I have been talking it

over with A— B—," she went on, "and we are agreed. We cannot, either of us, afford more than one servant, and nowadays that means I have so much housework to do that I am physically worn out at the end of the day. I haven't an idea left; I can't read a book or talk to my friends. So I shall never again try to live in a house of comfortable size. It will be an apartment or a small house." Exactly. This friend and her husband have, as my husband and I have, the problem of children—who are very hard to house in an apartment. On the other hand, their children are older than ours, and have a shorter future of being housed by the parents. But, everywhere, "the genteel" are facing the fact that what used to be necessities are now luxuries: chief among them, domestic service and some space to live in. People who are not rich are no longer expected to indulge in them. It has been our theory—even as it has been the theory of the writer of "Living on the Ragged Edge"—that some sort of service and some extent of privacy were necessities, and that one would forego luxuries for the sake of having them. The class of people, however, who find these things necessities, and motor cars and expensive clothes luxuries are more and more discredited. They are of no importance. It is admitted nowadays that unless you are rich you must live in an apartment, and cut out wages, which are prohibitive.

But nothing is more frankly cynical than the kind of apartment they build. Some of them, no doubt, are comfortable—and ruinously dear. They are intended for the restless rich, who do not want the moral and physical responsibilities of a house. The others? Well, they are dear enough, in all conscience; and look at them. Even in our little country town apartments have been constructed during the last years; and my husband and I have inspected them with interest, having, both of us, strong architectural proclivities, though neither of us had the luck to be an architect. The apartments are all odious beyond belief—and yet, in our non-industrial, academic village, the prospective tenants are presumably educated and cultivated folk. The architect has usually seen no reason why you should not have to approach your kitchen through the living room; he has seen no reason why you should have any private hall, any vestibule even, for access to the same living room. He has seen no reason why any one who is paying only one hundred and twenty-five dollars rent per month should have any room decently large or properly lighted. All you can expect, unless you are rich, is a kennel—a roof over your head to protect you from the storm. You are supposed to take your comfort in electric refrigeration, and wall beds and thermostats. Space that could have been used to make at least one room well-proportioned and dignified, has been wantonly thrown away. Taste is not supposed to operate unless backed by wealth. What is a poor man doing with taste? What right has he to want a broad wash of sunlight on his desk, or a corridor between him and his kitchen? If he wants fool things like that, he must rush out and make a million dollars. Yet this is the kind of place in which, were my husband and I childless, we should probably live, in order that we might, some time before we die, wander beside the Nile or the Ganges. They have built, this year, in this place where I live, a new row of faculty houses—varying in size from a small duplex apartment to a real house. Here the problem was well defined, as no one except University faculty is allowed to live in them. Most of the instructors and their wives will not try to keep a servant: granted. But in the course of human events both illness and hospitality happen to us. No one can say with assurance that his health or his happiness will not, some day of some week of some year, depend on his wishing to house a servant, or at least get "help" in by the day. Not one of the houses has made the slightest provision for the physical needs of any servant,

permanent or temporary. The houses are charming; but they are built on the assumption that service, even temporary service, is, and always will be, quite beyond the tenants. Accommodations for servants are omitted precisely as wall safes for jewelry are omitted. The state of mind which prefers a resident cook to a private motor car is no longer legislated for, no longer recognized. The smallest new shack has its garage, as a matter of course, because it is assumed that every respectable citizen will have an automobile.

IV

"The plight of the genteel" (the phrase is not mine) is, actually, prospective extinction. Just what is the significance of "genteel"? I take it that the maker of the phrase meant to indicate that class of literate and gently bred people who were not rich, but who found their slender incomes compatible with a certain way of life which to them was both socially and personally necessary. It meant, usually, a house, where furnishings might be seldom renewed or added to, might even be shabby in spots, but were dignified and good; where there were books, and light, and space, and quiet; where there was the necessary minimum of good service, and where hospitality could be unostentatiously offered. Perhaps a garden; perhaps open fires; certainly a high-shouldered guest-room, and very certainly a separate dining-room. It meant clothing adequate but never in the extreme of fashion; it meant simple food; it meant education for the children, but practically, from year's end to year's end, no material extravagances. Surely it meant a home which was neither so tiny nor so unattractive that every member of the family had to seek all his pleasure outside it. By the exercise of faithful daily frugality, such people were able to have on hand enough money always for the school and college bills, perhaps sometimes a trip to Europe, and undoubtedly frequent relief to the deserving poor. Such "gentility" was possible only in a world which agreed that these things were necessities to a large class, and considered jewels and banquets and private conveyances luxuries which one could do without.

Where are they now? Empty houses bear witness that they are not where they were. "Sell the house and live in an apartment" is the first counsel their gentility must take. It is not always easy to sell the house, for the rich man wants to build his own, and their own kind have their own houses to part from. To get rid of taxes and upkeep, they sell at a loss. Their refuge, if it is not a near-slum, is a boarding-house or a kitchenette. Not for them the old pleasant ways of dignity, the perpetual victory over vulgar choices, the sacrifices that are good for the spirit. Spontaneity, generosity, hospitality, are all quenched in them. They fall into pathetic acceptance of the new ideals; seeing themselves despised by people they never before had to pay attention to, they spend their days between snobbishness and self-distrust. Since snobbishness cannot endure in America save with a bank-account to back it, self-distrust possesses them at the bitter end.

One may seem to be taking an Æschylean note about minor catastrophes. I am not sure that, even from the point of view of society and the race, the elimination of this class is unimportant. One sometimes wonders if a good deal of harm has not been done by these swashbuckling biographies and autobiographies of men and women who sprang from apparently hopeless obscurity to national prominence. True, that America offers such a possibility is one of America's glories. Yet the brilliance of the individual performance dims a fact which is quantitatively more important, holding good, as it does, for a much larger number of people: the fact, namely, that the vast majority of our more useful and distinguished citizens were born of the class we have been describing. The middle-class is usually

said to be the backbone of any country; and in the truest sense these genteel folk were always the middle-class. Not being rich, they had to choose what they would spend their limited means upon; not being poor, they did not have to spend it all on bare subsistence. They inherited certain tastes and ideals that prompted their choices; they had not sufficient wealth to make them lose their heads. Whithersoever the sons and daughters of these households have gone, they have been among the truest and most valuable Americans. They did not have to learn the alphabet of civilization; yet they were familiar with frugality, and honest toil, able to do without luxuries but unable to do without decency. It is this clan and class that has carried civilization with it into the remoter crannies of the country.

"The sons and daughters of these households." These households are having very few sons and daughters to-day. I have seen it pointed out many times, in discussion of the birth rate, that it is only the very rich and the very poor who have large families. If the birth-control advocates get their way in spite of religious prejudice, many of the very poor will doubtless become less prolific. The people (it is a platitude) who decline to have children are the people who know only too well how children should be reared. I read not long ago in a popular magazine an article on "The Price of Babies." The price of babies is appalling; and the price of growing children is worse. The austerer antagonists of birth-control maintain that it is good for the parents to sacrifice their lives to their children, and that the birth-control talk is encouraged only by people who are too selfish to make sacrifices. They forget a few facts of social history. They forget, for example, that for many generations English and Americans have been working towards an ideal of romantic marriage. The marriage of convenience and the marriage of inclination lead to somewhat different conceptions of "the family." To the man or woman who has married romantically—if romance endures—the mate comes first. The prejudice against having children when the income is moderate is not nearly so often, as the fanatics believe, the outcome of personal selfishness. These men and women are not afraid of being sacrificed themselves; they are afraid of having the beloved sacrificed. Though the result may be the same, the psychology is different. Many a woman would willingly take her own chances of ill-health or dull domestic routine, yet is unwilling to see her husband fail and grow old under the mental and financial strain. Many a man who would welcome children refuses to face, for his wife, the straitened and difficult years. I pass over the pure egotists, for I think they are fewer than the muck-rakers pretend. This factor should be noted in passing, for in America, where the love-match prevails, it is important. More important in the large social sense is the fact we referred to earlier: namely, that it is precisely the people best fitted to produce offspring who are increasingly estopped from doing so by the economic situation. The "genteel" were always the people who should have children, because they had the traditions best calculated to make good citizens of them. They knew the complicated ways of self-denial, and had sifted out the essentials. They had been trained in the knowledge of what was worth paying for. Far better progenitors than the people whose wealth made selective decisions unnecessary, or than those who, living always from hand to mouth, were never free to choose between alternatives. This class is being eliminated, turned into the frankly poor; and it is not passing the buck to the next generation of its own kind, because it is too wise, too sensitive, too conscientious to be prolific.

I have perhaps not proved the poverty of the "genteel" class. It is hard to discuss imponderables in such a way that the man in the street will agree. Yet surely he must admit that when you cannot afford the things necessary to

your proper mode of existence, you are poor. I do not consider myself poor because I cannot afford a motor car—it is other people who consider me poor because I cannot. A motor car is not, to me, a necessity; not even a secret, suppressed desire. But Europe has been, since our earliest youth, a necessity both to my husband and to me. Before we were married both he and I went to Europe now and then. We have never been there since our marriage; and we see no prospect of being able to afford it. Europe, once, did not cost so much: it was a thinkable indulgence. That, it has ceased to be. One or the other of us might sometime go; but we are still old-fashioned: we want, most of all, to go to places together. A few years ago I expressed surprise to an acquaintance of mine that she should be sending her daughter to another college than her own. "I know," she replied, "but A— would have had to be entered at my own college some time ago. Registration costs ten dollars, and that year—well, you know how it is, sometimes. Ten dollars is ten dollars." I did, indeed, know how it was. Ten dollars is ten dollars; and many times a year I and many of my friends omit such and such a desirable —almost necessary—gesture because it costs ten dollars. Once, in my youth, when I was hurrying alone across the continent to reach home by a given date, I was held up at Albany for need of ten cents. I lacked just that amount of the train-fare to New York, and until I could cash an express check I could not buy my ticket. I lost a few hours and another connection I had counted on. That incident has always seemed to me peculiarly absurd. Nowhere but in the pages of Maupassant could ten cents be so important. Yet it is a symbolic occurrence. One is not held up for ten cents except when fate decides to be humorous; but one is held up for ten dollars, often and often. The solution, which some people have, of rusticating themselves for economy's sake, is of little use to the average professional man, who must stick by his clients, the context he has made for himself. We must fight our battles in the place where we have our best chance of making a living. We cannot go where living is cheap, because in those places we could not make a living at all.

Once the genteel were peculiarly fortunate, in that their desires marched with their incomes. They had constantly to be renouncing—but the things they renounced were things they could do without and things, moreover, that no one despised them for not having. They had public as well as private sanction for their mode of life, and in foregoing luxury they did not forego dignity. It seems to me that this state of things has changed. Sometimes, indeed, one asks oneself what one is getting for the money one spends—for we, too, spend a good deal of money in the course of a year. Subsistence, yes; but one ought to be able to afford more than that. A few of the amenities of life? Well, yes, a very few. Childless, we could afford to live as we had every reason to expect we were, in middle-age, going to be able to. As our wise young son (then aged eleven) said a few years ago—overhearing, perforce, discussion of a magnificent adventure that might be ours were it not for him and his sister, "Gee, if you've got kids, you're out of luck." To that dictum every impulse and conviction of my being opposes a flat denial. Giving hostages to fortune is the most satisfactory form of gambling that I know. Though year by year children and their unforeseen needs wipe out any financial margin that there is, I am convinced that sterile marriages are not the answer to the problem. The greatest difficulty, indeed, that parents of our class and type experience is a public rather than a private one. We can manage, by sacrifice, to give our children a good chance of health and a reasonable education. It is more difficult, in these days, to give them a sense of essential values, and to teach them to put civilization above success. The materialism by which they

are surrounded influences their plastic minds. They, too, fail to see any prestige-value in what they actually have, because the community sees none. I have, myself, always welcomed for them association with friends much richer in this world's goods than they, because such association in my own youth taught me invaluable lessons: taught me what wealth was good for, and what it was not, and forced me to seek out and appreciate joys that do not depend on cash. I learned that lesson so well that I have never yet subscribed to the familiar American equations of wealth with virtue and wealth with happiness; though as I grow older I see more and more clearly the scope and variety of wealth's purchasing power. To learn young that personalities are more than palaces makes for stability in a rocking world. It is this that—in our increasingly materialistic society—it is hard to teach one's children. Our six-year old daughter, just beginning school, remarked in September, "Well, if I have to go to school, I think the *least* the family can do is to buy a Ford." Our children, and our friends' children, understand much less readily than we did how it is that people on what you might call a lower social scale can afford things that we cannot, since our children are contaminated by the prevalent notion that material possessions alone confer distinction and happiness. It does grow harder, all the time, to make them see that one set of privileges can be set against another; that intangible goods cost money, too, and are by some people preferred. Hard indeed in a world which has come to feel that it is more important to have an automobile to get away from home with than to have a home which you might like to stay in.

V

The solution is not easy to find. I fear that the "genteel" must make up their minds to poverty, both real and reputed. As long ago as 1918, I ventured a suggestion on this subject, which I see no reason to recall: namely, that we who care about things of the mind and the spirit must learn to live even more simply than we do; must refuse to let the standards of the majority be ours; must, with a certain bravado, if necessary, spend our tiny surplus for things despised of both Labor and Capital. We must, I fancy, strive self-consciously against the physical laziness that has descended upon our generation: make our legs walk, and our hands toil, and bluff ourselves into believing that this is no hardship. It is very recently that this Capuan luxury has invaded America; perhaps we can struggle back. In my own youth the daughters of the rich were expected to walk to school, just as they were expected to dress simply until they "came out." Splurge, for the young, was bad form. People say all manner of things about the famous younger generation: I sometimes wonder why they never mention one of its most salient characteristics—namely, its desperate laziness. It will not walk half a mile if it can help it; it will not work except if it sees, for that work, an incommensurate reward in pleasure. Youth is always restless; I wonder if it did not find salutary outlet for a good deal of its restlessness when it wearied itself occasionally in useful causes. This is not the place to discuss the disintegrating and degrading influence of the motor car—though I fancy the motor car has done more than the War, or religious skepticism, or jazz, or movies, or the Volstead Act, to corrupt and vulgarize the body politic. Certainly a very pretty case, moral, social, and physical, could be made out against the new Leviathan. Both the brains and the bodies of the younger generation have suffered from the automobile.

In meeting simplicity half way and embracing it on both cheeks, shall we accomplish the survival of our class? Only, as we know, if we manage to make the community feel that our class has an importance of its own. If present

tendencies prevail, we shall receive fewer and fewer external aids to survival. There is perhaps no other civilized country wherein minorities win so little respect as in the United States, and where it is so difficult to survive unless heavily backed by public opinion. The present plight of the genteel is due to two facts: the increased cost of living, and the increasing indifference, in the heart of the American people, to the kind of thing the genteel desired. Little sympathy is going to be wasted on them, for the man in the street does not understand their type or their tendency. To great wealth we are, as a nation, fairly servile; and the rich man may adopt the mode of life that pleases him—even though he should choose a mode of life characteristic of this very class. But most of our rich men have chosen otherwise; and the majority—which, in America, would rather be rich than anything else—has simply plumped for the things that can be bought with cash, and, having been bought, are solid evidence of cash.

We cannot—we people for whom the author of the anonymous article speaks—endure as a class, in large numbers, the strain of perpetual living beyond our incomes, of never having a margin, of dreading the specialist as the very poor dread the undertaker. Such a strain is too disintegrating. I read an article not long since—I forget where I read it and by whom it was—describing the solution that one woman, early widowed, had found. She moved into a slum; she sent her children to the public schools, playgrounds, clinics; she availed herself of every public aid to the poor, from the district nurse to the Legal Aid Society. She entered the social class of the immigrant family, and took for herself and her children all the assistance provided by the Americanizers and welfare workers. But the genteel do not all live in New York, with its multiplicity of public resources; nor can people who have an income that looks decent on paper, swear to the extreme of poverty that makes them eligible for such assistance—to say nothing of the fact that no clientèle is going to trust the competence of any man who is obliged to make this great and public renunciation. Nothing in America so arouses suspicion as inability to make money. Whatever a man's occupation, people feel that if he were any good he would be rich.

Like the lady who wrote the article, we all look about for ways to save. But it is our misfortune and a large part of our plight, as I have said, that the public at large, seeing no need of the "genteel" class, will not help it to live. We cannot save on schooling, for if we wish to send our children to good colleges they must pass the College Board Examinations, and except in very large or peculiarly lucky places the public schools cannot prepare their pupils successfully for that ordeal. "Health" is a much more expensive business than it used to be. If we desire health for our children, we must spend money much more lavishly than earlier generations did, in little, unnoticeable, frightfully expensive things. My husband and I discovered a few years ago that milk—mere milk—cost one-tenth of his yearly salary. I submit that no reasonable budget can be made when the single item of milk absorbs one-tenth of the householder's salary. Sometimes these details of life seem tragic; sometimes they seem colossally absurd, something to stir the Time Spirit to laughter. My own observation of "budgets," etc., squares with the experience of the anonymous writer. They do not fit the case. If I may be permitted to say it, they can be trusted to work only for the people whose futures are glowingly guaranteed by the correspondence schools. They are not adapted to complicated existences, where the wanton extravagance of one year may be the necessary economy for the next.

No: society at large will not help us, for at present it respects only the people who can afford anything they want.

The "plight of the genteel," as we said before, is prospective extinction. I think of a score of individuals as I write, enduring privations, cherishing slim bank-accounts, unfitted to make money, rather hopeless, and grown distastefully mean about little things. I remember the sudden confessions I have heard, in a decade—surprising even me, a friend—of the little, little things that such folk feel they cannot afford. I reflect, even more poignantly, on the silences that fall, the excuses that are made, the vocal denial of the most legitimate desires—for the "genteel" thought it vulgar to talk about money: either the money you had or the money you lacked. I find myself resenting Procrustes the plutocrat.

No one save a Communist or a Socialist resents the man of wealth who is also a man of taste, of spiritual and mental balance. Personally, I do not even resent the rich vulgarian. What one resents is the state of mind that considers wealth in itself significant, that measures a man by his purchasing power rather than by what he actually purchases. All of us have known rich people who were delightful, as all of us have known rich people one would do anything to avoid passing an hour with. For the sacred sake of a complicated civilization, that spontaneous and honest discrimination against the multimillionaire who happens to be stupid or vulgar or vicious, ought to be cherished and perpetuated. Somewhere in the republic other than financial ratings should prevail. The class known as the genteel was the chief preserver of such desirable discriminations. A pity to grind it down below the subsistence-level!

AL SMITH: AN EAST SIDE PORTRAIT

BY ROBERT L. DUFFUS

IF EVER the fates conspired to make a man a great political leader they did in the case of Al Smith. They made him of a race which, because it was so long prevented from governing itself, has developed a talent for government. In the 1870's, they set him down on the lower East Side of New York, where men of a dozen nationalities swarmed and struggled and yearned for someone to follow. They gave him that spark of genius which, whenever it finds expression in a voice, or a face, or a wave of the hand, sets men's hearts beating faster and their feet to marching.

It is frequently said that Al Smith came out of the East Side. But this is a mistake. He has not risen out of the East Side. He still has his residence there and he is still temperamentally a part of it. What he has done is to express the East Side at its best—its humanity, its democracy, the tolerance which keeps it from being a battleground. He is the East Side's gift to America as truly as Jackson and Lincoln were the frontiers'.

His grandparents came from Ireland in the hungry 'Forties; his father was born on Water street, near Oliver; his mother at Water street, near Dover; he himself on South street, under the shadow of the Brooklyn Bridge. When he is not governing he still lives on Oliver street. Thus, while the greater city poured northward along Manhattan, into Westchester, into Long Island, while the flood of national emigration deluged the great plains and crossed the Rocky Mountains and the Sierras, while the Civil War was being fought, while the conquest of a continent was being spelled out in letters of steel and iron and copper and gold, while Europe was emptying its hopeful millions through Castle Garden and Ellis Island, the activities of this particular Smith family were circumscribed by a circle not more than a mile in diameter.

But it was a circle within which the pulse of America beat like a great drum carried at the head of an advancing army. For not all America's pioneering was done in the forests, the mountains, and the deserts; there have been pioneers in great cities, also. American energy expressed itself as vividly in the Brooklyn Bridge as in the Union Pacific Railroad. Life was lived as fiercely and as dangerously in the old Fourth Ward, where Al Smith grew up, as under the shadow of Pike's Peak. Here, too, in the great bridges, the great buildings, ultimately in the elevated railways and subway lines, in tubes, tunnels, and aqueducts, was a victorious struggle with nature. Here, too, were to be heard the throbbing cadences of a hopeful, aspiring nation.

It was a time and an environment sordid and gloomy enough in many aspects, yet with elements which might well set a boy's heart leaping and his imagination afire. A block away from Al Smith's birthplace were deep-sea docks, to which came ships bearing, if not gold and silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks, yet strange enough cargoes from all the ports and happy havens of the seven seas. Sailors rolled lustily about the curving streets, in and out of grog shops, a boisterous horse-drawn traffic filled the cobbled highways from curb

to curb, fire engines roared dramatically behind flying hoofs, and always new tides of humanity poured in through the open gates at the Battery. At first they were German and Irish, then the newer immigration came, Italians, Jews, Slavs; new tenements rose, primitive and desperately crowded; men fought in the streets, vice flourished in all imaginable forms, the municipal government was corrupt; and yet there was a kind of singing note under the tumult—a song of America, Whitmanesque, a lilt that was to find crude expression in such folk songs as "The Sidewalks of New York."

The East Side was ingenuously foreign, it was also intensely American. It was foreign in its dialects, in its ways of amusing itself, in its thinking. It was American in its hopes. It looked forward, believed in opportunity. Sons of poor and ignorant men were to be poets, musicians, composers, playwrights, bishops, merchants, politicians. Thousands upon thousands were fighting their way courageously through the wildernesses of Manhattan. Anyone who says that genuine Americanism, of the pattern set by Franklin, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln, could not come out of the East Side misreads history. He fails also to grasp the key to the career of Alfred Emanuel Smith.

The East Side nurtured Al Smith and gave him the rudiments of his education. He is the East Side speaking, for the first time, to America. Or he is nothing.

II

Al Smith first saw the dust-flecked light of South street on the next to the last day of December, 1873, and his first feeble cries were drowned out by the clangor of the work then going forward on the Manhattan tower of the Brooklyn Bridge. He grew up on the streets. Boy life had thrills that country lads never dream of. Youngsters not yet in their 'teens dived off the docks and either drowned or swam like eels; played about warehouses, saloons, and dump heaps; howled newspapers amid the traffic until they were hoarse as crows (Al Smith is a little hoarse yet); and if they were as lucky as Al was, rode with the firemen coming home from fires. In this boiling flood of life two species of men might hope to come to the top: the great fighters—the roaring bullies with blood in their eyes—and the great conciliators, who could translate humor and good faith into twenty different varieties of patois.

Al Smith, from the first day when he could toddle and make his opinions known in words of one syllable, showed signs of a magic gift for inspiring confidence and affection. When he was no more than a child he could dance and mimic in a manner infinitely amusing, and he had a disarming smile. He could fight with the best of them if need arose; yet he was so plausible and so humorous that even in the riotous courtyard of St. James's parochial school on Oliver street, where his formal education began and ended, he had few squabbles. His view of life was not distorted by rancors and dislikes, and is not to this day. He studied human nature not only tolerantly but affectionately. To say of a man who left school at thirteen and who has never done any general reading that he has a thirst for knowledge may appear paradoxical, yet this is true of Al Smith. He thirsted, like a young Erasmus, though it was not for the secrets of the Greeks, but for an acquaintance with human nature.

In 1887 Al's father, a hard-working truckman, died. Mrs. Smith set up a candy store in a basement on Dover street, and Al spent the next seven years of his life, on every working day from four in the morning till five in the afternoon, in the Fulton fish market. If St. James's provided his elementary education, the fish market was his high school.

"If all the fish I handled," he once said, in a speech at Albany, "were put into the Capitol building they would pry the roof off, bulge out the windows, cover the lawn, and cascade down State

street hill to the Hudson river in a stream fifteen feet deep. I am the only member of the Assembly who can talk the fish language." But he learned more than the fish language on Fulton street. He learned the dialect of that two-legged land-animal which fights, prays, hates, loves, and votes. He learned, like Bunyan and Lincoln, to translate wisdom, and sometimes a spark of nobility, into the vulgar tongue. And that was better, for his purposes, than the most careful grounding in Greek and Latin.

What he did not learn in the fish market during those years he acquired from a wise and strong-minded mother. No New England home, set behind wide elm-shaded lawns in the fragrance of roses and lilacs, was ever more serene than this humble tenement in the dust and clamor of Dover street. Thanks in no small degree to Catherine Mulvehill, Al Smith was able to sift out the East Side's pure gold and walk jauntily unscathed amid its vice and crime. In unforeseen years to come she was to sit at her son's fireside in the executive mansion at Albany, and he was not to be ashamed, when he had soul-trying decisions to make, to go to her for counsel. When the account of Al Smith's career comes to be set down fully and finally a good deal of attention will have to be given to this Irish mother.

His next teacher was Tom Foley, the Democratic leader—in other words, the Tammany boss—in the district which included Dover street. Foley hardly lived up to the traditions of his position. He did not have cloven hoofs or horns; he did not batten upon vice or plunder the public purse. On the contrary, he was a generous, kindly, hard-working person, with strict views about personal conduct, for all the world like any decent and successful business man. From time to time he selected aspiring youths from his district and put them through a course of training from which they often emerged as accomplished politicians. On a small scale, in fact, he ran a kind of political West Point. He insisted on discipline and on loyalty to the organization. His lieutenants weren't allowed to shirk their work. He expected them to be on hand at the political clubhouse at least four or five nights a week, there to listen to the complaints and petitions of those who had friends in jail and wanted them out, of the jobless and penniless, of those who needed ice or coal, of those who had had rows with their neighbors or their landlords. He won people's gratitude, and this emotion expressed itself, when called upon, in the form of votes. Men voted for Foley's candidates because they liked Foley. Thus Tammany reared itself on broad and genial shoulders all over the city.

Foley took Al Smith under his wing as soon as he saw the boy was ready to apprentice himself to politics. He plucked him from a small anti-Tammany club, wherein he seems to have fledged his talents, and he taught him his profession, which is quite as complicated as doctoring or lawyering. Al Smith was an apt and faithful pupil. He sat at Foley's feet night after night, while, like a cadi at the gate, Foley dispensed justice. Al learned about human nature from him.

Years afterwards, when Al was Governor of the imperial state of New York, he went back to the old clubhouse one night, whereupon there wandered in a Jewish tailor and his Italian customer, bearing a pair of pants and disputations as to their fit.

"Try them on," said the Governor, coming immediately to the point.

It was done and the gubernatorial decision was that they didn't fit. That settled it, as definitely as though the United States Supreme Court had spoken. That was the way things were done in Foley's district. It was by adjusting problems as simple and human as the fit of a pair of pants that Tammany became powerful and Al Smith a statesman. The same common sense serves in larger matters.

In 1903 Foley looked Al Smith over,

found him sound in wind and limb, and set machinery in motion which landed him in the Assembly chamber at Albany.

III

Then began the third stage of his education. This was not initiated with a blare of trumpets. Al Smith did not rise to make his maiden speech and sit down famous. For a long while he did not make any speeches at all, and was noticed only because the vigor with which he answered the roll call made some people jump. Tom Foley afterwards said that "he was too smart to be a morning glory." Smith himself put it more realistically when he confessed that he "was as green as they make 'em." The legislative chamber was a strange and even awe-inspiring world for this denizen of the Fourth Ward. At thirty he was still ingenuous.

He was, in fact, so incredibly naïve that he believed it the duty of a legislator to know what was in a bill before he voted for or against it. Every day he sat down to wrestle with the drift of documents which the nightly legislative blizzard deposited on his desk. He read the appropriation bill through, item by item, from cover to cover, arriving like a Columbus at the last page, where none but the printer and proofreader had ever penetrated before. He studied the State constitution, the Federal constitution, the statutes, the testimony before committees. After a while he found that human nature at Albany was the same as human nature in the Fourth Ward. Even the Governor, that august signer of papers and layer of cornerstones, was human. Al lost some illusions, and gained some confidence.

He began to make friends among the up-state legislators. He got into the habit, after the first session or two, of giving little weekly parties to five or six of them at a time, at an Albany restaurant—with a menu of corn beef and cabbage, politics, dark beer, and human nature. He learned that people in the rural districts, like those in the shadow of Brooklyn Bridge, had eyes, hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions, were fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases—all quite as Mr. Shakespeare has said.

By degrees the greenness mellowed away. From being an ignoramus he became a man to whom others turned when they wanted information. When he spoke the members in the cloak rooms sauntered in to listen. In 1911 he became majority leader (this was one of the two or three occasions in the past century of New York's legislative history when a Democrat could be majority leader in the Assembly), and in 1913 he became speaker.

It would not do him or the truth justice to describe him as a paragon of wisdom and civic enthusiasm in these earlier years. The reports of the Citizen's Union—a supposedly non-partisan body which tabulates legislative records—described him on several occasions in a distinctly catty manner: in 1908 as "inclined to follow the machine in support of bad measures"; in 1909 as having "made one of the worst records of the session"; in 1910 as an "opponent of primary and election reforms"; in 1913 as having "executed the orders of the machine," and in 1914 as having "seldom exerted his influence in behalf of desirable legislation." These comments were the product of average human judgment, not of recording angels.

But it is true that Al Smith was not temperamentally a reformer. Abstractions left him cold. He did not fall upon a man's neck merely because that man rolled his eyes and said he wanted to make the world better. It is probably true, also, that he was wagged by Tammany until he got to the point where he could and did wag Tammany. He might have asked, why not? Didn't he owe his political training to Tammany? Hadn't Tammany sent him to Albany? Was he to bite the hand that fed him?

Two important experiences of those

years led him to climb up on the Tammany fence and gaze over into the great world outside. One was his work as vice chairman of the investigating commission, which was organized in 1911, after the fatal Triangle Waist Factory Fire in New York City, to draw up a new factory code. The same passion for information which had sent him exploring the appropriation bill made him a leader in that inquiry. When he got through he was an authority on working conditions in New York State. The result was one of the best systems of labor legislation in the country. Al Smith helped formulate and pass it, and fifteen states thought well enough of it to copy it.

The other experience was the Constitutional Convention of 1915. But here he was no longer so much the student as the teacher. He was amazingly versatile. "Among the subjects he discussed," says his biographer, Henry Moskowitz, "were apportionment, home rule, executive budget, taxation, water power and conservation, a living wage for women and children, labor laws, the use of the emergency message in legislative procedure, public service corporations, state departments and the literacy test." He never rose without imparting information. He never argued without carving away the non-essentials—an acquirement of the lad making filets in the fish market, perhaps.

When the regulation of public service corporations was under discussion the chairman, Elihu Root, asked if some member would submit a report on the legislative history of this field. Al Smith volunteered. When, asked Mr. Root, would Mr. Smith be able to submit his report? The answer was that Mr. Smith was ready then and there. He was. He spoke for two hours without notes, giving dates and figures to the exact day and the last dollar. When he had finished even the Republicans couldn't help applauding. After the convention adjourned Elihu Root called him "of all the men in the convention the best-informed man on the business of the State of New York" and George W. Wickersham paid tribute to him as "the most useful man in the convention."

Al Smith had arrived. The road to the governor's chair, perhaps farther, was as plain as the Lincoln highway. His opposition to the new constitution because, in its final form, it did not abolish New York's rotten borough system, did not impair his prestige. He went up the ladder like a fireman at a fire. For two years he was sheriff of New York county, drawing down about fifty thousand dollars a year in the legitimate fees of that office—his only profitable dip into the public treasury. In 1917 he was elected president of the Board of Aldermen, and in 1918 no other Democratic candidate for governor received serious consideration. He won by a few thousand votes, which meant that the vote of New York City overcame an up-state majority against him. He was thus, in a peculiar sense, a Tammany governor, and he had to deal with a Republican majority in the legislature which took an especial delight in making a Tammany governor miserable. It couldn't be said, therefore, that he assumed office under favorable auspices, except as the mere fact of his being Al Smith was favorable.

IV

Al Smith took his seat with a sense of responsibility which couldn't have been any keener if he had had a *Mayflower* passenger and half a dozen colonial divines in his ancestry and had been closely related to the Cabots and the Lodges. His attitude toward his job was, in the best sense, Puritanical. He had made up his mind, as he says, that "never again would anybody be able to raise their heads up in this state and say that the man from lower New York that belonged to Tammany Hall could not run the State." But his was Puritanism tempered with humanity. There wasn't

a trace in it of arrogance or self-righteousness. He had announced that he believed it "the duty of the Governor to let the people tell him their troubles," and he did let so many tell him their troubles that he had to sit up all night to do his work. He went down to New York and around to other cities and towns to give poor people who couldn't afford to travel an opportunity to use up his time. He seemed to think of the commonwealth of New York as though it were but an enlarged copy of Tom Foley's political club.

But he broke away from Foley's precepts and practice in one important respect. When he had appointments to make he appeared to forget that he was a Democrat and a Tammany man and to think of himself as an executive trying to get results. He hit the spoils system so hard a wallop that it is still gasping for breath. If the best man for a job happened not to be a Democrat he appointed him just the same. He made a Republican his private secretary. He appointed Col. Frederick Stuart Greene, of whose politics he knew nothing, to the position of superintendant of public works, and gave him free rein to pick his own subordinates. From the old-style politician's point of view this was perfectly terrible. But Al Smith actually believed, in his childish way, that he could get more votes by carrying on the state's business conspicuously well than by peddling jobs among small-fry partisans.

He is a man of sentiment. That showed in his human contacts. He would walk the floor for hours when he had to decide whether or not to let a man go to the electric chair. He would wave the lawyers aside and talk to the condemned man's wife or mother. Criminals, lunatics, and paupers were not merely that in his eyes; they were also human beings. Shocked at the administrative waste, the menace to health and the danger from fire which existed in almost every State institution, he renovated their staffs from top to bottom, so far as it was in his power, and then got appropriations and bond issues to bring the buildings decently up to date. He got salary increases for the teachers and other public employees. He put backbone into the State Labor Department. He appointed a commission to draft a new child welfare code. He strengthened the workmen's compensation act. All this was the expression of a sense of justice and of a natural kindliness, but it was more than that—it was statesmanship. Al Smith thought of government as an institution which ought to do things for people. He didn't care two straws for theories. He thought laws and public policies should be governed by the needs of the present, not by those of a hundred years ago. If an institution didn't fit it was the government's business to re-tailor it and make it fit. But he could distinguish methods from principles. When a Tory legislature passed a set of espionage laws he vetoed them in a message to which Thomas Jefferson would certainly have cried Amen. And he thought the federal government, not the states, ought to take the responsibility for enforcing prohibition.

Al Smith is probably not especially proud of the acts which proceeded from the warmth of his heart. They seem to him, with his Fourth Ward philosophy, the natural and decent thing to do. What he is proudest of is his effort, which now promises to be in large part successful, to make the State of New York a sound, economical, efficient business enterprise. He has been hammering away for years for the executive budget, the short ballot, a ten-year program of expenditures to rehabilitate the State institutions, a reduction of the existing one hundred and eighty-nine State departments, bureaus, and circumlocution offices to twenty. In last November's elections he carried constitutional amendments providing for the two last-mentioned measures. That election was as much a personal triumph as though the shape of his nose or quality of his singing

voice had been an issue. It proved that he could not only induce voters to sign up for more taxes, but, which is more difficult, could also interest them in dull subjects. Al Smith lecturing on the mechanics of government is thrilling. The essential humanity spills so irresistibly out of everything he says that he couldn't be dull if he wanted to. I suspect he could bring an audience up cheering with an exposition of cube root, if he cared to try.

His hold on the electorate grows in proportion to the number of voters who have had a good look at him. His first plurality was small. In 1920, though defeated, he ran half a million votes ahead of a man named Cox (see any political almanac) who was a candidate for President on the Democratic ticket that year. In 1922 he was elected by a little less than 1,400,000 votes, and in 1924 he polled more than 1,600,000, though young Theodore, son of the great Theodore, was but 100,000 votes behind. Last fall he made Tammany drop John F. Hylan, one of the most popular as well as one of the least efficient mayors of recent years, and support Jimmie Walker, who was elected by a plurality of about 400,000 votes.

But votes aren't everything. Those whose radio sets were in good working order in June, 1924, when the Democratic national convention was in session, can guess something of the intensity of New York's feeling about Al Smith. His hold on the public in his own stamping ground is at least equal to that of the late Colonel Roosevelt. If certain sections of our population could forget, for a while, that he is a Tammany man and a Roman Catholic, and that he has a warm, human sympathy with the struggling foreign elements in our great cities, he might sweep the country from coast to coast. If ever he rides the crest of a great national issue there is not the slightest doubt that he will make history. He has grown and learned. He is still growing and learning. He will rise to any emergency.

V

It is easy to enumerate biographical facts about Al Smith, not so easy to explain him. How can one describe the quality that makes a crowd love and trust one man and remain indifferent to another? We can, indeed, isolate certain details. We can draw a crude picture of Al Smith. We can say that he parts his hair in the middle, that he has quite a large nose, with a curve in it, that his eyes, under narrowed lids, are of a blue which on occasion acquires a steely quality (he had that look at Carnegie hall on the famous night when he tore William Randolph Hearst—his only enemy—limb from limb), that he can be as grouchy as anyone else on a blue Monday morning, and that his flashes of humor break through an habitually somewhat serious expression. Sometimes, especially in his speeches, he really wants to be serious when his natural exuberance and raciness won't let him.

He is married to the girl with whom he fell in love when both were in their 'teens, and he gets as much fun out of sky-larking with his five children as he does out of being Governor. He swims well and goes round a golf course in about one hundred and twenty. He doesn't go to the theater often and, when he does, chooses the more serious dramas; doesn't play poker; is at home in formal society but doesn't care much about it. His main diversion is conversation. He likes, when among friends, to talk things out, and doesn't mind if it takes all night. When he feels like it he can be as entertaining as Al Jolson or Will Rogers. He can tell stories for three hours at a stretch without tapping the bottom of his well of anecdote. He has no more self-consciousness than a baby; he is just as much at ease before an audience or a cheering street crowd as he used to be in the Fourth Ward clubhouse. He doesn't orate—he merely takes two or three thousand people, if there are that many around, into his

confidence. He makes them feel what it is like to be Governor—makes them see that it is a human predicament, like being a grocer or head of a family.

His memory is phenomenal. He puts a set of figures on a shelf in the back of his head and whenever he wants them, whether it is ten minutes or two years later, he can find them. He never has to guess, is never vague, is never ambiguous, always chooses the vigorous little common words in preference to the silk-hatted up-stage variety. He doesn't pretend to like common people and common things—he really does like them. He'll walk along Oliver street to this day and call everyone he meets by his or her first name, without the slightest trace of condescension. He honestly believes that one man and one race, during good behavior, is as good as another. Let the professional Nordics make what they can of that!

At heart he is as simple as an old shoe. His wisdom is the wisdom of the people. When he makes a new proposal it always rests on some plain old truth or tradition. He has an ingenuous, old-fashioned faith in his church, in his country, in human nature. He is East Side to the core, and yet the essentials of East Side Americanism, as Al Smith reveals them, are the same which dotted New England with little red schoolhouses and white churches, which sent the covered wagons rolling westward, which inspired the Second Inaugural and the Gettysburg Address.

He is Al Smith—not Lincoln. Yet he is as fundamentally American, as unwavering in the democratic faith, as Lincoln was. I think the rail splitter and the fish handler would find, if ever they could meet, that they understood each other's language and shared each other's aspirations.

"WHITE MAN"

A STORY

BY MARY S. WATTS

IT IS upwards of twenty years since Mrs. Arnold Grantham died, but I remember still the decorously adverse comment roused among the congregation of All Saints' when Doctor Warren introduced into the service, in place of Fifteenth Corinthians, those strong and beautiful lines from the last chapter of Proverbs about the wife whose price is beyond rubies, who "*worketh willingly with her hands . . . looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness.*" The innovation was viewed much more seriously than it would be in these facile days; but even at the time the broader-minded of us acknowledged that nothing could have been more apt in relation to Mrs. Grantham. Her whole existence was dedicated to home-making; she was so thorough, so competent in her big, unwieldy household, discharging innumerable duties—her own and others'—miraculously without haste or bustle or display of energy; for these ceaseless and tireless activities were always serene. Somehow this atmosphere and accomplishment seemed to fulfill the Preacher's ideal; at any rate Doctor Warren used to say he was so profoundly penetrated by the analogy between those passages and the spectacle of Mrs. Grantham's varied and vigorous yet essentially sweet life that it became in some sort a duty to set it before us.

My own recollections present her in two of her aspects, vividly opposed. They had a jangling old piano, hammered on ruthlessly by the Grantham young people and their friends and the friends' friends who frequented the house in droves; you might hear them discoursing scales and ragtime (a novelty then) on it from morning to night until how the harried instrument held up at all was a mystery. Yet Mrs. Grantham could sit down and draw charming melody from its poor, tinny, quavering chords as if it had been in new and dulcet tune! Even the the cheap caprices of the ragtime came from her fingers endued with distinction; and between dances (she was eternally playing for them to dance, of course) she had a way of interpolating little voluntaries of her own, sprightly, tender or grave according to her mood—that is, if she ever had a "mood." No one would have believed such tricky and unstable alternations of spirits possible to her. It was interesting; the bits of music did not lack a certain character and finish. Somebody once asked her if she had ever tried writing any of them out, perhaps wondering if she knew how. "Yes, oh, yes," she said indifferently, and shrugged her shoulders and struck into the wild measures of "'Rastus on Parade" with that proper heady abandon of which she had the art.

The other time I had gone to the house on some errand and found her in the middle of putting up a preserve of pear-tomatoes that was one of her specialities. The tiny yellow fruit appeared as lucent globules of pulp held in a syrup like melted yellow glass; there were, besides, frail discs of lemon, can-

died ginger in small russet chunks; and one recognized an exquisitely subtle tang of spices. The time and degree the compound should cook were understood to be matters exacting an utter nicety of judgment, the closest attention; but Mrs. Grantham was presiding over the kettle with one hand, so to speak, and helping on Regina's Latin exercise with the other. "That *paratus* isn't an adjective, Jinnie; it's a verb," she was saying; and nodded, motioning me to a chair and deftly manipulating the skimmer all in the same moment, as it seemed, unhurried and unfretted. Regina, contrariwise, looked nervous and peevish enough, chewing her pencil and scowling among the textbooks and scribbled papers sprawling all over the kitchen table. She was a long, lank, angular girl with carrot-colored hair and rather sharp features—bright as the average, I fancied, but also no more disposed to work; and in fact she gave up promptly upon my arrival, lounging in her chair, and lazily scrawling fantastic vignettes on margins and blank ends of paper while her mother and I talked. No doubt among the grotesque studies of Cæsar and his legionaries there were some from models nearer at hand, for, catching my eye casually directed towards them she reddened and crumpled up a sketch in suspicious haste. I said something about her not being very much interested in the language or the history.

"Oh, I'm no good at it," she said, grimacing. "And what good is *it*, anyhow?"

"Well, you have to have it to get through college, whether or no."

"I should worry!" said Regina coolly (that phrase was another novelty). "I can always scrape along at recitations, and mother does the rest."

I remarked that she seemed to me to expect a good deal of her mother. "She does more than anyone else I know already, but she can't do *everything*."

"Oh, yes, I can, though," said Mrs. Grantham in an airily boastful style, from the pear-tomatoes. "I can do everything all the other women do, *and* play the piano." She slanted me an odd look charged with some feeling not quite to be interpreted unless it was a humorous and contemplative irony; she was smiling—she never took herself and her multiple achievements at all seriously.

This could have been only a short while before her death, for Regina was not more than seventeen when that happened; she was the oldest of the children. It was a tribe! Everybody wondered how they were going to keep together and get along; but they did after a fashion, for some years. For the boys to drop away, one by one, starting out for themselves, was too much in the natural order of things to be especially noted; but Regina was actually the first to go, and that did occasion some talk. She had made a promising beginning, trying to fill her mother's place, and look well after the ways of the household with what seemed to be abundant aptitude and goodwill; but the public presently remarked with head-shaking that these worthy ambitions were not equal to the day-in-and-day-out test. The trouble, it was reported, centered in that disposition to loaf and draw caricatures while somebody else attended to her real work, of which other besides myself had witnessed instances. Within a few months she dropped the care of the house and home, to be shouldered by anyone who would, and went off to study at the Art Institute; evidently she imagined she had a talent and was as conceited, as selfish and conscienceless about it as people in general under that illusion. Winning some trivial prize in a competition got up by one of the comic journals, and an honorable mention at the annual exhibition of life-work in the school clinched matters; Regina's head was definitely and completely turned! After that she never rested until she got herself to New York; and New York speedily gobbled her up according to its

well-known and appalling habit. Except for a vague rumor current at one time that she had gone to Europe, nobody heard anything of her for years.

The other Granthams turned out, happily, to be quite normal, growing up and entering upon life like the average of mankind. In time the family disintegrated altogether; the only one of them left here was the son people still called "young" Arnold. He did well in business, married, and before long there was another mob of children all over the old Grantham place just as there used to be years ago. The second Mrs. Arnold Grantham, however, did not carry on the tradition (now somewhat dimmed) of the other—anything but! She was the most amiable of women, but her house was always in a turmoil; cooks, laundresses, maids-of-all-work arrived and departed in a procession; the plumbing and the furnace gave way periodically; some child was forever falling off of the porch roof, or getting into poison-ivy, or sticking a finger in the electric fan, or being lost or running away—no misadventure was outside the range of their ingenuity or ill-luck. "I simply *never* take off both shoes at the same time. I made up my mind to that long ago," Mrs. Arnold said firmly and conscientiously. "You've got to be prepared. Of course, sometimes there isn't any *way* of being prepared. Like Georgie getting hold of that fly-paper the other day, for instance—no, he couldn't eat it, he just licked it off. No, it didn't seem to hurt him. But *fly-paper!* You simply cannot think ahead that far. As a usual thing, though, I keep ready, if I do say it myself."

She settled back in the rocking-chair at the head of the porch steps whence, as from a conning-tower, she could command the yard and the incessant and incalculable movement of the young Granthams, with a restful sigh; for the moment nothing was happening. The baby slept in the hammock; on the bottom step Phil concentrated every faculty on cleaning and reassembling his bicycle, sundry of its disassociated members laid out in shining order on a piece of old carpet and tended by the serious, spectacled little chap they had nicknamed "Judge"; Mary Louise, at our feet, was chirruping contentedly to her doll. From the rear of the premises there reached us the flat chime of crockery nested helter-skelter in a pan, and a voice raised in more or less tuneful affirmation of a lack of bananas.

"No, that isn't Flora, she's gone," said Mrs. Grantham, answering me. "This one's name is Sadie." She added defiantly, "Well, I don't care if she smashes every dish in the house. It's peace for a while, anyway."

Mary Louise scrambled up, claiming my attention with prideful insistence. "I got a new dolly! See my dolly? *Look*—"

"Mary Louise! Don't let her annoy you . . ." her mother began at once with an anxious start.

"She isn't, she isn't," said I, in haste to reassure her; one felt sorry for this Mrs. Grantham, laboring with might and main sometimes, it seemed needlessly, and too often ineffectually, among her cares. "Yes, I see, Mary Louise. Oh, what a beautiful dolly! What's her name?"

"Regina. Look, she's got really hair! *Look*—" She kept on in her happy treble monotone, but unheeded after I caught the name.

"Regina? Is that—?"

"Her Aunt Regina, yes. The artist—the black-and-white one. Of course you know, though," said Mrs. Grantham in the studiously casual style of those who would have you understand that they consort familiarly with celebrities; but as this was the first intimation I had had that Regina had become one, I was a little taken aback. "She sent Mary Louise that doll—she's always giving the children things. It's a crime to spend so much just on toys. But Regina's absolutely the typical artist, and you know what they all are. The

most generous, hand-to-mouth, impractical lot!"

Recovering, I asked where she was living now. Mrs. Grantham gave me an address in the Washington Square neighborhood and some further details, "She's been everywhere to study and then roaming around, perfectly footloose and bohemian, the way they all do. *Artists!*" she ejaculated with large tolerance. "That restless life would wear *me* out. Regina has lovely things that she's collected; her apartment is so interesting. *Different*, you know. Only she laughs herself at her housekeeping; she always acts as if she didn't know or care a thing in the world about everyday, ordinary women's work. That's *temperament*, of course. You can't expect anything else."

I agreed with her; my surprise was subsiding. It was evident that Regina had had talent after all, possibly an inheritance of her mother's artistic turn, developed in another direction, and it might be strengthened by the additional gift of that very "temperament" which Mrs. Grantham patently did not possess; *she* was too sane, too well-balanced.

"We've been at her for ever so long to come out and make us a visit, and she's promised to two or three times," Mrs. Arnold said. "But promises don't mean much to *them*. If she ever does come, I hope you'll — Mercy! Now what *do* you suppose went then?"

"That was a lulu!" Phil observed with detachment, referring to a shattering crash from the kitchen. Profound silence followed. "Anyway she's laid off singing. That's something."

"Oh, *please*, Phil! She might hear. You have to be so careful of their feelings."

Judge summed up his observations in a pithy statement. "Married people are funny. Mom's a whole lot nicer to the cooks than she is to Pop."

"Well, your father won't leave!" said Mrs. Grantham in a tired voice of explanation.

This news of Regina's success spread to everybody at about the same time and, in the older circles of our society where she was remembered, created a slight stir. Some of us went round calling attention to the fact that they had always predicted a brilliant career for Regina Grantham; those difficult, erratic and unreliable qualities of hers might almost be said to connote genius. We took a zealous interest in her work, most of which appeared in the lively little publications devoted to fun-poking and satire—spirited drawings with an involved monogram R. G. in one corner; they were declared to be distinguished on a dozen counts besides technical excellence. For myself, I was most impressed by their eminently marketable character; Regina's groups and couples of pretty girls, young men, dowagers with lorgnettes, tramps, charwomen, children, and so on were susceptible of an infinite variety of combinations and arrangements to accompany almost any text. This adaptability, however, must have been merely incidental; Regina undoubtedly was too much the artist to have any head for business.

I went to see her the next time I was in New York. The apartment was at the top of an old, made-over house; two or three rooms had probably been knocked into the single high wide one that was Regina's studio. There were spacious gray walls, a floor of broad boards painted black, polished and dustless, some old chairs and chests, Regina's easel in workmanlike array; in a cell opening off, one could see her bed white and rigidly made, a pair of copper candlesticks on a shelf, and a little latticed casement standing ajar to light up the monastic interior. It was strange, almost disappointing, to come into a place that was so clean, bare, and orderly instead of overflowing with the romantic color and clutter one expects of an artist's studio; but Regina herself did not adequately fill in the outline we had all, consciously or not, sketched of

her. There she was, thin and sharp-edged as ever, plus some twenty years, to be sure, but otherwise not greatly changed; her red hair was banded smoothly around her head and she wore a linen dress crisp and tidy with white collar and cuffs like a nurse's uniform. She explained among her greetings that she was engaged that morning upon—upon what of all things under the sun? A cartoon, a portrait, one of those salable drawings? Nothing of the sort. Regina was making pear-tomato preserve!

"You can't get it anywhere for love or money. Pear-tomatoes are not *done*, that's all," she said with smiles. "Come into the kitchen. I can't leave them; there's a crucial moment, you know."

She haled me off with welcoming talk and questions. The kitchen was another cell, neat and shipshape; we were encompassed by clear surfaces of tile and glass rimmed with metal; fresh tea-towels hung, scrupulously folded over a white-enamel rack. On the stove the pear-tomatoes muttered succulently within their kettle; and a file of tumblers on a porcelain slab awaited filling. Regina put me into a chair, hospitably set out cookies in an old pierced silver dish, and insisted on my sampling the preserve; it tasted just like her mother's. She herself began on the tumblers, expertly ladling the rich stuff into them without the loss of a drop; the operation was over in a trice, and she gathered her utensils into the sink, lilliputian but immaculate, pleasantly refusing help. "No, no, thanks just the same, but I have my own system, and besides I want you to tell me about—"

I believe she was genuinely glad to see the face from home—she showed so warm an interest, recalling old times, scenes, memories. "I've often planned to go back—perhaps I might get out this summer. It would be good to see everybody again," she said with sincere feeling. "Of course there will be changes—but I'm changed myself, if it comes to that." She laughed, glancing shrewdly at me, as I began a deprecatory murmur. "Oh, yes! You looked so upset at first I realized I must be a good deal different from what you remembered."

I stammered in calamitous embarrassment. The truth was I was upset still; I had been aware of a disconcerting muddle of mind ever since the door opened. Regina was not nearly so different from what I remembered as from what I had expected. Nothing about her or her environment squared with popular conceptions or with the impression Mrs. Grantham had no doubt unintentionally given me; one could not readily adjust this background with its seemliness, its frugal charm, to the improvident, irresponsible, happy-go-lucky figure of the "typical artist," and Regina herself, her pear-tomatoes, her "system," her spick-and-span efficiency reversed all traditions. "It seemed so odd to find you cooking," I got out at last rather lamely.

"Why, why not?" said Regina in amusement. Her eyes brightened as they rested on me. "Oh, you thought I couldn't do anything but *that!*" she said with a light gesture toward the studio-room.

"Well, it seems somehow as if your work—I'm sure most artists—but you remind me of your mother. You can do everything all the other women do, *and* draw pictures—only she said 'play the piano'—don't you remember?"

"*Don't!*" cried Regina sharply. I was amazed to see her face contract; she turned from me hastily, busying herself elaborately with the pan and foaming hot suds and those nice towels. For a second her hands groped; but then she said in a chilly and composed voice, "Mother's life was horrible."

I had an instant of stark stupefaction. "*Regina!*" I gasped out.

"Horrible!" Regina reiterated unemotionally, holding up a tumbler she was drying, and turning it around against the light. "I can't bear to think about it."

It crossed my mind that here was an

exhibition of temperament sure enough, though Regina's calm of manner in a measure defeated that interpretation; it impelled one to reason with her. "Why, Regina," I said with gathering warmth, "I don't see how you can say that. I don't see how you ever got such a crooked notion into your head. Your dear mother's life was most beautiful. I remember Doctor Warren saying in his sermon—and I remember how *true* we all thought it — that her life was a perfect example of the beauty of *happy* service."

"Service? Oh, yes, mother was useful," Regina admitted drily. "I think she was very intelligent—but not so intelligent as I am," she added astonishingly. *I* found out—" She did not finish, arrested, without doubt, by the expression on my face for an odd and not altogether agreeable smile quivered at the corners of her mouth. It must be temperament, no other way to account for it! All the same, this condescending attitude, this cool assumption of superiority moved me to indignation.

"Well, of course *you* ought to know," I said with—as I believed—equal dryness. "Personally, I remember best how beautifully she played, and those things she wrote. All that didn't count, I suppose, and didn't amount to anything."

"Yes, I remember mother's music, too," said Regina gently; my sarcasm fell on barren ground. "As you say, it didn't count." I thought she gave a brief sigh; she had just emptied the dishpan, and was wiping it round with swift and well-ordered movements, but for a moment her hands traveled mechanically, and she gazed off as if seeing nothing. Then she slipped the pan into what was obviously its inviolable nook and faced me with a smile. "Well, that's all! Now let's go into the other room."

Returning home, I am not sure that I myself did not feel some inclination to go about putting on those airs of fireside and undress intimacy with the great for which I have criticized other people. But, as it happened, there was no chance for this sort of exercise because almost everybody was out of town for the hot weather; and as the season wore along and they began to come back, the next piece of news from our native-born heroine was that she was here. "Miss Regina Grantham, the well-known artist," had arrived for a stay with Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Grantham, according to the *Society Jottings* column. I went over; and at the door encountered Doctor Broderick drawing on his gloves with a thoughtful countenance, just about to get into his automobile.

"Nothing wrong, I hope, doctor?"

"Oh, no, one of the boys stepped on the can-opener and cut his foot," said the doctor absently, and went on to what must have been uppermost in his mind. "Mr. Grantham's sister—she's a very—er—striking personality, isn't she?"

"Well, you know she's an artist—"

"Oh, *yes!*" said Doctor Broderick, smiling broadly. "I would have guessed *that*, meeting her anywhere. Well—" I thought he said something about temperament, but could not be sure of it in the whirring of the motor.

Within doors Mrs. Grantham, on her way somewhere at her habitual high tension, stopped for a hurried word. "I'll be back in a minute, You want to see Regina? I believe she just went into the garden. It's a little hard to keep track of her—one never knows—so temperamental, but *you* understand, of course—" She rushed off, and I got as far as the porch; the apparition of Regina in the middle-distance halted me. There was a lawn-umbrella with a vast spread of cover in startling black and white stripes set up on a grass plot, and Regina was reclining beneath it in a wicker lounging-chair inordinately cushioned; she sat up with a languid effort, seeing me. She had on a straight,

shapeless garment of material resembling bath-toweling batiked all over in serpentine swoops and swashes of color, orange, purple, greens, and yellows that fairly assaulted the vision; it had fringe at the hem and around the holes from which Regina's long, thin arms emerged bare and decked with semiopaque glass bracelets, in faint hues, pink and iridescent. Her head was bound up in a sash of peacock-blue crêpe. In the bright, dusty garden she was as deliberately fantastic as the posters and magazine covers that exploit the recent cult of the perverse and the childishly archaic in design; and she gave me a lackadaisical salutation quite in keeping. Judge, hugging his knees, hunched beside her on the ground. I wondered what the youngster thought of this exotic aunt; I myself did not know what to think.

"Well, Regina, this is a long way from Washington Square, isn't it? You look as if you'd never washed a dish in your life."

"Oh, do I?" said Regina, with vague eyes gazing past me; she waved limply toward the landscape. "That's a good effect!" she murmured to herself.

Mrs. Arnold joined us, fanning, and exclaiming over the heat. "Regina hasn't been here for so long, she's not used to it. We're afraid she'll feel it terribly."

"They don't want me to do anything," said Regina, sinking back among her cushions.

Mrs. Grantham gave me a significant glance; she seemed to balance between a showman's pride in his exhibit, and an indulgent, amused, but slightly fatigued patience. "Well, Regina, you know you *can't* anyway, and it's better for you not to try, even. *We* don't mind." She addressed me in smiling explanation. "Just think, she heard me saying something about Judge having hives, and she thought he would have to be put to bed in a dark room like a *disease*, you know. She offered to go and read to him. With *hives!* imagine!"

"I thought he'd be lonesome," said Regina innocently.

Judge made one of his considered remarks. He said, "You don't get lonesome with hives."

Regina lighted a cigarette, her sister-in-law looking on resignedly. "Oh, I know I can't—er—do things," she drawled placidly. "Everybody puts up with me. I daresay since the beginning of time all the intelligent people in the world have been working themselves to death making it nice for the fools."

"Oh, we don't think—we don't feel that way at all, Regina," Mrs. Arnold assured her in good-hearted concern. "It's just as I say: we don't mind *one bit.*" She again telegraphed me tolerance; but that there were drawbacks, as has been hinted by other authorities, about the position of valet to a hero became apparent from some confidences of hers later, as I was taking leave. "Sometimes it's a little trying," she said, lowering her voice with a furtive backward glance at Regina's refulgent figure. "Did you ever *see*—? For a woman of forty—! Some of her clothes, I'm glad to say, aren't quite so—And *helpless*—! The other day I had some preserves on and I asked her to watch them for a minute while I ran upstairs to show the maid—she's new—about something, and when I got back they were burned solid an inch deep! It was pear-tomatoes—"

"Pear-tomatoes!" I echoed dully.

"Yes. I have Arnold's mother's recipe. Burned *solid!* Regina said they smelled so nice and aromatic. I know it's genius—but you positively can't trust her a minute. I got her to give Georgie his bread and milk—I'm always so busy just at the time—and those few minutes my back was turned, he emptied the whole bowl into his father's silk hat! I found him stirring it round and round and eating, and Regina was just looking on and laughing. All she said was, Why, it couldn't hurt the child, could it? I said, 'why, of course *not*, Regina, but you never once thought about the hat,

did you?'" Mrs. Arnold's feeling became too complicated for exposition; she made a gesture expressing futility. "*Artists!*"

Inconclusive as it sounds, this condensed public opinion; in a little while everybody in the Grantham's circle was saying "*artists,*" with inflections varying from mildly and condoningly contemptuous to those of admiring awe, but one and all conveying a deep inner satisfaction as of an ideal fully realized. It was felt that with her bizarre costumes and manner, and Mrs. Grantham's anecdotes—presently supported by more from other sources but in the same vein—Regina was orthodox, besides being not a little spectacular and entertaining. During her fortnight's visit she continued to lounge about the house and garden in gaudy or somber eccentricities of dress, surveying the family activities with incurious and remote eyes, most appreciative of everything done for her, but so terrifyingly inept herself that nobody risked asking her to do anything. Then a day or so before she left there occurred a half-disaster which might easily have been a whole one, that showed her transiently in a new illumination to one spectator, at least.

It was one afternoon as I was coming home that, passing the head of the street, I observed a commotion down toward their end of it, unusual in our aloof and quiet suburb; pausing to look again, I saw that it was in front of the Grantham house—in and out of and all around it, in fact. There was a miniature crowd; traffic had halted on the outskirts, automobiles standing deserted in a backwash of nurses and perambulators and delivery boys with packages and homing work-people. In the middle of everything loomed a fire engine; it appeared to be inactive, but nobody can withstand the lure of a fire engine even in repose. I reached there just in time to see this one move off, helmets, red paint, twinkling nickel-plate and all; externally nothing seemed to be amiss with the house, and the only Grantham in sight was that philosopher Judge. I caught a glimpse of him in the vestibule among the legs and skirts of half a dozen grown-ups, holding his own though with a troubled aspect, against a battery of talk. The driver for the Mont Blanc Laundry, regaining his wagon, enlightened me and some other late arrivals.

"Naw, there wasn't any real fire," he said. "They was burning some trash or these here dead leaves or something and it kinda got ahead of 'em, I guess. Anyway it kinda scairt 'em when they found they couldn't git it out right off, and the kid he run and 'phoned the Fire Department. But they got busy and beat it out with a spade or something before they got here."

Expressions of opinion arose freely on all sides; the consensus was to the effect that the folks was lucky at that! Because they hadn't oughta started no fire in a dry spell like this; it just et along the ground, seemed like, and you couldn't hardly *get* it out. But that was a smart kid all right! I'll say so!

Advancing, I fell in with two or three acquaintances and accumulated more information, item by item. "They probably supposed the fire was smoldering itself out, for it seemed they had all gone off to the movies. At least there was nobody home—" "Oh, yes, Miss Grantham was there—" "Well, I *said* nobody home, didn't I?" "Sh-h! You don't know who's in this crowd—" "Is that the little boy? Right on the job, weren't you, buddy?"

"Aw, Aunt Regina—" Judge began, his honest little face clouded with worry; but nobody was listening to him. By this time the family had gathered, some arriving all unprepared, some rushing home on being notified; in the midst of them Regina was spread pallidly in an armchair. Doctor Broderick's presence gave me a moment of concern, but it turned out he was there as incidentally as the rest of us; there had been no casualties. The roomful

was conclamantly explaining, describing, rehearsing what had happened. It was true that Regina and the child were the only persons in the house when they discovered the supposedly extinct fire viciously alive and running through some dry, tindery grass and brush only a few yards from the garage. They first flew for the hose which, however, was lost or loaned, or out of repair or lacking the attachments—reports differed. ("Wasn't that Grantham *all over?*" someone whispered in my ear.) In fine, the hose was unavailable. And it was true that Judge had thereupon run to the telephone, and that Regina had seized a spade providentially handy and attacked the fire so vigorously, spanking it into the ground, helped by the boy fetching buckets of water from the hydrant, that it had finally been overcome without loss or damage or outside aid.

"But a *spade!* Think of trying to put out a fire with a *spade!*" Mrs. Grantham ejaculated, soliciting our forbearance over Regina prostrate in the chair. We all felt that it really was preposterous—still, the fire was out.

"After all, the spade seems to have been an extremely effective weapon in the circumstances," Doctor Broderick commented cautiously. "A fire of that nature—"

Regina opened her eyes. "I hardly knew what I was doing," she said feebly. "Did I have a spade?"

Everybody nudged everybody else. *Artists!*

"Well, Judge, we've got to hand it to you!" somebody said to him genially. "*You* knew what *you* were doing."

"Aw, I never! Aunt Regina told me to!" piped Judge in desperate integrity; but I think I was the only one that heard him.

Regina went back to New York; and I never had a chance to talk over this occurrence with her in private, or to hear her version—if indeed I could have got anything out of her about it, which is doubtful. As I have intimated, it was at this time that I began to have a species of fumbling suspicion about Regina; and this was reinforced by the view of a small drawing of hers that came out in the last number of *Life's Little Ironies* the other day. One of her pretty and modishly appointed children was pictured under the guidance of one of her fine, old, respectable negro servants—standard subjects, both of them—stopping before the chimpanzee's cage in the Zoo; and the legend underneath ran: "Unc' Mose, can a monkey talk?" "Co'se, honey chile, co'se he kin talk. He jes' don' wan' to. *Monkey knows ef he let on how sma't he is, white man put er hoe in he han'!*"

PERVERTED AMERICAN HISTORY

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WHEN the Sage of Dearborn announced some years ago to a gaping jury that "history is bunk," he came closer to telling the truth than even he suspected. If he had limited his remarks to the statement that "*some* history is bunk," his *ex cathedra* assertion would have been true. But perhaps it was not destined to be a description of the existing results of historical research so much as prophecy of what was to come—a premonition of the outcome of a future fray in which professional patriots would unsheath their swords in the defense of embattled American ideals.

The recent war for the "freedom of the world" played many fantastic tricks with current social institutions, but one of the most deplorable perpetrated upon our own land was the impetus given to the Prussianization of American institutions. While we fought the war to crush forever the demon of Prussian Kultur we rendered its devotees the sincerest flattery by laboring strenuously to imitate their methods and absorb their ideals. In this process of imitation and absorption we unfortunately took over much of what was worst in the system and little of what was good. While we fought, if we are to believe our leaders, to make the world safe for democracy, we willingly weakened our own forms of that cherished institution; and while we fought to free others, we wasted in spendthrift fashion our own heritage of liberty.

The military exigencies of the moment may be urged in palliation for this humble bowing before the shrine of Prussian Kultur; but no excuse, whatever, can be discovered for the effort of the busybodies to impose upon the school system their own interpretation of history and politics. That in an autocratic state the authorities should seek to control the textbooks, the teaching, and the mental groove into which the future goose-steppers should be forced was to be expected, but it was hoped that a certain amount of individuality would be left to develop in a democracy. Such, however, was not destined to be the case. We are not only expected to wear the same type of collar and one-step to the same jazz strains, but we are expected to get our history according to the formula which certain powerful organizations are able to force upon politicians and school boards.

If this formula were a perfect one the situation might be endurable, but unfortunately it is the old moth-eaten, discredited, and dangerous "nationalistic interpretation of history," the same type of exaltation and eulogy which Green lavished upon England, Bancroft upon America, and Treitschke and Nietzsche upon imperial Germany. It is the undiscriminating laudation of the political, military, and cultural development of one's own people, the placing of the seal of unquestioning historical approval upon the thoughts and deeds of one's ancestors and upon the results of their activities. Students of history and international relations are practically unanimous in placing inflated

patriotism and arrogant nationalism as among the chief elements in the development of war-psychology, and among the leading influences working to-day against the restoration of international good will and economic prosperity. Even a superficial investigation into the social history of any one of the modern nations leads quickly to the inevitable conclusion that the "nationalistic interpretation of history" is one of the most insidious influences which have helped to promote this uncritical and unreasoning nationalism.

Obviously such history partakes in no small degree of the nature of propaganda and special pleading, and obviously the most effective time and place to disseminate it is among children at school during their formative years. As the great majority of teachers, particularly in the lower grades, are not specialists, the propaganda may easily be carried in textbooks; and it is upon them that the chief pressure has been brought. Until recently, however, there has been little agitation regarding the textbooks in American history. The old-fashioned text, drawing its inspiration from historians like Bancroft and moralists like Weems, was sufficiently blatant and jingoistic to satisfy the most uncritical. Complaints came almost alone from representatives of sectional groups, and these chiefly from the North and South over the treatment accorded to slavery and the Civil War.

These early books for the most part had been written by professional textbook writers rather than by special students of history. The same man who composed one year a history of the United States might the next year write a geometry or a book on astronomy. This condition, however, had largely passed away by the opening of the twentieth century, and these early books were gradually being replaced by texts emanating from specialized students in American history of proven integrity and scholarship. These texts, as the result of a flood of new information unearthed by scores of patient students, became more subdued in their tone, infinitely more judicious in their appraisal of events and movements, and more careful in their bestowal of praise and blame. Likewise, as the significance of economic and social history became more apparent, an effort was made to interpret to some extent these phenomena. In other words, textbooks in history for both grades and high schools had become decidedly better and were improving rapidly.

At this point there broke on mankind the catastrophe of the World War, and with it a new awakening of nationalism and a rekindling of the slumbering fires of race prejudice. Immediately that group of citizens whose occupation in life is chiefly concerned with keeping tabs on other people's business, and in uplifting (according to their own formula) their fellow men, began frantically to search the textbooks, particularly on European history, to see whether some one had not inadvertently said a kind word about our enemies or had been too harsh toward our allies. Having developed the habit of investigating textbooks on Europe, these investigators turned naturally to those on American history.

II

Here the pseudo-historians and the heresy hunters, to say nothing of the racial groups, found much to interest them. The newer and more scientific historians had been revising the traditional ideas and accounts of our relations with Great Britain, and now upon the hapless heads of these writers descended the whole-hearted denunciation of patriotic societies and Gaelic politicians. These lion-baiters accused them of deliberately inserting in their textbooks pro-British propaganda, and some went so far as to charge that a wholesale plot, financed by Andrew Carnegie as early as 1896, had been launched for the purpose of reuniting England and America.

In its early phases this agitation against the text books was decidedly anti-British. An impetus was given to the movement by certain newspapers which syndicated and printed in 1921 a series of articles by Charles Grant Miller, setting forth in some detail the alleged "organized policy of propitiation toward Great Britain." The subject matter of these articles was later printed in pamphlet form under the title *Treason to American Tradition; the Spirit of Benedict Arnold Reincarnated*, and widely distributed under the auspices of the Sons of the American Revolution in the State of California. The charges were further pressed through a propaganda organization known as the "Patriotic League for the Preservation of American History."

The charges of Miller were as meat and drink to that group of American citizens whose hatred of England transcends all other interests. In particular, it appealed to the pro-Irish element in the Knights of Columbus, and at their San Francisco convention of 1921 they made elaborate plans for the revision of American history. Asserting that their aim was "to encourage investigation into the origins, the achievements, and the problems of the United States; to interpret and perpetuate the American principle of liberty, popular sovereignty, and government by consent of the governed, to promote American solidarity and to exalt the American ideal," they offered prizes totalling seven thousand, five hundred dollars for studies in American history and announced that a million dollars was to be spent to encourage the revision and rewriting of American history; i. e., to oppose errors in history and to encourage their correction. The high-sounding phrases with which the Knights of Columbus launched their campaign did not obscure the fact that the whole plan was pushed through by Irish-Americans, and it was obvious, even to the man in the streets, that large amounts of money were not going to be spent for reasons of pure altruism and scholarship. There was a bad odor about the whole affair from the start.

Although the anti-English newspapers have perhaps raised the loudest cry and the Knights of Columbus contributed the most in cold cash, the patriotic organizations have probably exerted the greatest influence. In particular, have the Sons of the American Revolution been active in their protests, but many other such societies have taken a cue from them. Among the organizations which have become interested in American history in the schools and have passed resolutions of protest at its alleged un-American trend are the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Descendents of the Signers of the Declaration of American Independence, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the New York State Department of the Grand Army of the Republic, the United Spanish War Veterans, and various groups of the American Legion. In addition to the patriotic societies we find that this villainous plot to "de-Americanize America" has even caught the attention of the historical experts of such learned groups as the New Jersey Council of the Junior Order of United Mechanics and the New Jersey Grand Lodge of the Knights of Pythias.

Although the committee on Patriotism of the Sons of the American Revolution began to report as early as 1918 concerning their efforts to oust certain textbooks from the schools, it was not until 1922 that the society officially took a stand. In that year at the Springfield Congress the following Resolution was passed:

> The Sons of the American Revolution, in National Congress assembled, express their deep interest in the subject of textbooks on American history in use in our public schools. We protest against the use of any textbook which lauds the Tories and censures the patriots, which maligns the memory of any of the great men of the Revolutionary period, or undervalues the services and sacrifices by which our national independence was won.

Textbooks on American history should be written only by those who are in sympathy with the principles for which our forefathers fought. Every such history should adequately stress the story of the American Revolution, portray in colorful outline the heroic incidents of the struggle and teach the priceless value of the institutions which we inherit from our forefathers.

We protest against any textbooks which teach socialism, bolshevism, or class hatred.

The committee on Patriotic Education is instructed to take needful measures to eliminate from our schools all textbooks objectionable on the above grounds.

This resolution was passed with but a feeble protest and has been since reiterated by a similar resolution at the Nashville Congress of 1923, and by vigorous approbation at the Salt Lake Congress of 1924, and at that of Swampscott, Massachusetts, in 1925. In fact, what President Washington Irving Lincoln Adams calls "this constructive patriotic work" has come increasingly to occupy the primary attention of the organization.

It is worthwhile to note in passing that in bygone years the Sons of the American Revolution, as well as similar societies, were chiefly engaged in the laudable work of marking historical sites and preserving historical relics. In this respect their work has been invaluable, and they deserve the unqualified gratitude of historians and all intelligent citizens. It is a sorry result of the war that their best energies have been called away in recent years to the campaign against existing history texts, for their attacks seem invariably to be directed at the most scholarly and readable books. It should also be stated that the agitation has not commanded the unanimous support of the organization. A small minority has distrusted it, but the great mass have been led willingly into the movement by the enthusiasm of a few influential leaders, notably Judge Wallace McCamant of Portland, Oregon, one-time President-General of the National Society and later chairman of its Committee on Patriotic Education.

III

With patriotic societies passing fiery resolutions in national convention assembled, and "committees on patriotic education" bombarding school boards and legislators, it is not to be wondered at that politicians quickly took notice. The whole affair was of the type particularly acceptable to the professional office holder and vote getter. It gave him a chance to sound sonorous platitudes, to make vague insinuations against the underground machinations of alien enemies, and even to advocate laws for the preservation of patriotism, knowing full well that he would never be called to account or be forced to put his high sounding talk into action. To those politicians whose racial roots went back to Ireland there was a motive provided which gave an element of sincerity to their attacks.

The pressure for action was particularly strong in New York City. Here Superintendent William L. Ettinger appointed a committee in October, 1920 to investigate attacks on histories used in the public schools, the committee turning in its report in January, 1922. While this committee found that there was "no evidence to support the charge that the textbook writers—were intentionally unpatriotic" or that "any of the textbooks examined was written as a result of unwholesome propaganda," still they found that "the usefulness of some of the books examined" was "impaired because the authors have written from the point of view of a critical historian rather than from the point of view of a teacher." Furthermore, they held that the books examined failed "to describe adequately and vividly some of the most inspiring events in our history"; that they included "statements and characteristics concerning our national heroes and our civic leaders which are either offensive, or of such doubtful propriety that they are out of place in a textbook"; that they discussed "controversial subjects"; that

they used "offensive illustrations and cartoons"; and that they had failed "to realize the usefulness of a textbook is determined by the presentation of material that makes for good American citizenship." In other words, the poor misguided authors had tried to write history when what they should have done was to concoct nationalistic propaganda. The findings of this committee, like that of most, was predetermined by its personnel, and its report was quite as expected.

More ludicrous than the activities of the committee of the Board of Education was that of the Hirshfield Committee. In December, 1920, Mayor John F. Hylan requested David Hirshfield, Commissioner of Accounts, one of the most picturesque of his political henchmen, to make a "thorough investigation" of the textbooks "alleged to contain anti-American propaganda." Mr. Hirshfield had no desire to employ experts, but preferred men of "sound judgment" who were "open to conviction," and the motley array who appeared to testify before this committee contained many propagandists but no historians of repute, According to the New York papers the job of writing the report was given to Mr. Joseph Devlin, a lecturer on historical subjects and a staunch supporter of Tammany. Mr. Devlin, to the surprise of the learned commissioner, while admitting that better histories might be written, asserted that the historians were not guilty of the charges made, charges which he declared were designed "to help keep bigotry, dissension, and distrust between this country and England." The Hirschfield Committee thereupon rejected the Devlin Report and turned the job over to Charles Grant Miller, who had been largely instrumental in starting the whole agitation, and who now enthusiastically turned out the kind of report his employers desired. It will go down in history as the crowning absurdity of the Hylan administration.

According to Professor Bessie L. Pierce, who has made the most detailed study of this whole matter, many other cities have gone through experiences similar to that of New York, but accompanied by less publicity. Among these are Boston, Washington, Dubuque, Portland (Oregon), and many smaller places like Florence, Alabama; Leonia, New Jersey; and Danville, Illinois. Furthermore, the pressure upon state legislators has been strong. The infamous Lusk Law of 1918 (since repealed) contained references to textbooks, but it was not until 1923 that the textbook revisors succeeded in really writing their wishes into state laws. In that year Wisconsin and Oregon enacted similar statutes, that of Wisconsin holding that "no history or other textbook shall be adopted for use or be used in any district school, city school, vocational school or high school which falsifies the facts regarding the war of independence, or the war of 1812, or which defames our nation's founders or misrepresents the ideals and causes for which they struggled and sacrificed, and which contains propaganda favorable to any foreign government." As to whether any textbook really does this is left to the state superintendent, who upon complaint of any five citizens must hold a hearing within thirty days. If the superintendent decides to put any book under the ban, state aid is to be withheld from any school using such a book. The laws which well-meaning citizens advocated for New York and New Jersey are even more inclusive and are interesting as examples of those sonorous and sweeping enactments which have become so popular since the war in the frantic endeavor of politicians to save us from some imaginary danger.

No history or textbook or reference book—says the proposed New Jersey law—shall be adopted for use or be used in any of the public and private schools located in the state of New Jersey which ignores, omits or denies the events leading up to the Declaration of American Independence or any other war in

which this country has been engaged, or which ignores, omits, discounts, or in any manner belittles, falsifies, misrepresents, distorts, doubts or denies the deeds and accomplishments of the noted American patriots, or which questions the worthiness of their motives or casts aspersions upon their lives —no such history, textbook, or reference book shall hereafter be placed on the list of history textbooks, or reference books which may be adopted, sold or exchanged for educational purposes, and such history, textbook or reference book shall be withheld from use in all public or private schools.

Concerning the proposed New Jersey law, comment would be gratuitous. If passed, this bill would give the authorities power to debar any American history ever written and would automatically exclude from a high-school reference shelf every reputable history, including the works of Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt. Of the Wisconsin statute J. Franklin Jameson, Managing Editor of the *American Historical Review*, tersely writes:

Of the many excellent textbooks of American history now prevailingly in use, none really falsifies the facts regarding our wars, or defames the founders of our nation, or misrepresents their ideals, or contains what can rightly be termed propaganda to any foreign government. But we all know what is meant. No one can miss the significance of the fact that, under this law, you can say what you please about the war with Mexico or the war with Spain, but must not "falsify the facts" (i. e., modify the sacred one-sided tradition) regarding the two wars with Great Britain. Consider the procedure which the statute provides. Picture the scene at the county courthouse. On the one side the five complaining citizens (the statute assumes them all to be of the same county), eager to protect their cherished offspring from the danger of learning any facts or thoughts unfamiliar to their parents, and armed with clippings from the Hearst newspapers and other authoritative texts. On the other side the publisher's agent, reluctant to sacrifice the poor author, but willing to make "reasonable concessions" and nowise bigoted in matters of history. As judge, a school inspector, who very likely had History I when in college. What a method for establishing historical truth! *Non talibus armis, nec defensoribus istis.*

If these laws, like a large proportion of the bills hurriedly jammed through our legislative tribunals each year, were dead letters, the situation would not be so bad. Unfortunately there have been active groups interested in using them, and excellent textbooks have been banned from state and municipal schools. One of the most deplorable features of the agitation is that the opposition to texts has been in almost direct ratio to their accuracy and literary charm. The better the book, the more the "patriots" hate it.

IV

When one tries to classify the criticisms of the better textbooks which have been brought forward by the protesting organizations, they may be briefly stated as follows: (1) treatment of the Revolution has become pro-British; (2) there has been a growing tendency to shorten the space given to the discussion of the Revolution; (3) certain of the accepted American heroes have been either too critically treated or their deeds have been omitted entirely; (4) treatment of social and political movements have been of a type to instill "class hatred" and develop sympathy toward bolshevism and communism. To answer these charges in a word is not easy. It may be said in regard to the first that the treatment has not tended to become pro-British but simply more accurate, more fair, and more discriminating. To suggest that the treatment of the Revolution by such careful experts as McLoughlin and Van Tyne is the result of "pernicious and persistent British propaganda," as does Commissioner Hirshfield, is so absurd that no responsible person could take the suggestion seriously. The second charge is undoubtedly true, but the tremendous significance of events since we have become a nation has necessitated to a certain

extent an abbreviation of the discussion of the earlier years, a condensation which has taken place without in any way minimizing the salient features of an important struggle. A typical and much advanced criticism of this type is the one made against Professor Muzzey to the effect that he devotes but one sentence to the battle of Bunker Hill and two hundred words to the fall of Quebec—the critics evidently unaware that Quebec marked the downfall of the French Empire in North America and the eventual Anglicising of most of this continent, whereas Bunker Hill is significant chiefly as a demonstration of the fact that the Revolutionary militia, although they lost the battle, could fight efficiently and bravely against the British regulars. It is quite unnecessary to remark that "Sons" and "Daughters" of the Revolution and the pro-Irish would naturally be special pleaders regarding the Revolution.

The third charge involves questions of space and proportion of treatment which every author must meet, questions of historical accuracy and questions of pedagogy. If patriotism and nationalism are to be taught by an undiscriminating hero worship, then obviously such matters as proportion of space and historical perspective must be largely sacrificed. A typical criticism of this type is that made against Channing by the horrified McCamant, who says of the historian that "Unfortunately he refers to the Master Masons who participated in the Boston Tea Party as a mob and he uses the word 'riot' in characterizing the measures taken to oppose the Stamp Act and other oppressive measures of the crown." One cannot help wondering in passing how those who object to having their ancestors described as a "mob" or as people who engaged in "riots," would designate similar uprisings if they occurred to-day.

If it is admitted that in our complicated industrialized civilization there are divergent economic groups who struggle for wealth and political power, and that these conflicts make up an important part of modern history, it would seem that they should be mentioned at least in a textbook. The fourth charge, therefore, ought to simmer down to the question of treatment. If the textbook writer has been fair and unbiased, and has been careful not to take sides, he cannot be accused of "teaching class hatred." No textbook writer as far as the author knows has ever attempted this. The most often quoted example of this iniquity is that advanced against Professor Muzzey for describing the campaign of 1896 as a "bitter battle between the Western plowholder and the Eastern bondholder." It may be possible to compress in a few words a more striking and accurate characterization of this important campaign, but no one has yet done it.

More interesting than the criticism brought against the textbooks are the pregnant theories advanced simultaneously by the protesting parties concerning the role of history in our schools. "The chief purpose to be subserved in teaching American history is the inculcation of patriotism," says Judge McCamant. In a report presented by the same gentleman we find that the committee "recommend that this Society insist on the use of textbooks which instill loyalty to country rather than to class and which encourage patriots to affiliate with the patriotic societies [sic] and not the I. W. W. or the socialistic or communistic parties." While Attorney General Connor of Idaho, president of the Idaho Society of the S. A. R. (1923) holds that "Discussion of controversial subjects has no place in a history; it should not be found in a single school in the United States," the learned Judge McCamant, exemplifying the judicial mind, goes a step farther and insists that when a controversial subject of necessity arises it must be dealt with in no uncertain way. "I want our school children taught," he says, "that our forefathers were right and the

British were wrong on this subject [taxation]." The New York City Public School Committee condemns the historians for "falling to realize that many of the facts of history should be taught in the elementary grades, not as ends, but as means to ends; such as love for law and order, respect for constituted authority, appreciation of the institutions of the country and its ideals."

Hardly anywhere do we find even the feeblest appreciation of facts for the sake of knowing the truth, and of making the society of the past and of the present intelligible. History is to be taught, not to learn about the past and to understand the present, but to impart racial or nationalistic propaganda and to preach "patriotism" or the "ideals" of the nation as a certain element in that nation conceives them. William Cowper, paraphrasing a much greater prophet, once wrote "He is the freeman whom the truth sets free," but possibly these "historians" of the various societies think that the inculcation of legend and propaganda will more efficiently make us free.

V

It is contended by many that, although this whole agitation over textbooks is certainly an example of that revival of intolerance, racial prejudice, nationalistic egotism, and the desire to enforce conformity which descended upon us during the war, it is after all a small matter, a tempest in a teapot. It is contended that although the general purpose of the Knights of Columbus Historical Commission was dangerous, in reality the work which they have carried on has been harmless, and in the case of a few books published by them as, for instance, those by Bemis and Nevins, it has been of real value. It is further contended that while certain unfortunate laws have been passed and good texts debarred from many schools, the harm has not been great.

To these contentions the following obvious answers are offered. In the first place, such activities, even though limited in their scope, are a part and parcel of that effort to throttle freedom of speech and action which has been so much in evidence since the outbreak of the war. The excellent studies of Bemis, Nevins, and others are an indirect result of this movement, but they are small compensation for the damage done. Secondly, instead of subsiding, as might be expected, the agitation has grown to astonishing proportions. Like the agitation against the teaching of evolution, which it so much resembles, it has gathered unto itself the ignorant and intolerant, who make up the great mass of the people in all lands. But, unlike the anti-evolution movement, it is able to cover itself insidiously with the cloak of patriotism and nationalism, and thus command the support of a large number who might refuse to be entangled in a purely scientific or religious controversy. In the third place, we are soon to be treated with what certainly will be the climax of the movement up to the present time—an ideal school history "prepared and issued" according to the announcement "under the supervision of The American Legion. with the support and critical aid of The American Legion Auxiliary, American Federation of Labor, American War Mothers, Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, Boy Scouts of America, Civic League for Immigrants, Colonial Sons and Daughters, Daughters of the American Revolution, Daughters of the War of 1812, Daughters of the Confederacy, Descendants of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, General Federation of Women's Clubs, Knights of Pythias, League of Foreign Born Citizens, National Association for Constitutional Government, National Association of Naval Veterans, National Child Welfare Association, National Civic Federation, National Security League, Service Star Legion, Sons of Confederate Veterans, Union Society of the Civil War, United Confederate

Veterans, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Women's Relief Corps of the G. A. R., Women's Home Mission Society, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and other patriotic and educational societies." How these organizations, which include in their membership such a multitude of liberal-minded people, could have been inveigled into the "support and critical aid" of such a project is amazing.

This "American Legion History" as it has come to be known, is notable for three reasons: (1) it represents the culmination of the history textbook agitation of the last ten years. At last we are to see a textbook as it should be written. (2) It represents what is probably the first effort on a large scale to enlist organizations of all sorts and of unquestioned power in a movement to influence in a definite way the teaching of some particular branch of knowledge in our public schools. It is doubtful if such a wholesale attempt to prostitute our most cherished institution, the public school system, to a particular form of propaganda, has ever been made. The list of supporting organizations reads like a cross section of American society. (3) The contents of the book itself invite investigation.

The book, which is to be known as *The Story of Our American People*, is designed specifically for the seventh and eighth grades. It has been printed as yet only in dummy form for pre-publication circulation, but is sufficiently near its final form to allow a definite appraisal. Among the principles which the organizations supervising the work laid down as a guide were; (1) that "it must inspire the children with patriotism"; (2) that "it must build character"; (3) that "it must speak in an earnest spiritual strain, believing in God; and not being afraid to mention him—though of course never in a sectarian way"; (4) "that it must speak the truth, so that no child learns afterward to distrust it. But in telling the truth it must be careful to tell the truth optimistically"; and (5) that "it must be nonpartisan. It must give to each State and Section full space and value for the achievements of each, not centralizing on any one section." Or, as it is put in another pamphlet, the purpose is "to secure the teaching of the same facts of history in all sections of our country, and thus prevent sectional distrusts and misconceptions." In other words, the book is to teach patriotism, build character, tune one with the infinite, and incidentally tell some history, if the latter can be done in an optimistic strain. All this must be accomplished so as to please all sections and all groups.

The difficulty of filling this big order may be sufficiently large to prevent the infliction of a stereotyped history upon the whole country, but the influence behind the book will be powerful enough to secure wide adoption. No expense has been spared in the mechanical make-up, and the two volumes will be appealing to the eye. Knowing full well that no historian would possibly write the kind of book wanted, and being more interested in patriotic and moral training than in history, those in charge of the work secured a professor of English to write the book. As the book obviously was never intended to be history, it would be unjust to attack it from that ground. It is simply a bombastic eulogy of all things American, a teleological interpretation of the development of God's chosen people. In the words of Professor Van Tyne, "it is so maudlin and sentimental about 'our' virtues and 'our' superiority to the rest of the world that if universally used 'our' next generation would behave like an insufferable cad toward the rest of the world."

This product of the American Legion and its co-operating societies is, of course, nothing new. As already suggested, it is simply a reversion to the textbook style of the early nineteenth century when history textbooks were written to set before us "striking instances of virtue, enterprise, courage,

generosity, patriotism," that we might "copy such noble examples"; when it was presented to show that the vicious were "ultimately overtaken by misery and shame," and to display the "dealings of God with mankind." In those days history was trying hard to make a place for itself in the curriculum, but history for the sake of history was considered the slimmest argument for its inclusion. When James Harvey Robinson a few years ago wrote so optimistically of "The New History," he could hardly have suspected how quickly we were destined, as far as textbooks were concerned, to slump back into the ancient way.

Some seventy-five years ago, before the triumph of political democracy was assured, one of its ablest exponents, John Stuart Mill, already sensed its outstanding weakness. In his essay on "Liberty" he argued vehemently for the rights of the minority, for the tolerance of non-conformity, and for liberty of thought and action, and he pictures in no uncertain terms the evils of a universal acceptance of stereotyped dogma. His words give us every reason to believe that in his mind's eye he could picture the future state in which little Babbitts, like so many sausages, were ground out of the educational machinery, the levers of which were manipulated by powerful organizations to insure similarity in the social, economic, and political thinking of the product. Mill's warning comprised one of the noblest documents ever struck from the pen of man, but his advice has gone unheeded.

As recently as last November the Commissioner of Education of New Hampshire, Ernest W. Butterfield, sounded the alarm from the viewpoint of the schoolman. As quoted in the Boston *Herald*, he said, "I believe that the attack upon the public schools has never been so insidious as it is to-day. Sinister demagogues and zealots, organized societies, great commercial houses, would use the schools to advance their propaganda, to emphasize their policies and plans." Among these influences he placed certain commercial bodies, organizations for national relief, the temperance leagues, the army, the navy, and societies for universal peace, and he might well have included the professional patriotic societies. The field of history seems to be a fertile ground for sowing the seed of all types of propaganda. The renewed effort to have histories rewritten for the sake of patriotism, if it has any results at all, will produce a bigoted and stereotyped nationalism which is far from being good citizenship. It is, moreover, a deplorable subservience to the rule of ignorance. Every thoughtful believer in democracy since Mill has been troubled by the question as to whether the rule of the people means inevitably the rule of the ignorant. Surely in our educational institutions at least we have the right to expect that enlightenment and not ignorance will reign. Shall our textbooks in history, then, be supervised and written by historical scholars whose labors are devoted to the search for truth, or by political aspirants and partisan propagandists? Shall the accuracy of complicated historical phenomena be decided by experts, or by laymen? Have not our children in the public schools a right to the priceless heritage of truth?

"THE BETTER I LIKE DOGS"

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

HE WAS a disreputable old man, grouchy, dishonest, a pest to the rural region where stood his woodland shack. His one companion was a blear-eyed collie, some fifteen years of age, as crotchety and rheumatic and unpopular as his derelict master. The two lived together. They had lived so since the man had fished the dog out of a mill pond fifteen years before and taken the month-old youngster home with him.

There came a winter day when all cash and credit were all gone and eviction papers were served. The rheumatism was unbearable. Penniless, sick, crippled, the old ruffian gave up the fight for independence. He hobbled to the poorhouse, three miles away. At his heels, as ever, hobbled the ancient collie.

Gruffly, the derelict explained to the poormaster his miserable plight. Still more gruffly, he asked refuge for himself and his loved dog, in that last resort of the hopelessly destitute. All he wanted, he said, was bare food and lodging for the two of them during such few days as might remain to either or both.

The poormaster replied that the man could come in and that he would be made as comfortable as possible. But the collie was another matter. There was a rule against pet animals in the poorhouse. The dog must be left to shift for himself.

Long and sourly the old man glowered at the smug poormaster and noted the brightness and warmth beyond the open doorway. He sniffed frying food. All these things might be his—but at a price he could not or would not pay.

Snarling, he limped away. Snarling—because his human god had seen fit to snarl—the asthmatic old collie limped away. Down the frozen road they hobbled, side by side and out of sight.

Next morning neighbors found them, again side by side, in the fireless woodland shack that had been their home. With a rusty army rifle the man had put a bullet through his collie's head; then another through his own. He had solved their parochial problem in the only way it could be solved.

This story is true. The newspapers, a few years ago, printed it in much detail.

I have told it here, at perhaps needless length, not as a bit of pathos, but to point the maudlin idiocy of a man who chose to give up a life of comfort for the sake of a useless old dog that loved him. It is one of only three incidents I have been able to verify of an adult human who gave his life voluntarily for the sake of a dog.

I have verified no fewer than three-hundred-and-seventeen instances of dogs throwing away their lives for humans. By a little more research I might have swelled the three hundred-and-seventeen to many times its sum.

Of these two other cases where a man has died for a dog both sacrifices were as foolishly useless as was the disreputable old pauper's. One was of a youth who dived into a canal to drag out his Newfoundland puppy that had fallen in. The pup swam to safety. The rescuer was drowned. The other was of a man who ran out on the railroad track to

drive his two dogs from the path of an express train. The dogs escaped. The man was killed.

Those were ultra-rare exceptions to the everyday rule. Perhaps all three men deserved what they got for hazarding the rich gift of life for a mere dog. Countless dogs have chosen poverty and ill-treatment sooner than desert the human who was their god. Countless dogs have leaped into the water or dared death under trainwheels for a like cause. But that was because they were on a lower plane of animal life—soulless and mindless brutes that knew no better.

"*All that a man hath will he give for his life.*" The Bible, being inspired, was too wise to make the same claim about a dog. From the beginning of time, dogs have taken it upon themselves to guard the humans they have accepted as their deities and to gamble life, right blithely, for those humans' sakes.

That is the chief reason why I am silly enough to wonder if dogs are not better worthwhile, fundamentally, than are humans. If it is supremely senseless to toss life away that a loved one may live, then most of the rank and file of us humans are anything but senseless. We leave that to the dogs.

Nothing is news which is not unusual. The newspapers made much of the story of the man who chose death rather than desert his helpless old collie for such comforts as the poorhouse afforded. But seldom is there more than a brief line or so to chronicle the pluck of a dog that dies in a blazing house in an effort to save life, or of a dog that dies fighting a bull or a boar or a poisonous snake for the sake of an imperilled human. Such tales are far too common to have much news value.

There are a score of other reasons why I am inclined to put the dog ahead of man, in all but brains and speech. One of them is the dog's genius for forgiveness. If he is your pal, if he has elected you his god, there is nothing he will not forgive you. The closest human friendships can be smashed forever by a flurry of hot words or by a real or fancied slight.

Kick your dog all over the lot—if you can find no better way to prove your inferiority to him—beat or starve or swear at him. If he has learned to recognize you as his *master*—not merely as his *owner*—his forgiveness is instant and complete. He cannot harbor ill-will toward his friend and overlord. As to revenge for such treatment—revenge is a word whose meaning he does not know when applied to his master.

This is pure forgiveness, not stupidity. He can carry rancor and repulsion and the longing for revenge—he can carry them sometimes for years—against some human outsider who has harmed him. But never against his master-friend.

In a world of grouchiness and of misunderstandings and of involved resentments, this dog trait shines forth as refreshing. Or perhaps it shines forth only as unusual.

II

I have a queer belief that there is not overmuch difference in the natures of puppies and of very young children. It is we adults who force them to sharply divergent paths as soon as we try to make either of them understand and obey. We rob a child of his oddly dog-like honesty by teaching him not to tell impolite truths, and by training him to mask in courtesy his primal emotions and desires and antipathies. Bit by bit we give him the ethics of society, at the same time ripping (or whipping) from him the simple ethics he was born with. We teach him to be cordial to grownups whom he thinks he has reason to dislike. We teach him to eat what we, and not Nature, want him to eat. We ordain his sleep-hours and his times for exercise. We thrust from his mind the instincts Nature gave him and we school him instead in man-made knowledge.

It is his instinct to point with his finger at what he desires, thus concentrating mind and eye on it. We slap the out-thrust finger and tell him it is rude

to point. By instinct, he seeks to smell everything he picks up. From babyhood we scold him out of that, thus robbing him, by disuse, of the miraculous sense of smell which once was as keen among humans as the sense of sight. We strangle his every atavistic instinct and we shape him to our own clumsy mold.

On the contrary, when we have taught a puppy the few and simple things which make him a house-companion, we let him grow up as Nature meant him to. His hereditary instincts are unimpaired. He is allowed to maintain the ruggedly selfless honesty that we have taken away from the child. He is allowed to stop eating when no longer he is hungry; and to avoid the foods his instinct tells him are bad for him. He may sleep when, and as long, as he wishes. He may ramble at will during the long hours when a child is forced to stay indoors for study or because of bad weather.

As a result, he is gloriously healthy, alive with wise instincts, and capable of non-remunerative devotion. Never having been taught to smother his preferences or the mysterious guide which prompts them, he forms his likes and his dislikes, and he abides by them. For either of the two he will risk death.

In brief, he is what psychologists used to call a Primitive. He is so because he was born so and has been permitted to remain so. Luckily, his brain will carry him only a short distance along the road of human mentality, so he has not learned better than to be as God made him.

There is another likeness between children and puppies. When I see an illbred brat of a child who makes me remember Herod as a Benefactor—when I see a mean or cringing or thieving or cowardly or incurably vicious dog—I realize that neither child nor dog is to blame. The fault lies with those who trained them.

I have trained both children and puppies. There is no vast difference in the general outlines of the treatment needed to make both of them credits to their upbringing or to make them scourges and nuisances. There is no magic or mystery about it. Common sense, firm gentleness, infinite patience—these are the keynotes for the training of baby or of pup. Start early enough with either, and there is no need for kick or blow.

Yet there is the point of divergence, even then. Whenever you see a worthless dog, you may be certain he has been badly reared. But I have seen well-reared children who grew into men and women so worthless that a special Act of Congress would have been needed to make them any worse. The reason is that a dog will carry through life the lessons he has learned in puppyhood. Man often forgets early training or refuses to profit by it. This is another white mark for dogs over humans.

Solomon built up a lasting repute for wisdom on a wabbly foundation of high-sounding phrases. He evolved a mass of proverbs which have a fine ring to them and which therefore are taken as true. One of them is: "*Train up a a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.*" Solomon's own children, and his brothers and half-brothers, presumably, were trained up in the way they should go. And a precious lot of scoundrels and nincompoops they were. Not one achieved fame or even a noteworthy goodness.

If the preacher had written "dog" instead of "child," his reputation for wisdom would have been far better justified and his proverb would have been waterproof instead of shot through with exceptions.

Yes, canine instinct is allowed to develop as it will. A child's natural instincts are buried beneath an avalanche of rules and foursquare facts. The dog, I think, has the better of this matter as well as of others.

III

Speaking of instinct—it carries your dog far, but not to the absurd lengths

attributed to him. For example, you have heard fifty times that a man is to be distrusted if dogs and little children dislike him; and, conversely, that you can trust anyone whom children and dogs like. That is as ridiculous as is the aged maxim about trusting a man who looks you squarely in the eye.

Dogs and children—or the other way around—like or hate people for the same reason we grownups like or hate people. Namely, for no logical reason at all, but for some occult attraction or its opposite. In my reporting days I came across criminals whose children and dogs adored them. I have seen many a blameless man who, to save his soul, could not win the affection of a baby or a dog.

Governor Baxter of Maine sent a collie to a local prison, as a cheering influence on the convicts. The dog made friends, eagerly, with some of the most hardened wretches there. There are two clergymen who come sometimes to my house—splendid and godly and manly, both of them—with whom my dogs refuse most insolently to associate.

I am glad to have exploded the old lie about a dog's infallibility in knowing good men from bad. It makes dogs seem so much more human. I recall one odd exception though—if it was an exception—to a theory of my own that dogs as a rule like only men whom other other folk like. Here is the story:

When I was a boy there was a smug little bandbox chap in my father's church whose very name (let's call him Smith) was good for a grin, from man and woman alike. Men regarded him as a sissy. Women declined to regard him at all. Dogs worshipped him. This canine affection made little Smith nervous.

"I do wish those great horrid brutes wouldn't follow me around everywhere I go!" he said to me once in falsetto peevishness. "I'm afraid of them. In fact, the only pets I really care for are my goldfish. Goldfish are so gentle and orderly. Hardly one of mine ever gets really boisterous. Dogs are rough and noisy and—and, well, terrifying!"

Smith, as my father said of him, was feminine without being effeminate. He had the smallest hands and feet I have seen on a grown man. Also, he wore rippling side-whiskers. It was said he put the whiskers in curl-papers at night. In spite of his funny sissiness there was not a dog in town that did not love him. One summer, he went to Europe, on a Cook tour. There he was burned to death, rescuing children from a flaming orphanage. He carried five babies to safety when the blaze had driven back the firemen. The roof caved in on him while he was rescuing the sixth. . . . Perhaps the dogs had known more about his character than did we snickering fellow-humans. Or perhaps not.

With all their hedge of limitations, dogs learn from us with a speed we could not hope to equal if we should be tossed down among a race of different and more highly developed creatures on some other planet.

Let me pick up my hat and coat—and every dog at Sunnybank knows at once I am going for a walk. They crowd around me and make rackety dashes for the front door. How do they know a coat and hat betoken a walk? By observation, of course. But should we read as quickly and correctly an action as reasonless to us as the donning of a coat must seem to a dog if it were performed by a Martian?

I had a collie that was allowed in the dining room only when dinner was ended and while we sat over the coffee. Presently I found that he came into the room, unsummoned, the moment the coffee was served,—never ten seconds earlier or later. I figured it out and I guessed the reason. As the coffee came in I always lighted a cigar. At sound of the match, thirty feet away in the library, the dog got up and came into the dining room.

I proved this by striking a match once while we were in the middle of dinner. In hurried the dog. He took one look at the table, then slunk out. Nor, for a week thereafter, would he

come into the dining room, match or no match, unless he was called. I had shaken his faith in his own clever reasoning. (By the way, there are twenty people who can attest to the truth of this trick of his. I used to tell guests to watch for his advent at the striking of my cigar match.)

How did he study out the subject and discover that the lighting of my cigar was synchronous with the coming in of the coffee? It was clear reasoning, not instinct, even though wise folk say a dog cannot reason. I doubt if a human could have picked up a Martian trait so quickly and infallibly.

Sometimes a human mother will risk life for her young. Sometimes, not always. (Note the police annals of innumerable deserted babies.) Almost invariably a dog-mother will take such risk. I have been able to prove, again and again, in my own Sunnybank kennels, this extreme of sacrificial mother-love among dogs. Here is a single instance, culled out of many:

Gael was a fierily temperamental little collie. Lion-brave in all else, there were two things which filled her with mortal panic. One was a hurricane and the other was a thunderstorm. At the first gust of a heavy wind she fled for the nearest shelter. Thunder and lightning drove her half-crazy with fright. It had been so all her life. When she was nearly two years old Gael had her first litter of pups. There were eight of them. One day she escorted the pudgily tottering six-weeks-old youngsters on a ramble over the lawn. There she and they cuddled down for an hour's nap in the shade of a rose-clump.

Across the lake from the north came a swirl of heavy wind, the precursor of one of the furious thunderstorms that infest our lake country. At first slap of the wind Gael was awake and on her feet. On the wings of the hurricane rushed a spectacular electric storm.

Shivering and whimpering with fright, Gael waked her pups and began to urge them in frenzy toward the refuge of their distant kennel. But it is not easy to drive or lead a litter of eight baby collies. The pups could not get the idea. Some of them wanted to go to sleep again. Others thought it was a good time to lure their pretty little mother into a romp. Frantically she nosed them along, ahead of her. But she made scant progress. Her stark excitement confused them.

Then the wind and the thunderstorm smote the unfortunates. There was ample time for Gael to flee for shelter if she were willing to desert her babies. But she saw there was no hope of making them go with her. Calling them to her she stood stock still, huddling them under her shaggy body as best she could and trying to shield them from the torrent of rain that lashed her. There she crouched, steady and motionless, her head raised to the storm. At each recurrent flare of lightning and bellow of thunder she would growl fierce defiance to the elements she dreaded and before whose onslaught she had always shown pitiful cowardice.

"*Perfect love casteth out fear!*" The text struck home to me as with two of my men I hurried to gather up the rain-soaked babies and carry them indoors. Even when we were bearing them to shelter Gael did not relax her vigilance but trotted slowly behind us, turning to snarl savage threats at the pursuing storm.

Could human mother have been braver, faced with her innate life-terrors? Would one human mother out of three have forgotten her own supposed peril in seeking to protect her young? I wonder.

IV

The incident, and others along the same line, have added to my own store of reasons for thinking dogs could teach us far more than we can teach them.

When I say dogs, I refer to the average well-trained mongrel or thoroughbred—and a mongrel is sometimes finer than a thoroughbred, in the myriad traits that

make a dog an ideal pal or guard. I do not refer to lap dogs—those excuseless excuses for caninity which childless women overfeed and underexercise. Yet, even the lap dog has his points of superiority over man.

We keep lap dogs indoors, robbing them of their right to exercise. We stuff them with foods their systems abhor, yet which they must eat or starve. We deprive them of every natural doggy right and make them thoroughly abnormal—though a dog is by nature the most gloriously normal creature on earth. Somehow, they survive it. Often they live on for many years, despite the asthma and kindred ills born of their cruel cosseting.

Yet, give man a drastic change of food and of water, deprive him of his wonted mode of life, cram him with non-digestibles foreign to his capacities, keep him in a breathless tropic atmosphere—for such a hot room is to a dog whose ancestors lived wholly in the open—maul and pamper him. What will happen? He will die from the first or the second of the immediate diseases with which outraged nature may choose to pelt him.

Again, score one for the dog's superiority over mankind. This time in hardihood and adaptability.

If you want a living simile of what such false conditions must mean to a dog, watch some newly arrived human tourist in Cuba or India—a tourist who has inaugurated his stay by a hearty repast of native dishes and of native fruits and by deep swigs of native water and who has walked briskly for an hour or two under the tropic sun.

Yet, that is the kind of thing we force on our dogs under the more or less sacred name of Kindness to Animals. We do it day after day, year after year. They live on, most of them. They must be lined with steel or copper. My hat is off to their miraculous powers.

From childhood, I have had dogs around me. For the past thirty-odd years I have made an intensive study of them. The more I learn, the more I find I have yet to learn. But it has not taken me that time, nor a tithe of that time, to discover that they are our superiors in nineteen things out of twenty. Intellect (not intelligence) and the dubious blessing of speech—in these two matters we are their betters. In a hundred others—in swerveless loyalty, in forgiveness, in foursquare honesty, in humor, in stamina, in adaptability, in conscience, in pluck, in sacrifice, in all five of the so-called "senses" (except vision) in normality, and in many another fine detail—they are immeasurably beyond us.

To an endless line of notables, from Thomas Heywood to Thomas Carlyle, has been attributed the hackneyed plaint: "The more I see of men, the better I like dogs." (When the toastmaster brings that loathly epigram into his preamble I know always by sad experience that I shall be the next victim called on to speak.) The old wheeze is as foolish as the one about distrusting men whom dogs avoid. There is no more reason why a knowledge of men should increase one's innate normal liking for dogs than that a sojourn in Southern Italy should beget a fondness for Irish folklore.

Just the same—we might learn *much* from our dogs, had we the patience and the wit to learn it. But I should be sorry to have dogs learn too much about us. For Man thus might lose his canine godhead and his staunchest chum. We remain our dogs' gods only because our dogs know no better than to choose us for that unmerited job.

TREESHY

A STORY

BY ADA JACK CARVER

THERE are many tales told of our fragrant old town, and most of them are true. There is for example an incident my mother recounts that goes back to the incomprehensible days when her turbulent children were not. It is a pretty happening as she tells it, and during its recital my mother wears the wistful, insufferable, adorable air which a woman (if she be happily married) flaunts when recalling her girlhood.

It concerns a young man from Gascony—a wayfarer and charming adventurer—whom, because his name was forgotten (although his eyes were not!) and because it suits our purpose so to do, we shall call Prometheus.

It was Springtime in Natchitoches. Now, I am well aware that Spring goes round the earth. Indeed I have been told that she is fair in England and fairer far in France. But she is born down here, in a corner of the Southland. And here she spends her precious cradle days. And when my mamma with a rapt look says, "It was a white, immaculate night in early April—" I know what she means.

And so it was Spring in Natchitoches, a season given over to the devastating business of falling in and out of love. My mamma, home from school for the Easter holidays, was but just turned seventeen and, as the saying goes, not yet on the carpet. She must have worn a bustle, I think, being a very fashionable young lady and freed for a time from the prim, watching eyes of the nuns. Her hair hung in curls and she had learned (where or from whom in truth I do not know!) how to say "I love you." Indeed, that she might not be found unprepared when the time should come, she practiced this phrase every night before her little mirror. There was once a very great actress who for the sake of her art spent forty years of her life learning to say "I love you." At the end of that time she could say it as a Southern girl says it in her teens: "I love you"—just like that.

It was an easeful and most felicitous life in Natchitoches those days. Plenty to eat and plenty to wear, and Cotton always King. It was my grandpapa, the Colonel, agreeably eccentric and most dearly beloved, who discovered Prometheus. It was, it seems, the old gentleman's custom to take a walk in the late afternoon; and on this particular day he approached the coffee-stalls in front of the courthouse at precisely fifteen minutes after four. There was usually a crowd of genial loafers, you may be sure, hanging around to hail him and accept his proffered treat. But on this particular afternoon the idlers had other fish to fry. They were crowded three deep about a young man, a stranger, who sat painting before an easel. He was painting the church, an it please you, and the mossy graves of the priests. The watchers were awed and their mouths hung open.

"But look, there is them dome—you

see? Sweet Jesus, but don't it look natchal!"

And yet in a way it didn't look natural. The fine old oaks about the church that were hung with gray Spanish moss—he was painting them *purple* and the golden domes red. And over the church his brush went splashing a careless saffron sky. "Them grave, too," the watchers said, "he paint them mustard-color, yes, when everyone know they is green . . . this time of the year." A few giggled behind their hands, but with appreciative delight at the gay effrontery of this amazingly cool young stranger. "*Mais non* . . . I don't never seen no color so pretty like that in the sky. It make goose-flesh pop out on your skin."

My grandpapa joined the watchers, who made way for him. He bore about in his body the marks of his dear Lost Cause; and he walked with a stick. It was said of him that he not only walked with this stick but talked with it. He gazed at the red cathedral domes; and suddenly with his stick he struck the brick pavement a resounding whack that made the onlookers jump.

"Well, dammit all," my grandpapa said, "there *are* times, sir, when those domes are red. And if they ain't they ought to be. As for the sky, I've seen it like that. In my youth . . . Come, young man, and go home with me."

My grandmamma Whitlock, walking in her garden as was her wont to await the return of her lord, saw them when they were yet a great way off, hobnobbing along together. She was accustomed to my grandpapa's vagaries, having lived with him nigh on forty years; but when she gazed on his guest who, in addition to his painting paraphernalia, had a fiddle slung over one shoulder — her heart (being a woman's heart) misgave her. The young man, she could see, was in rags; but he walked as if he owned the earth. And even at this distance she could feel his scorn and the charm of his Gascony eyes. She was troubled. She had in trust for the night, it seems, not only her own comely daughter (her youngest and dearest child) but two delectable, budding girl cousins. It was highly probable—so closely guarded were the precious young hearts of that day—that the eyes of these three had never beheld so dashing and handsome a lad.

Ah, well . . . forth in the grand manner my grandmamma stepped, and before her the scamp of a Gascony swept his torn hat to the ground. . . . After dinner that night (a dinner, I wager, that was fit for a king) my grandpapa and the ragged young painter sat long over wine and cigars. The intense and lovable Colonel admired extravagantly what he termed The Arts; and in his youth he had been himself a painter of sorts.

"You've got a touch of the fire, my boy," he said, scowling and knocking the floor with his stick so that above stairs my grandmamma trembled. "Some day it will light the world, sir. Stay here with me and I'll guard it. I'll help you take care of it."

My grandmamma said afterward that she knew all along he was not the kind to stay. There was, she said, a touch of madness in the sapphire blue of his eyes. But at my grandpapa's invitation these same mocking eyes that had so disturbed the little girls at dinner grew suddenly wistful—as if, my grandpapa afterward said, he felt somehow that his fire had already been quenched.

"I . . . wonder," Prometheus yawned and smiled.

It is needless to say that, although there had been no opportunity to exchange a word with him, my mother and the two girl cousins had fallen in love with Prometheus. And that night it appears they could not go to sleep. It was a Spring night touched with the delicate odor of clouds, but the moon, pinned up in the magnolia trees like

a giant pearl brooch, shone broad and full. My grandmamma had assigned their guest to the company-room across the hall; and the three little girls, leaning out of the window into the full, breathing night, could not bear to think of it. *He* was there in the house . . . just across from them. They leaned out in their nightgowns until the great milky blossoms were cool against their cheeks. The floor of Heaven was swept with the fresh perfumed clouds like a bride's veil, and from the garden beneath them clouds of perfume came from the cool beds of violets and tuberoses and the thick and urgent white hyacinths.

Suddenly, incredibly, from the direction of the orchard where the moon lay like frost on the trees, there came the sound of music—stealing, enchanting sounds that seemed to be shaken out of the very heart of the night. It was a love song—trust a Southern girl to recognize a love song when she hears it. The three blessed demosels—can you not see them?—looked at one another, and their straying hands clutched at the broad window sill. It was *he*—Prometheus, playing. They knew it with their hearts. They listened . . . and my mother says they had the most extraordinary feeling of magic, a sense of miracle taking place; of things abroad . . . oh, wings, you know. Holy things.

Their young eyes were cloudy, enraptured. Once, listening, they heard a girl laugh. They were startled—you know how a girl's laugh sounds in a blossomy, dappled orchard. They held their breaths. My mother, feeling a certain responsibility in her role of hostess, was the first, I think, to recover. "Don't be alarmed—she is merely a dryad," my mamma announced soothingly, albeit with conviction, as one who is sure of her trees.

"Yes—it's nobody really," the others agreed, disdainful, relieved.

At daybreak old Aunt Nancy, my grandmamma's cook, toiled upstairs with the morning coffee (grandmamma's Sèvres cups, of course, because of a guest in the house). It was dark in the company-room and Aunt Nancy called softly. But from the bed there came no sleepy grunt of response. She put out her old black hand, tentatively. *There was nobody in the bed.* Prometheus, it was discovered, had taken French leave. But he had left a message for my grandpapa, a little note pinned on the parlor lambrequin:

> You have been very kind, and I shall not forget. I go . . . but I am leaving a gift for your town. Something you may claim in the years to come, when you may sorely need it. It will be interesting to see what you do with it, and it—by the way—with you.

My grandpapa read this note and chuckled over the waywardness of genius. There was just a hint of mockery in it, he thought. Or was it a challenge?

The town was agog by breakfast time. What had the young stranger left? Not the picture. That had of course been thought of, but the young man must have taken it with him, for it could not be found.

My mamma and her two girl cousins, had they so desired, might have thrown some light on the subject. But the three hid their young eyes and went into a discreet and elaborate secrecy concerning what they knew of the stranger's nocturnal revels. Moreover they did this: as soon as my grandpapa, important and forbidding in his morning dressing-gown, had read the note to the family assembled—the three girls looked at one another and as if moved by a common impulse they slipped upstairs and opened the door of the company-room.

The magnificent old four-poster that had been brought from France before the war *had not been slept in.* The high feather mattress, beaten and smoothed the night before with a broomstick, was just as my grandmamma had left it;

the shining fluted shams were unwrinkled; and the pretty patched quilt lay just so. . . . The girls looked at one another, awed. "Perhaps," my mamma suggested, with a little laugh, "he was just one of those fauns or a god or something out of mythology." . . . They considered. In a little while the housemaid would come up to strip the bed and air the room. . . .

And so these three, for what reason they could not have told, fell to and rumpled the sheets and pulled down the covers and arranged the feather mattress to look as if a tired and dreamless young man had lain there all night long. Then, blushing (as well they might) they tiptoed out and closed the door; and kept their secret years and years and years. . . .

They were tempted, of course, to search the orchard that morning. But they did not. My mamma went back to school and the other girls shunned the orchard for days. They were afraid of finding something tangible in the long sweet grass—a little dropped rose, or a scented fan. And they felt that they could not have borne this. . . .

Whenever my mamma has finished this tale someone invariably asks, a little breathlessly, "And did you ever discover what the young man left for the town?"

Whereupon my mamma looks thoughtful, inscrutable. "No," says she, "we never have."

Theresa, the sewing-woman (or Treeshy, as everyone called her) was coming to us that day; and so, because of Treeshy's light-fingeredness and because there were no keys to anything, my mamma arose early and went about hiding in out-of-the-way places our stockings, our underwear, and our pretty childish jewelry.

"I hope I shan't forget where I'm putting Mary's silk hose," mamma said, stopping to laugh a little as she stuffed my cousin's long, grown-up stockings inside the grandfather clock. Then she added, anxiously, "I wonder if Treeshy will find them. I shouldn't like Mary to go home to her mother with anything missing. But I'm told she's taking silk stockings this week."

Again my mamma laughed, a young laugh that crinkled her eyes. "Imagine," she said, "silk stockings! I should think they'd be the last things poor Treeshy would fancy." But the next instant mamma looked penitent, remembering the pity of Treeshy's wooden leg; remembering also that, so far as we knew, Treeshy never used for herself the pretty things she stole.

Mamma looked out of the window, where, in a few minutes, up the long brick walk bordered with shining little pointed trees, Treeshy would come, stumping and wheeling her baby-buggy.

"What *does* she do with the things she takes?" my mamma questioned, musingly, and laughed again.

The whole place was in a stir because of Treeshy's coming. To begin with (the house as always being filled to the brim with children), the company-room upstairs, dim and forbidding with its heavy mahogany and the musky smell of its rose-jars, had been converted for the time being into a sewing-room. It was pleasant to open the door suddenly and see the flowers bright on the old French wallpaper and the pretty lace curtains blowing out like a lady's party dress. The sewing-machine had been rolled in from the hall; and arranged in neat piles on the stately bedstead with its carved French roses were yards and yards of fine domestic and thread lace and dainty embroidery. For mamma liked a little girl's underclothes to be sweetly trimmed. "It makes spanking less difficult all around," she would explain, with her laugh.

In our town, where children were as plentiful as weeds and grew as fast, Treeshy was in great demand. For she could turn out an enormous amount of work and she sewed with tenderness. I can see her now, her false front askew,

snipping the last thread on a little joyous petticoat and giving it a pat and a good-by kiss.

"There!" she would say, folding it—just so!—and putting it safely aside; "there! Not another stitch, though you do look sweet, like a morning-glory that's been turned upside down."

But we had learned this about Treeshy: you could make her do anything if there were music playing. How her fingers would fly to a nocturne, to a pretty old-fashioned waltz! Mary, I remember, played beautifully; and when during the day it came her turn with Treeshy she would slip down to the piano in the parlor and play out her heart on the yellow old keys—with the result that at night when we viewed our little finished piles, Mary's things were the prettiest—with little wreaths of Chopin and embroidered bits of Beethoven.

Another thing about Treeshy: she had for each of us a sort of trademark—so many tucks, so many ruffles, so many bands of insertion—so that one little girl's petticoats differed from every other little girl's petticoats in glory—which, when you consider that Treeshy turned out garments like a factory, was most amazing and highly gratifying to the fortunate children for whom she sewed. We all knew our brands. It was not uncommon during recess hour at school to behold on the playground a group of fastidious maidens deeply and frankly engrossed in comparing petticoats, turning up the hems of their dresses like the curled-up petals of flowers. And if, as sometimes happened, your petticoat "passed," it was no disgrace—provided it bore the stamp of Treeshy's fingers. "That's nothin'," we would say when some observant one whispered the direful message, "Treeshy made it. Let it go on and show."

There were many things in our childhood that sweetened life for us, and Treeshy was one. She was the most delightfully fantastic character in all the galaxy of our fantastic childhood loves. She was a rather large woman with big rocking breasts and the funny false curls in front that slipped dolorously to one side when Treeshy waxed merry, and stood up in startling disarray whenever she chanced to be sad. Treeshy wore (except on Sundays, when she blossomed out in appalling watered-silk) — queer, drab-looking dresses with enormous pockets in which she stored her gleanings, and which no doubt accounted for her knobby and lumpy appearance. But it was, I think, her peg-leg which made her so fascinating: like a splendid grotesque sort of female pirate. Who was it—old Peter Stuyvesant—who stumped through the pages of all our American histories? Treeshy was like that, stumping arrogantly through my childhood and wheeling her baby-buggy. I don't know whether the association with Peter Stuyvesant had anything to do with it or not, but there was actually something sort of Dutch about old Treeshy, something sturdy and reliable for all her moods and her knavery. But then there was about her something Irish too, and something Spanish and French. She was, in a town largely Spanish and French, of every land and clime and yet of none. She was engagingly and disconcertingly herself.

And what a self! She was possessed of great poise and tremendous *savoir faire*. Indeed there was a puzzling surety about old Treeshy (we thought of her as old), a provocative high-handedness as if she knew things beyond the common ken. Even her grievous and astounding thieving had about it a purposeful charm, a certain fearful directness. She would say, guilefully, "I wonder now is there a girl in this town what happens to have some red boots—size three and a half. I needs some *terrible*." And if you were the proud possessor, well might you shake in those shoes. For what Treeshy coveted she procured, though the very heavens fell.

She was a darling when she approached you with the tape measure. Snugly around your flat little chest the slick yellow lengths were drawn, and Treeshy would say, wheedling, "Be still now, honey, and let old Treeshy see how much you is grown since last fall . . . . Such a big girl . . . and a little fairy I'll sew up in your new underbody, a Irish one with pink eyes."

How still you would grow; and snap! went her thumb to mark the place, and click! went the sound of her scissors—and a fairy was yours forever. How wonderful afterwards it would be when this particular garment came out of the wash, stiff and smelling of sunshine. And how proud you would feel as you walked about with a fairy next to your skin!

The baby-buggy which the intrepid Treeshy trundled about our streets had nothing whatever to do with a baby. In fact, everyone knew that Treeshy had bought it secondhand from the Javels when they moved to New Orleans. There was about it, when I knew it, nothing to suggest a baby, for Treeshy had lined it with some heavy leathery stuff; and it served her in her shady pursuits as a sort of carryall or wheelbarrow. Take for instance the problem of a supply of winter wood. Of a crisp afternoon in early autumn when the town was splashed with a glory of yellow, and smoke curled crookedly from all the chimney tops, you might behold Treeshy—a shawl about her head—set out with her baby-buggy, quite openly and aboveboard, to make a round of the woodpiles. In these backyard visitations Treeshy was no respecter of persons, although she made it a point of honor to take only a stick or two from each pile.

"Of course," she confided to me once, "of course it's harder on me and makes me take more steps than is necessary, seein' your mamma's woodpile out there so handy-like. But I got to consider other people, to some extent."

I can see her now after an afternoon's gleaning, wheeling home her incongruous, dilapidated old vehicle, while behind her a rose-red sky was heavy with early stars. . . .

The old Javel house (where Treeshy, without so much as a by-your-leave, had taken up her abode in a rather questionable relationship with Tim, the town drunkard) was just across the street from our side kitchen door. And from my post at a window I could follow Treeshy into the house and behold her, with the help of Tim, store the wood in the wide chimney corner. And in a few minutes, flattening my nose against the pane, I could see the cheerful firelight spread about the room where Treeshy lived. (It had once been the Javel dining room and, so my grandmamma said, the scene of much lavish festivity.) And as Treeshy, with her wooden leg propped against the wall, sat there in vast content and spread her hands to the blaze, presently out of the deepening twilight they crept—the maimed, the halt, and the blind—to toast their toes at Treeshy's fire and hark to the tales she related. They came to roost, too, like so many buzzards; for the old house was full of spacious, empty rooms and there was always straw to be had for a bed. How often I, in my warm bright house full of lovely shabby things and joyous children, wished I might be one of the goodly company which assembled nightly in Treeshy's room—where the wind howled through the cracks in the wall and the windows were stuffed with old quilts!

I must now confess something that my mamma has never known: on several different occasions when the vigilant eye of our "mammy" was directed elsewhere, I ran across the street and hid in the little cubbyhole next to Treeshy's room. I simply had to know how the other half lived. They lived very well, as I learned. I can see the broken-down cobwebby chairs drawn round the fire (Tim's with a

grease spot where his head always rested); I can see the rain-stained ceiling with its fresco of fat little cupids and full-bosomed beautiful ladies; I can see Treeshy bending over a pot and stirring a savory stew that smelled like Heaven. And the things they discussed! They talked of ailments and immortality; of the devil and the Republicans; of cabbages and the President. And once near Christmastime when the tall candles were burning in the church around the little wax Christ Child, they talked reverently, with beauty, of the Babe and his Mother.

"They's *this* that I know regardin' the Virgin," I remember Treeshy saying (she was at the time engaged in scrubbing her wooden leg with soap and warm water), "she knowed things she couldn't talk on. It says: 'and them things she hid in her heart.'"

Carefully Treeshy set her leg against the wall and sank into silence. And her eyes (have I mentioned her eyes?) looked straight at me and beyond me till I trembled for fear of discovery. I have never forgotten how Treeshy looked, with something holy and muted in her face. And then suddenly, rather desperately, her bangs rushed up and Treeshy reached for a whiskey bottle and took a long swallow. And before long, as I watched frightened and fascinated, Treeshy in her chair was reeling and rocking.

I don't think my mamma or anyone suspected that Treeshy drank, although they often wondered what she did with the things she stole and the money she made as a seamstress. Some said she was saving it to buy for herself a limb—one of those terrible pink doll-shaped things. But I knew better. Once I had heard Treeshy say (and had shivered), "I wouldn't have one of those false things to heave along through life ahead of me. Something you got to put *stockings* on, same as your own flesh and blood."

The old Javel house was set flush with the pavement, a lopsided, sagging old pile when I knew it, with its lower floor French and its upper floor Spanish. The Spanish part overhung the French part and was dark and treacherous with its windows like mean little eyes. And here in the night, I had been told, the ghosts held high carnival. But the French part on the ground floor, where Treeshy presided, was gay and friendly with its fine old doorway still intact and its brick court grown up in grasses. It was said (and I have no doubt it was true) that old Major Javel came up from New Orleans once with the avowed intention of ridding his house of its disreputable inmates. But coming unexpectedly upon Treeshy—pridefully watering geraniums in the ruin of a garden—his purpose failed him; and he stopped and inquired gallantly as to her health and proposed some much-needed repairing.

On this particular day, I remember, when Treeshy came to sew, mamma left me upstairs for a bit while she went down to receive a caller. There must always be someone on guard with Treeshy, else the minute she was alone she would strap on her leg and be about on a tour of inspection, stumping (quite audibly) into cupboards and *armoires* and closets and chests and boxes. It was a sweet, sweet day and I too sat and sewed a fine seam. But presently, with distress, I observed Treeshy eying my long stockinged legs. I therefore and with precipitate haste sat down upon them.

"What size you wear, honey?" Treeshy inquired.

Her eyes were uncommonly fine. They had the liquid, melting softness of an Easter beef—if you know what I mean—which, garlanded, is being led through the streets to the slaughter. Crucified eyes. She peered with these eyes at my legs. I was wearing, I remember, my first silk stockings, being eleven now and too tall for socks. They felt dear and amazingly soft on my

thin little legs, and I loved them. They were white, and I wore a blue linen frock because, after dinner, I was going a-visiting with my Greataunt Agatha. A panic seized me.

"Treeshy!" I implored her, "please don't take these. I couldn't bear it. They cost two whole silver dollars."

Treeshy sniffed and drew herself up. She was, as I have said, spiced with French (as who of us in Natchitoches are not!) and I had a sudden fear that she'd scold me in this most proficient tongue. But with her bangs pushed up she looked merely doleful. "For shame," she reproached me; "who said I were goin' to take 'em, right off your legs that-away! And besides I can see they is much too small for my own special needs right at present. . . . Say, let's have a look, child."

"Treeshy, I couldn't bear it. I really couldn't—"

Suddenly I had an inspiration. I arose from the floor.

"Treeshy," I said, "if you promise you won't take these I'll tell you something. I have only one pair, you see, but my cousin Mary has lots of them, because she is older than me and boy-struck besides. They're stuffed in the grandfather clock."

She took two pairs, I remember.

That night at prayer-meeting old Treeshy stumped in and sat near us, her wooden leg stuck out in front of her. The minister, as was customary, I remember, changed his text when he saw her and delivered a little sermon on thieving—tactfully, of course, so as not to hurt Treeshy's feelings. But he might have spared himself for Treeshy sat unmoved through it all, her bangs askew under her hat. I remember once that mamma stuffed her handkerchief to her lips, overcome with laughter. "Why do we do it?" she whispered to papa; "every one of us—even the ministers!"

Silk stockings old Treeshy was stealing one year, and books and music the next. Had we cared enough and had we been astute enough to figure it out we should, I think, have discovered a certain significant sequence in poor old Treeshy's thieving. For there was a time, I had heard mamma say, when Treeshy stole bottles and nipples and cunning little kid shoes. And Mary could remember well when she stole the dolls from their cradles!

When I was fourteen, one day I remember a heroic Treeshy. She was in the very act of apprehending Mary's first real dancing-frock when I came upon her. She was not startled. She turned upon me with grave and speculative eyes.

"Oh, Treeshy!" I entreated her, "not Mary's new dress—" (I had always felt since my treachery that I owed Mary something.) "She adores that dress more than her life."

Treeshy gave a sort of moan. "Yes, it's that kind of dress," she said. "It's crêpe, ain't it? It feels like the petals of magnolia blooms."

Poor Treeshy was sorely tempted. Suddenly she placed the dress in my arms and covered her eyes with her hands. "Well, take it and hide it quick!" she said.

I was up and gone, fired to the heart by her tone. But I turned before I reached the door and saw her peeping through her fingers at me, her curls going this way and that. "You dropped the sash!" she called in an agonized whisper. And her fingers were itching to be at it. I turned, grabbed it, and fled. This was one of Treeshy's big moments and she was always proud of it. She used to remind me of it. "Christ!" she would say softly, with a terrible shaking reverence, "'t'were a dress just made for a girl. Pink. It actually *smelt* pink. And it felt like magnolia petals that turn brown if you so much as flick 'em."

It must have been about two years later, I think, that the old Javel house caught fire one sultry Spring night and was burned to the ground. It was in-

evitable, of course, as everyone said, for it was a place that ran to rats as well as romance, and was filled from top to bottom with rubbish. At the time, I remember, mamma and Aunt Agatha were discussing poor Treeshy's shortcomings; for only two days before, Treeshy, happening by, had walked off with mamma's amethyst pin, a pink-silk camisole of mine, and Greataunt Agatha's prayer-book. This was cheek indeed. Aunt Agatha—who was the salt of the earth, of course, but was not French and had been reared in St. Louis and was most depressingly practical—was greatly incensed.

"This town draws vagabonds," she said, "as a stagnant pool draws mosquitoes. You actually take pride in keeping tramps fat and well dressed; but it will come to no good, I assure you."

It was twilight after supper and we sat in Aunt Agatha's room where mamma, like oil on the troubled waters, soothed and cajoled. Among ourselves we might lament Treeshy's besetting iniquity, but if an outsider condemned her—and by "outsider" we meant anyone not born or reared in Natchitoches—we were up in arms to defend her. If Treeshy had taken a prayer-book, mamma said, she felt there was some urgent reason why Treeshy should have a prayer-book. My Greataunt Agatha blinked. She always wore emphatic, glittering beads; and they moved now in a bright indignation.

"I'm quite willing to concede she needs a prayer-book, as well as prayers," my aunt observed; "but a brooch, my dear, and a silk c—c—camisole—" (Aunt Agatha sputtered and stumbled over this alarming and wicked new word that had crept into people's vocabularies.) "She's a thief and a terrible woman, and I should think you'd fear for her influence on the impressionable lives of your children."

Mamma sighed and glanced at me a little anxiously. Treeshy erred, of course, mamma admitted; but she was not contaminating, because she was Treeshy. She then proceeded valiantly to explain the unexplainable: the absurd, adorable psychology of people in Natchitoches town.

Outside, the fields freshly turned from the plows sent up in the dusk a warm fragrance. The land spread out like a lady's fan. In the morning it was open and gorgeous with color and in the evening it closed . . . now open, now shut. Those were the long, waving days. . . . Life was so full and so rich, mamma said. And if Treeshy gleaned, she gave in return—pressed down and running over. Somehow, mamma explained, we felt in Natchitoches the truth of this concept: that reputation is what the world thinks of a man, and character what God *knows*.

Aunt Agatha had been listening, stiff and unyielding. I remember that she always laundered her own linen handkerchiefs and kept them pasted on the looking-glass to dry. It was the only way she ever used a mirror. There was a row of them on the looking-glass now—white, precise little squares without any trimming. "Well," my perplexed aunt observed, "you presume then to know a lot that the Almighty knows."

"Why, yes, we do." Mamma's face was thoughtful. There is a way she can look which makes you feel she is gazing straight at God. "I hadn't thought about it like that, but we do. Now, I feel that what we do for Treeshy is not done for her . . . but for something bigger and better than Treeshy, something *inside* of her. As if—" mamma floundered and threw out her hands with a laugh—"as if Treeshy's stealing were not exactly stealing, but a tithing she takes for a purpose."

Perhaps we were perverted, mamma admitted. But another thing we believed, she said, was this: that all things work together for good to them who love God. And assuredly we loved Him. The Catholics loved Him; the Episcopalians loved Him; the Jews and

the Baptists and Methodists loved Him. The children, leaping and running in the streets, praised God with their very youth. . . .

Suddenly outside the window there was a strange, deepening glow. It was, as I have said, a sultry night—moonless this time and filled with a vague unrest. I remember how as mamma finished speaking, a shutter somewhere downstairs banged in the rising wind. And the next instant black Chloe, our cook, stood in the doorway. "Praise de Lawd!" she shouted with uplifted hands. "De ole Javel house is on fire!"

I remember that mamma laughed as we scrambled downstairs, her little throaty excited laugh, and she grabbed me and pinned something around my shoulders that I discovered afterwards was the piano-cover. When we reached the street the Javel house, in a tremendous rocking blaze, was stretching its tawny fingers to the sky. I remember that somebody plucked mamma's arm and told her to look at the tramps, coming from under cover like so many blind bewildered moles.

Suddenly Tim, the half-witted old man with whom Treeshy lived, stood at our side blubbering. "The ole gal . . . she sent me to git you."

"Who? Treeshy?" mamma cried, her eyes frightened.

"She's safe, ma'am. But the ole gal . . . she's burned, just a little."

He led us to where Treeshy was lying on the soft, long grass in our orchard. She was lying there and moaning. Suddenly she half raised her body and spoke to my mamma, "Honey . . . tell 'em to go find my buggy."

The dilapidated old carriage was found a few minutes later, safely moored in our garden. It was the sort of absurd and cumbersome thing that always gets saved in fires. But Treeshy seemed strangely relieved. It was mamma who told them to bring Treeshy into our house. They brought her, the men's feet bumping on the stairs; and mamma, with that little gesture I knew and loved so well, threw open the door of the company-room.

We knew from the first, even before the doctor told us, that there was no hope for Treeshy. Her hips were burned and all down her side. And it seemed to us terrible and gruesome that her poor wooden leg was scorched and black. Treeshy, with a white, caught look in her face and her false curls mussed and disheveled, lay in the big bed with the carved French roses. . . . There were moments during the night, mamma said, when she seemed free from pain; and during these times the great bulk of her lay still and she smiled at the wallpaper with its tight little Frenchy nosegays.

It was two days later that Treeshy told us the thing she had always hidden.

My mamma took my papa out into the hall and said, "Treeshy has something on her mind. Something she wants to confess."

"Well, she would have," papa agreed, chuckling.

But mamma silenced him with one of her looks. Treeshy had been trying to tell it all morning, mamma stated; but apparently it was something that must be told with delicacy. And she was of course in such pain. . . . Oh, the moaning and crying of Treeshy's mind, and the things she said in her pain! I had slipped in and had heard her. I can see mamma's white face as she bent over Treeshy, her futile gesturing hands, and the pretty distress in her eyes.

"Run away, dear—" (this to me, imploringly. It was indeed no place for a girl). "Treeshy, what is it? We'll make it all right. Poor old Treeshy. . . . Oh, have mercy—" (This last to God.) "Help her, please God."

Perhaps this would be one of Treeshy's lucid moments. "It's the pain, ma'am," she would explain. "I can't tell nothin' right because of this hurtin'. It's all down my leg. I wishter God it was wooden, too, same as the other one.

I wishter God I was wooden, all inside of my heart."

My mamma, shuddering over Treeshy and motioning to me (I stood rooted to the spot and you could not have pried me away, although at intervals black Chloe stuck her head in and wheedled, "Fo' shame, lil' Miss, wid Miss Treeshy on her dyin'-bed and seekin' grace")—mamma, I remember, was praying . . . with something behind her soul, something as deep and as big as God. "Oh, this is terrible. Treeshy, poor darling, are you trusting Jesus to save you? And forgive you all of your sins?"

I remember mamma casting frantically about for the right verses out of the Bible; and, since Treeshy was a Catholic in a vague sort of way, wondering distractedly if there shouldn't be a priest and extreme unction and candles around in the room.

But Treeshy had no time to think of her soul. She waved her soul away as unimportant. It was somebody else's soul that seemed to concern her. Oh, whose, Treeshy?—mamma besought her.

Now and then poor old Treeshy exploded into pantomime, waving her hands and rolling her lovely eyes that had a sort of flat look now, like eyes in a picture. I am sure that the Lord's bright angels came for her again and again, and she just would not go. She was keeping them waiting. You had a feeling somehow that at the last they would bear her off, resisting to the end . . . as a child is carried kicking up to bed.

Once that morning, I remember, as I sat in the hall stiffly in a chair, my hands clenched in my lap—mamma passed with some cloths and a pitcher of water. She stopped suddenly in her tracks, stricken. "What day is this?" she asked. "I've lost all trace of time. Is it Thursday? . . . This is the day the governor comes."

She had forgotten the governor, so preoccupied were we with Treeshy's going. And now there was no turkey, no cake, no anything. She laughed a little, breathlessly, and rushed to the telephone and reminded my father to meet the governor and bring him home to luncheon. "Isn't it amazing what we do for Treeshy? It really is," mamma said, wondering.

It was a strange household that day, with terror and pain upstairs and laughter down in the parlor where papa and the governor were. I remember mamma plied back and forth from Treeshy's room to the parlor. She would be with Treeshy one minute, her eyes heavy with tears; the next she was on her way downstairs, pausing outside the parlor door to put on the smile and the graciousness due a governor's visit.

It was, I think, the whiskey at last that did it.

Treeshy had been begging for whiskey and, after lunch when the governor had left, papa came upstairs into Treeshy's room and held it ready, a dark rich gleam in a wineglass. His face was grave, as if he were sorry for Treeshy, but sorriest of all for mamma. "It will lessen her pain," he urged.

But mamma protested. "Whiskey?" Her swimming eyes looked up at him. "Oh, but think how dreadful for Treeshy to go to Heaven *drunk!*"

My papa smiled. He adored mamma when she was like this. I remember that my big French doll—which was always kept in the company-room because it was too big and too fine to play with—lay on the bed with Treeshy. It was dressed like a bride; and at intervals, as Treeshy lay there sucking at life, she would stroke the doll's yellow curls. . . . Presently mamma, unable to stand it, reached for the whiskey and held it to Treeshy's lips. And for weeks afterward I was haunted by a vision of Treeshy reeling and rocking up to the gates of Heaven. . . . I had seen her that way, you know.

She told us then, half in French and half in English. The heart-breaking part was in French: how long ago when

her poor little baby was born she herself had taken it to New Orleans to a beautiful Catholic school . . . and had kept her there. She had been sly about sending the things she stole. Often, Treeshy said, she would go to some neighboring town to despatch the boxes.

It was all bewildering and piteous and terrible. Mamma sat breathless and listened, her heart already reaching out to Treeshy's daughter. (She must be about Mary's age, mamma was thinking.) Once she whispered to papa, "Isn't it odd? I somehow felt it was something like this." And then to me, her child, to whom she had taught the unimpeachable "beauty of conduct"—"It's sad, darling. It's awful. And you must pray for Treeshy . . . but it's wonderful, too."

Mamma's hands fluttered over Treeshy like white butterflies. There was so much to be seen to, and so little time. "Treeshy, would you . . . would you like to say who her father is, darling . . . so we can—"

Mamma stopped, uncertain how to proceed in such matters. And papa smiled. I remember how Treeshy, lying there, looked up at mamma, a strange look as if already her eyes beheld the other world.

"It don't matter 'bout *him* any more," she said; and her voice had a little singing place in it. "Nor me, neither. I've even forgot how he look, sort of. But she . . . she's different. I always knew she was different. She's made out of magic. I went down to the city and heard her once . . . heard her play. But I knew from the first she was different—"

Mamma, with Treeshy's hand in hers, whispered to papa to go down and send a telegram to this girl who was Treeshy's daughter. And when he had gone she sat wondering if this were a Mortal Sin—this thing that Treeshy had done so long ago—and what should be done about it in case it were.

"Run quick," she whispered to me, "and tell him to bring the priest!"

And so old Treeshy lay dying; and out in the garden the sweet peas were in bloom, the pretty sudden things in their gay little bonnets. But inside there was the choking smell of medicine and the priest in his somber robes absolving Treeshy . . . and the doctor going softly down the stairs. And yet with all its sadness it was a sort of comic death, like the bustle and confusion that attends getting a child off on a trip. For Treeshy at the last, having given into our keeping this child of her heart, was eager to go.

The next thing that happened was when I heard mamma telling Aunt Agatha something strange in the parlor. "It's rather — astonishing," mamma said (almost she had said wonderful). "That girl in New Orleans—you know that young violinist the papers have been so full of? Well, she is Treeshy's daughter."

Aunt Agatha was startled at the shock of it. "But that girl—she is *great*," my aunt protested.

"This will make her greater," mamma said.

I remember another incident of that long quiet twilight when Treeshy lay dead. Black Aunt Chloe intercepted mamma downstairs in the lower hall. Her old face was working with some strange emotion. "Hit's Miss Treeshy's baby-buggy, missis. Ole Tim told me to tell you. Hit . . . hit's oozin' all under de linin'."

Mamma had a haggard frantic little look. "Well, tell him to go out and burn it," she said. "I'm not surprised. That old house must have been reeking with vermin."

But Aunt Chloe had sunk to the stairs and sat rocking her fat old body, her head in her hands. She was laughing. "No'm. Hit . . . hit ain't what you think—hit ain't no *bedbugs*, missis. Hit's greenbacks, honey . . . hit's money what she lef' fo' her chile."

When I saw Treeshy next morning (it was just before train time when her child was expected) she lay in a blanket of flowers. There was the cool flesh of magnolia blossoms against her cheek. She looked horribly respectable, not like herself. Her eyes were closed and her false curls smooth and glistening, as she had abhorred them in life. . . . It was a beautiful, still morning. And then outside under the quiet trees there sounded the whir of a motor.

I was at a window to see the priest escort her up the walk between the little pointed trees. . . . I had once heard mamma say that one of the loveliest things in all the world is a girl with dignity. And now I knew what she meant. She was years older than I was—Treeshy's daughter—and she was silky-skinned and beautiful. She had the smiling eyes and the praying hands of a young, young nun; and we saw (and were glad) that she wore my mamma's amethyst pin and carried Aunt Agatha's prayer-book.

We took Treeshy's daughter into the parlor and exhibited Treeshy with pride.

"Here is your mother, dear," my mamma said, gently. And it was as if she had whispered, "This white calm woman is the one who has made you."

In a week the old town settled down again, having taken Treeshy's daughter to its heart. She is a very famous woman now; for as Treeshy said, she was made out of magic and there is about her the white immaculate beauty of magnolia blooms in the moonlight.

Not long ago she wrote to me from Paris. She goes to and fro in the Earth, you see, and up and down in it—her music helping the world forget its ancient woes. She told me this in her letter:

I was browsing around in an old studio about a month ago, and I ran across some really lovely paintings—the work of an old man, it seems, who died here a pauper and crazed. It is most extraordinary, for one of these canvases is a painting of our little cathedral at home, and they both bear the name of "Natchitoches" down in one corner.

When the canvases came—for she sent them to me—I unpacked them alone in my room. One is, as she said, the cathedral with red domes and big purple oak trees and the mossy graves of the priests. And the other is a painting of Treeshy as she must have looked as a girl. There is no mistaking it, even if there were not that ultimate peg-leg of hers. It is an astounding, audacious picture: the portrait of a fullblown young woman with a grotesque wooden leg; she is sitting in the crotch of a blossomy tree and there is a touch of the moon in her soft brooding eyes.

Now in this tale I am not condemning Treeshy, or her poor misguided Prometheus, for ever and ever enchained. I am merely narrating a story, just as it happened. But I am in a quandary: what shall I do with these exquisite things . . . these paintings that go back through the long, long years? If I reveal them, they will know—my naïve fellow-townsmen. And then *she* will know. And this would be rather a pity. . . .

But in the meantime mamma, adorably, is telling her pretty story—"It was a white, immaculate night in early April—"

And when she has finished someone asks, a little breathlessly, "And did you ever discover what the young man left for the town?"

Whereupon mamma looks wistful. "No," says she, and her voice falters just a little. "We never, never have."

THE LADIES' NEXT STEP

THE CASE FOR THE EQUAL RIGHTS AMENDMENT

BY EDNA KENTON

LAST January Governor Miriam A. Ferguson was inaugurated first woman governor of Texas—inaugurated with pomp and dignity.

But the stately January ceremony was preceded by a December one, so humble, so devoid of dignity and pomp as to have passed ignored. It was nevertheless necessary. For the numerical condition of the Governor-elect of Texas was in doubt. Mrs. James Ferguson, as a single individual, responsible and capable, could vote, could be nominated, could be elected Governor. She could do a few other things on her own responsibility. Otherwise, her numerical status was that of every woman married and living in Texas—a sort of living shadow of—not herself, but her husband—and, like a shadow, incapable of contracting or otherwise acting on her own responsibility. She was Governor-elect, First Citizen-elect of the Lone Star Commonwealth. But, prior to all this, she was a married woman living under the laws of the Lone Star State.

So, three weeks before her inauguration, Miriam Ferguson, wife of James Ferguson, having first obtained the necessary consent of her husband to her action, presented herself as a suppliant before the District court of Bell county, Texas, petitioning for the removal of all legal disqualifications in making contracts that might arise from her status as a married woman, in order that no contract or document she might make while Governor could be attacked as invalid because of the legal disqualifications imposed on married women in Texas. Before she could carry on as Governor, two "consents" were necessary: her husband's and a Texas court's. As a man or as a spinster she could have walked into her high office on her own feet. As a married woman she went in on two beneficent legal crutches.

It is the gayest law of life that there is always something left to fight for, particularly when—to gain a single point—everything else is renounced for the moment. The Nineteenth Amendment gave women, as a matter of legal fact, just one thing—the power to vote. It relieved them of not one of the other disabilities whose removal they have been more or less feebly requesting since 1848, when the whole matter of "equal rights" was first clearly formulated in a series of direct demands. That was more than three-quarters of a century ago and, although the face of the world has changed incredibly since 1848, its courts of justice have not kept pace. When Mrs. Ferguson filed that grotesquely mediæval petition before the District court of Bell county she brought the old Adam and the new Eve face to face, staring mutely at each other across the miry gulf of Common Law.

The political teaparty of 1920, when the Nineteenth Amendment was passed and the old war hatchet presumably buried, was suave and gay. But the political teapot poured very weak tea. The smiling hosts who had settled everything never mentioned it, however, and the smiling ladies who had renounced—

for a time—all else for the vote quaffed it down with perfect dignity. Then they retired, to rest a while, to vote a little, and to deliberate a great deal. The League of Women Voters busied itself with presenting various bills to various state legislatures, calling for the removal of certain laws "discriminating against women." Some of these passed, many did not. The National Woman's Party did a little of this, but its own particular task, begun in 1921 under the direction of Burnita Shelton Matthews of Washington, D. C., was to make a prolonged, painstaking, thorough survey of the laws of all the States, to find out exactly what woman's standing actually is in the law courts of a free democracy. These women found out. They reread the Nineteenth Amendment, and then, coolly, and with the sureness that comes from having studied the documented whole of a case, they wrote another.

The ladies have taken the next step. On December 2, 1923, the National Woman's Party appeared in Washington before the Judiciary committees of both houses bringing their new amendment (proposed) with them—a simple little matter of eighteen words, only three of them more than one-syllable words. "Men and women shall have equal rights throughout the United States and every place subject to its jurisdiction."

II

"No more wear and tear with incoming and outgoing state legislatures, with postponements and repeals," they say. "No more attempts to modernize by specific legislation the Common Law for modern women. It has been the great legal puzzle, and we've solved it—it isn't one; for it won't add up. It's like trying to tell fortunes with an imperfect pack of cards—nonsense from beginning to end. Woman's 'number' to-day before the law defies mathematics and common sense. When is she 'one'? When is she one of two? When is she zero added to one and making one—the husband? No woman knows or can know, or often her lawyer either. We'll pick no more bits out of the puzzle and go on trying to work it. If women can vote, they are individuals, single or married. Put eighteen clear words into the Constitution and settle the matter for all time. What the laws happen to be to-day we don't particularly care. What does concern us is that, whatever they are, they shall apply equally to every adult human being, man or woman, married or single. Where a law now predominately favors men, let women share in that favoritism. Where a law predominately favors women, let that favor be extended to men."

Or it may be that a law predominately favoring one of the sexes will, in the light of "equal rights," suffer painless death by the simple process of being reduced to the lowest level of absurdity. Husbands and wives who are citizens of Maryland or Rhode Island should read certain statutes of their states and reflect upon them. Under the old Common Law in Great Britain, English husbands used to swing from the gallows for murders committed by their wives; and, since murder seems still a crime that should bear with it a certain amount of punishment, the married women of Maryland and Rhode Island will have to surrender a fine old exemption from "responsibility" if the Equal Rights Amendment passes. For it is still assumed in Maryland—and to a lesser degree in Rhode Island—that a wife is not responsible for a felony (other than treason or homicide) committed in the presence of her husband. Being "under the dominion of her husband" and in subjection to him, she acts "under his coercion and consequently without guilty intent."

Maryland is also one of the states which says, in most matters relating to the custody of children, that a mother, "as such, is entitled to no power, only to reverence and respect." It is also one of the few remaining states where it is possible to-day for a father to will

away, or "bequeathe," a child, born or unborn, from the mother. Up to 1910 this was permitted in Delaware, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, and Virginia as well—a patriarchal practice that went back to the time of Charles the Second, to the customs and manners of 1660. It can be seen that there will have to be a tolerably large amount of sharing on both sides, when equal rights begin to work their way through the Maryland statutes. Maryland women who are "bad" will have either to surrender their immunity from crimes committed in their husbands' presence or shoulder responsibility for the crimes husbands may commit in their presence. Maryland women who are "good" will be compelled to divide their legal quota of "reverence and respect" with the paternal parent—in return for an equal share in the paternal "power."

III

Laws, as laws, lack human interest. It doesn't mean much to point out that almost every married woman in the United States to-day is still liable to any number of astonishing checks on her individual, altogether reasonable, acts as a free citizen with a vote, when those acts and she herself, as an economic unit, come into conflict with the old doctrine of "coverture." It doesn't mean much merely to prove legally that there is not a state in the Union where men and women live under equal protection of the laws; that in every state the husband practically owns—that is the exact legal word—the services of his wife in the home and either owns or controls her services outside it; that in a number of the states the father is still the sole natural guardian of minor children; that in the twentieth century and in two of these states he can still control their custody from the grave.

But laws, shown working in the particular case, can be gilded with interest. Let us consider the general law of paternal power and, opposed to it, the widely separated cases of Mrs. Naromore of Coldbrook, Mass., and Mrs. Tillman of South Carolina. These two women had nothing at all in common except that they were wives, mothers, and citizens of two states where the common law prevailed. They had, that is, no power. And yet Mrs. Naromore's case, duly considered after she herself had judged it, passed the Equal Guardianship law of Massachusetts. Mrs. Tillman's case, fought out before a court literally trapped between two trends—trend forward of the twentieth century and trend backward of the Common Law—changed the statutes not only of her state but of others.

For, in 1910, young Mr. Tillman, son of United States Senator Tillman, executed a deed which was absolutely legal in South Carolina. He might, by law, by deed executed in his lifetime or by last will and testament, "from time to time and in such manner as he may see fit," dispose of the custody of any legitimate child under twenty-one and unmarried, whether born at the time of death or afterwards. He, therefore, at war with his wife and without her consent—that being unnecessary—made a deed in which he gave his children (by common law children are his, not theirs, and never hers) to Senator Tillman; transferred them by sole power of the father from their parents to their paternal grandparents.

Then followed the famous case of Tillman vs. Tillman. Mrs. Tillman went into court, praying that her children be restored to her. The law was read by her husband's lawyers, and she had no refuting law to read in reply. She could only say that she had borne these children, that they were hers also, and that she wanted them back.

The Supreme Court of South Carolina decided the case. Mr. Tillman had the law—all of it—on his side; but Mrs. Tillman had public opinion—a voice mightier than the law—on hers, and before the case came to trial the united public opinion of a nation had destroyed

the power of an antiquated state statute. The Supreme Court threw the state law aside and searched through law books until they found another. They found it in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of The United States written in for the protection of an enslaved race; an Amendment which, among other things, insures to any person within any State the "equal protection of the laws." That, said the Court, disposed of the Tillman case. The Fourteenth Amendment superseded the state law, and the state law, therefore, would not be enforced. The Tillman children were to be returned to their mother.

Mrs. Naromore, of Coldbrook, Massachusetts, had no family or wealth or any prestige back of her case. She had nothing in the world but a shiftless husband and six children for whom she toiled tirelessly without ever "getting ahead." For Mr. Naromore was what Mrs. Tillman's colored Carolinian servants would have briefly termed "white trash." But he was a man and the father of six and so, by the laws of his state, sole arbiter of his family's destinies. Mr. Naromore saw no future for eight together; for one alone life might offer better chances. So, as the only natural guardian of his children, he proceeded to deal out their fates. Five were to go to strangers; the sixth, with its mother, to the poorhouse.

If Mrs. Naromore had talked with a lawyer he might have given her a little hope—the courts might have held that Mr. Naromore, as guardian with full powers to dispose, was slightly "unfit." But she did not take her story to a court; she took an ax instead and with it seven lives, her children's and her own. After that Massachusetts passed an Equal Guardianship law. There are a few discriminations against mothers in it still: mothers' rights in Massachusetts aren't yet "equal." But where the Naromore type of father is concerned she shares rights of custody to-day.

"Keeping boarders" in the United States seems hardly a matter that could come under the eye and voice of a law dating back to the Dark Ages. But let us look into the matter of keeping boarders as it concerns women—and it concerns mostly women. Time and again boarders' cases come before the courts of the States—not because the boarders don't pay, but precisely because they do pay—to the husband.

For, generally speaking, in most states the husband is entitled to collect from them for services performed by the wife. These are "services in the home," and, said an Alabama court ". . . such services would include attendance upon visiting guests as well as boarders in the household, and to all such services the husband is entitled." The Michigan courts say the same thing: money earned from the boarders belongs to the husband unless he makes the wife a gift of it—she hasn't earned it. Gifts, incidentally, from a husband to a wife, are not "legal" in many states; are often, by the most lenient court construction, "misdemeanors." Since, under Common Law, the wife's legal existence is merged in that of the husband, he cannot steal from her, or contract with her, or give unto her; for, by the magnificent logic of that law, one cannot steal from, or contract with, or give to oneself. An agreement by a Michigan consort to pay his wife two hundred and fifty dollars a year for her services as housekeeper reached the Michigan courts and was declared invalid. Said the Court: "The promise to pay for services which the very existence of the relation made it her duty to perform was without consideration." And a Mississippi Court has held that a promissory note—a thing sacrosanct in all law—made and given by a husband to a wife before marriage becomes a nullity on marriage and is not revived upon the death of either.

A husband owns his wife's services in the home; he owns them also in his shop or place of business. There are the interesting cases of the Rogatskys and the Roots in Michigan.

Richard Rogatsky owned a bakery in which his wife Matilda worked as a clerk for more than twenty years, keeping her house—his house—in addition. If Richard had paid a clerk fifteen dollars a week for twenty years, he would have paid out for services more than fifteen thousand dollars. But he paid nothing to anyone. He did, however, promise Matilda, in consideration of loyal service, to convey certain properties to her and, the day before he died, he did this. Then his creditors came in, and the Court set aside the conveyance; her services would not furnish a consideration for it, at least not as against the creditors' claims. "The services which she rendered were those of a clerk in a bakery waiting on customers, and they were rendered for and belonged to the husband."

The Roots had a sheet-music shop in Ann Arbor—not as partners, since that is illegal in Michigan. To be exact, Mr. Root had the shop and his wife's services in it. Domestic clouds gathered and, after a time, a legal separation was effected; whereupon Mrs. Root opened a sheet-music shop of her own, and entirely at her own risk, as later history was to record. For she was still a wife, legally separated from her husband, to be sure, but with a husband still "owning her services"; and she was, furthermore, a wife in business without her husband's consent. For this matter of "services" owed by a wife to a husband is a far-reaching one. Always the husband owns them in the home, in two states he owns them outside the home as well, and in almost every state he has this lien on them, that, before she can share them with herself for her own benefit, he must "consent."

Mrs. Root, however, opened her sheet-music shop without asking Mr. Root's permission. Whereupon Mr. Root petitioned the Courts to restrain his wife from "competing" with him, and he obtained two decisions on his case. The Lower Court, in denying his plea, said: "One does not often witness a more puerile and cowardly act on the part of a husband toward a wife than this attempt at coercion." But the Higher Court, reversing this decision and putting Mrs. Root out of business, decided that by law the husband was entitled to the services and society of his wife; that with his consent she can conduct a business of her own; that no Court affirmed this right as hers when her husband withholds his consent; that, since husband and wife cannot be partners in business ("commercial partnership would destroy connubial bliss") it is illegal for them to be competitors.

If a single woman, owning her own services, as single women do, is seriously injured in an accident she can sue and collect for "pain and suffering" and for loss of services. What happens when a married woman is injured and sues?

In Pennsylvania a florist's wife, working with her husband in his shop, was injured in a railroad accident. Both brought suit. The wife recovered $5000 for "pain and suffering"; the husband collected $10,000 for "loss of her services to his business." "Her" services have an astonishing value—decisions in damage suits show this frequently—but unless she is single or divorced, the compensation for the loss of services does not go to her. For just as easily as Mr. Root of Michigan reached across the minor gulf of separation to close his wife's "competitive" shop, a deserting husband of Washington bridged two years of abandonment and made himself a party to a suit for damages his deserted wife had brought. She was suing for injury—an amputated leg—and perpanent loss of services, and she was suing for $10,000. In one brief hour her husband settled out of court for $350 and again departed. She had no redress; she had been deserted, but she had not divorced him, and he still held a husband's lien on her services. "For," said an Alabama court in such a case, "the right of a husband to recover for injuries to the wife is analogous with the right of a parent to recover for injuries

to a child. . . . Both are founded on the basic idea, as it were, of a right to possession and services of the wife or child."

At least, one would think, the husband cannot recover for a wife's "pain and suffering." That is her very own, and is she not always entitled to compensation for that, even under Common Law? Not always. The apotheosis of a husband's "right to possession" comes when he can sue and collect for an anguish not his own. In Duval county, Florida, a child was thrown from a train and killed. The father filed suit for damages on three counts: the loss of the child's services, which he owned; his mental pain and suffering on account of the child's death; the mother's mental suffering and pain on account of the child's death. The railroad company fought this last count, but the Court ruled that the father was empowered to recover for his wife's anguish as if it were his own. Damages on all counts were made payable to the father and to the father only.

IV

Where does a married woman—now a voting woman—live? Not actually, but in the fiction of the law? Where does she live for voting and holding office, for taxation, for divorce, or for any other cause? The Common Law again obliges, in no uncertain terms. She lives where her husband lives, whether she does or doesn't. "This results from the general principle that a person who is under the power and authority of another possesses no right to choose a legal domicile."

One state at least has settled this old myth regarding a married woman's domicile. Before Wisconsin passed its Equal Rights Amendment in 1921, a Wisconsin husband might, for business reasons, establish his voting residence in, say, a Montana mining town, while actually living most of the year with his family in Madison. His wife might never have entered the State of Montana, but there none the less she "lived" and there she must vote, if she voted at all. After 1921 Common Law was superseded in Wisconsin by common sense. A Wisconsin husband may still have his voting residence in Montana and live with his wife in Madison. But the question of where she lives is no longer decided by her husband's business affairs. She lives where she lives, and she votes, unquestioned, from that address.

There are a few cheerful signs that men have felt the burden of their imposed responsibilities too onerous and are slowly agreeing with women that times have changed and that a few laws should change with the times. In Iowa, Wisconsin, Georgia, and several other states we may find husbands here and there suing for, and adjudged entitled to, certain forms of alimony. Up in North Dakota Claus Hagert, destitute, infirm, and at outs with his wife, sued not long since for separate maintenance. He won his case. Mrs. Hagert had an annual income of three thousand dollars, and the Supreme Court of the State decided that an infirm and penniless husband had the legal right to compel a propertied wife to support him.

They are sharing jury duty, too, in half the states, with women. Seventy-odd years ago this was seriously suggested during some long-vanished "crime wave," not to be sure, as a right of woman, but as a cruel, unusual, aggravated and possibly deterrent form of punishment for criminals. "The absurdity and degradation of a trial before a female jury, to be followed by a punishment such as to cover the offender with added ridicule, would not be without its effect." This was argued during the days when the recalcitrant women of 1848 were giving the world a new shudder with their demands for Equal Rights. New shudders are rare to-day. And enough has already happened in the courts of this land to make the proposed Equal Rights Amendment seem no more than the direct step towards

making all voting citizens equal before the law. The direct step may be a debatable one, but to-day it is not a shocking one.

It will not pass too easily into the Constitution, but time—three-quarters of a century of a world with women in it—has changed the *temper* of a nation's mind toward a demand that in 1848 started the whole organized woman movement. If anyone doubts this, let him no more than compare the current editorial comment on this question with the editorial comment of yesterday: some of the old epithets used then of the women who signed that early document are unprintable to-day. To-day epithets are not applied; adverse comment concerns itself chiefly with the question—and it is worthy of consideration—as to what Equal Rights will do to woman's privileges; and it is highly interesting to note in this connection that there is slight concern with her old "privileges"—separate maintenance, alimony, breach-of-promise suits, and so on—but that the gravest concern centers about her new privileges—the hard-won special legislation already enacted in many states for the benefit of mothers and of women workers.

Will not, for instance, women wage earners who now have the benefit of the statutory eight-hour day, rest at night, and one day's rest in seven lose these advantages? The women who have worked for years to obtain laws to protect the health of wage-earning women are convinced that the Amendment would wipe out, or at least expose to the great risk of nullification, all this legislation.

What will happen to the minimum wage law for women, one of the urgently advocated safeguards against the disadvantages they everywhere tend to suffer in competing with men, i.e., longer hours and lower wages?

Will the Amendment destroy the Sheppard-Towner Act signed by President Harding in 1921, under the title, "For the Promotion of the Welfare and Hygiene of Maternity and Infancy"? This law, say the objectors to the Amendment, creates an inequality in favor of women—no identical appropriation for fathers being thinkable, since maternity does not apply alike to both sexes. Certainly the laws providing for widows' pensions are clearly discriminations in favor of women. Shall widowers have pensions—or shall widowed mothers be deprived of them?

Some legislation has already been enacted in favor of women workers during pregnancy, their industrial overwork during this period having been recognized as a great contributing factor to the shocking death-rate of women in childbirth. What will happen to this form of legislation under Equal Rights?

Many other questions concern marriage and maternity. Will illegitimate children have the name of both father and mother; will they inherit from both as legitimate children do; or will they be nameless and disinherited? What will be the penalties for seduction and rape under an Equal Rights Amendment, or will there be none? Will husbands continue to support their wives? Can deserting husbands be brought back and compelled to support wife and children? May not mothers be compelled to work for the maintenance of children as the fathers must do? What will be the effect upon the age for marriage—will girls remain minors to the twenty-first birthday, or will boys become of age at eighteen?

The reply of The Woman's Party in general to all of these questions and whatever others are asked is, first of all, this: "We are striving to remove every artificial handicap placed upon women by law and by custom. . . . The amendment would at one stroke compel both federal and state governments to observe the principle of Equal Rights. It would override all existing legislation which denies women Equal Rights with men, and it would render invalid every future attempt to interfere with these rights. It would establish the principle of Equal

Rights permanently in our country, so far as anything can be established permanently by law. This principle is so important that it should be written into the framework of our national government as one of the principles upon which our government is founded—not left to the states for favorable or unfavorable action, or for complete neglect."

Regarding the existing labor legislation, they affirm that the Equal Rights Amendment would not affect it, except to establish the principle that industrial legislation should apply to all workers, both men and women, in any given occupation, and not to women workers alone. They point to Oregon, where there is a ten-hour law for both men and women employed in mills, factories, and manufacturing establishments; and to Florida, which requires seats for both men and women employees in stores. These identities of working conditions, they say, can easily spread, if men are alert to take advantage, for their own sake, of some of women's existing legal "privileges." Health legislation for women can determine health conditions for men.

On the matter of "rest-at-night" legislation for women they are equally clear. What began, they say, as a safeguard against overwork and for so-called morality is fast becoming an instrument for closing many occupations to women. They point to Ohio, which passed a drastic law in 1919, closing almost a score of occupations to women workers that they had successfully filled during the war. If a legislature may exclude women from night work on the score of health, it may exclude her from many forms of day work—on the score of health. In Ohio a woman may not handle freight or be employed in any task "requiring frequent and repeated lifting of weights over twenty-five pounds." But neither may she be a bell hop or a taxi driver, nor a gas or electric-meter reader, occupations which are not onerous. This tendency, The Woman's Party feels, should, and can, be checked by an Equal Rights Amendment. They are asking no more and no less than economic equality for men and women. That laws protecting both men and women against overwork, disease, low wages, and the like are needed to-day and will come to-morrow, they have no doubt. But their immediate concern is with establishing a principle on which to legislate.

As to the minimum wage legislation, they take no stand except upon their well-recognized principle that wage legislation, if enacted, should be upon a non-sex basis; that there is no more reason for a minimum wage law applying to women only than for a minimum wage law applying to one particular race or creed. They quote with approval the United States Supreme Court which, in discussing this law for women in the District of Columbia, said in 1923: "We cannot accept the doctrine that women of mature age, *sui juris*, require or may be subjected to restrictions upon their liberty of contract which could not lawfully be imposed in the case of men under similar circumstances. To do so would be to ignore all the implications to be drawn from the present-day trend of legislation, as well as that of common thought and usage, by which woman is accorded emancipation, from the old doctrine that she must be given special protection or be subjected to special restraint in her contractual and civil relationship."

With regard to the Sheppard-Towner Act—which provides Federal co-operation with the States in promoting the welfare of maternity and infancy—the mother's pension acts and legislation of any sort whatever concerning expectant mothers, the Woman's Party points out: first, that all these laws are, in their essence, for the benefit of the child; second, that a child has two parents, either one of which may be, at certain times, in need of aid for the child. It points to Colorado as an existing example of easy solution for confusions arising from an Equal Rights Amend-

ment superimposed on these laws. Colorado grants a pension—that "unthinkable identical appropriation"—to any parent, father or mother, who is unable from poverty to support the child.

On all the moot questions and laws relating to illegitimacy they suggest first establishing a principle—equal rights—and then working in all future legislation from that principle. In every state the unmarried mother has rights of custody, control, and maintenance that no married mother has over her children. In one case she has too much responsibility; in the other too little. They call both of these states of being before the law discriminations against women. As for penalties for seduction and rape under an Equal Rights Amendment, it is claimed that such an amendment would not endanger such penalties; it would merely establish the principle that they shall apply to the person committing the offense, regardless of whether the person is a man or a woman. Colorado is again cited as an example of a state which already provides a penalty for both men and women who commit rape.

On the question of the husband's support of the wife, of a deserting husband's being compelled to support wife and children, of a mother's being forced to work for maintenance of children as fathers do, one hardly needs to refer to The Woman's Party for an answer. A little clear thinking, in the light of the long list of damage suits brought and won by husbands for "loss of services" of a wife through injury, will supply the answer. If that is not enough, a cool, mental, unsentimental comparison of parallel household budgets will help; the first, the modest outlay where the wife and mother is also cook, nurse, housekeeper, gardener, laundress, and housemaid—and sometimes unpaid clerk in her husband's shop as well; the second, the other budget, where all of these services are set down in terms of money paid for work done. No confusion need exist as to a wife's "support" of her husband or her children when she is once recognized for what she is, an economic unit in a family; when her services in the home are conceded to be just as valuable while she is performing them as they seem to be after she is incapacitated by some harsh accident.

Three or four generations of women worked seventy-five years by the indirect way for suffrage. Specific legislation through state legislatures is the indirect ways to remove laws discriminating against women. But no amount of specific legislation can ever take care of the hidden, unsuspected myriad arms of the Common Law as they reach slowly out after some particular, unprovided for instance. It is not without the logic born of experience, this direct attempt to write into the Constitution a principle that kills at one stroke the Common Law as it affects the married woman.

For, as things stand now, with the old cramped bottle asked to hold new and ever newer wine, with the ancient garment patched and repatched instead of being thrown away, with the miry swamp not filled tidily in but merely dotted with makeshift paving stones (if the metaphor is mixed it is at least not as mixed as women's laws), anything can happen.

Texas, for instance, is not Wisconsin, where a woman's political status is determined by her own, not her husband's, address. If to-morrow Governor Ferguson's husband should decide to move to New York City, the Lone Star State would suffer the crucial ignominy of finding itself governed, not by a Texan, but by a citizen of the Empire State. Or would it? No man knows, nor any Court. This much is sure, that, without some broad enabling act which can be depended upon to take care of the modern event before the act as well as after, and thus remove woman forever from the often flaccid but ever ready grasp of Common Law, her mythical disabilities can descend upon a woman ruler of a sovereign commonwealth in ways astonishing, disconcerting, alarming, and grotesque.

THE CANDLE OF ASTRONOMY

WHICH LIGHTED US OUT OF THE GREAT DARK

BY HENSHAW WARD

AN astronomer thinks we are a queer lot because we thrill at the picture of "stout Cortez" discovering an ocean some centuries ago, while we are languidly indifferent to the discovery of new universes in our own day. To an astronomer we must seem like clams: very much excited at the conquest of a pebble that impedes us, but calmly heedless of an earthquake that has let in sunshine upon our shells.

Some time it is going to occur to a poet that the feats of Prometheus and Pocahontas are mere bits of tinsel in the panorama of liberating the soul. Through all its history our mind has been a slave to terrifying fancies about its home. It always had to grovel in its dread of the Great Dark that surrounds it—until astronomy lighted a candle.

The poet will see his theme as a flickering of scientific curiosity, very faint and blown by all the winds of illusion, in the murky darkness of the mind. His first glimpse of it will be about six thousand years ago in the valley of the Euphrates. To be sure, all the early watchers of the skies were ignorant of what they were about, and the knowledge gained by fifty centuries of the efforts of the best intellects would not be sufficient for a nursery rhyme to-day. In their myths and guesses there was no more than the spark that could light the candle of science.

The dramatic heart of the poet's theme will be the learning of the *regularity* of the stars' and planets' motions. Thus he will be a greater innovator than any the muses have supplied since Homer set a standard. In this way of stating the plain fact there is no playful paradox. Indeed, we shall never sense the reality until we conceive it as an exultant song about the first realization that the heavens are not capricious, not peopled by malicious powers. For all the happenings of our lives on earth appear so wanton that we might not yet have learned about invariable natural law if the stars had not given us the clue.

II

For thirty centuries before the time of Christ the Chaldeans and Greeks had reasoned about the regular cycles in the heavens and had concluded that our earth might be only a globe in space, like other globes that swing there, invisibly suspended. A Greek had guessed that the stars might be at infinite distances. Mankind had begun to peer beyond its confines and to see the light of day, the light of mental freedom.

But astronomy was almost snuffed out by a monstrous Logic that crept upon our senses like so much carbon dioxide in a cellar. This Logic of theology argued that all our powers of eyesight were false, that knowledge of what surrounds us must come from the visions of men's brains.

So the world remained a flat square, under which were fiery caverns, over which was a crystalline floor of stupendous weight and solidity. The stars became little lights, managed by angels,

as if they were so many lamps in a ceiling. All spaciousness vanished. The outdoors became a vile heresy. Men once more cowered in the terrors of the dark and felt the satanic wings of the monsters of evil.

You may, without much stretch of the imagination, feel the darkness thickening upon the intellect as you read in any sketch of astronomy something of this sort: "The study of the heavens became confined to Alexandria by 400, A.D. and the last glimmer of this was extinguished in 641, not to be lighted again for a hundred and fifty years, and then at the place of its origin."

During the eight centuries from Haroun-al-Rashid to Milton the light of astronomy was of no more use in the world than a will-o-the-wisp in a tomb. Only a handful of speculative men in each generation knew that such a phosphorescent shimmer existed, and they did no more than to bend over it suspiciously and whisper about it, fearful that they would be made outcasts if their curiosity was known.

Practically the whole learned world during those centuries agreed that our earth was the center of the universe and that about it revolved ten spherical shells of transparent crystal, bearing the heavenly bodies. If you smile at this invention of Ptolemy's, you are not prepared to understand the story of liberation that I am going to sketch. Ptolemy was a more powerful observer and reasoner than most modern astronomers, as they would be the first to insist. He examined with complete candor and acumen the question "Do the stars revolve around us?" And there was no possible way to tell whether the motions in the sky were caused by our movement or by the movement of the stars. A brilliant mathematician has recently declared that even to-day, when Einstein newly raises the question, there is no way to tell.

The overthrow of Ptolemy's theory was about the most extraordinary feat ever performed by the human intellect. It was begun by Copernicus, who in 1496 went from Poland to join the small band of radicals in Italy who were peering at the queer, uncanny glimmer of a thought that perhaps the earth is not the center of the universe. His thirty years of calculation came almost to nothing. Most instructive for all who desire to think straight is the reason for this failure: he *assumed* that the orbits of planets *must* be circular. The circle, you see, is the perfect curve; all other curves are inferior; and it is impossible to conceive that God should have set His creations traveling on blundering paths. Men have always assumed, and to-day as much as ever, that their reason will inform them about what God would not do and what His ideals of architecture are for a sky or a society.

Sixty years after Copernicus died Tycho Brahe completed his treatise on celestial motions. Here was an observer of the highest ability, who made instruments of far greater precision than had ever been used before, whose only ambition was to find out the form of the universe. He examined the reasoning of Copernicus, recognized its advantages, and wished it might be true. He found it false. Though he conceded that the planets probably revolve around the sun, he had to conclude that they and the sun revolve around the earth.

The principal reason for his judgment was entirely scientific. It can be illustrated by what happens on a racetrack if a person who rides around it observes a telegraph pole which is a mile away to the north, and is outlined against a long hill. The pole is seen *to move along the hill;* at the east end of the course it is outlined against a small clump of trees, while from the west end it is seen against a house that stands a quarter of a mile east of the trees. As a person rides around the track he sees the pole "displaced" against the hill. "So," Brahe reasoned quite sensibly, "if I am really riding around a stationary sun once a year as Copernicus thought, my position in January must be very far from where

I was in July; there must be this race-track effect of 'displacing' the nearer stars against the background of the more distant ones. I will observe with the most accurate instruments; I will find out whether there actually is any displacement, any 'parallax,' as we astronomers call it." His closest scrutiny revealed no parallax whatever. So here was proof that the earth stands still.

III

The book that contained the demonstration was seen through the press by a young assistant, Kepler, who proved to be the most original mathematician that ever lived. In 1600 he set himself the task of figuring out why Mars had such an eccentric orbit. With never-flagging zeal he computed for nine years, and then found, contrary to all previous convictions of the human intellect, that planets do not move in circles, but in ellipses. Now he could substitute these ellipses for circles and show that the calculations of Copernicus corresponded closely to the facts. In 1621 he issued a very persuasive defense of the idea that the earth moves around the sun.

But this was as difficult a proof then as Einstein's calculations are for us to-day, and there was then no Associated Press to give such a novelty a boost. Even to the eager Galileo, who believed in the Copernican idea and corresponded with Kepler, the proof meant little. It had furnished new wick for the taper of astronomy, but the kindling of it had to be done by another kind of genius.

It might be said that Kepler's proof had not brought much understanding even to himself. His way of thinking was still the groping of fancy in the cellar of the Great Dark. So mystical were half the operations of this marvelous mathematical mind that we can hardly credit them. He expounded the harmonies of the planets as caused by the soul of the sun; he seriously speculated about comets as a kind of living beings traveling with a purpose; he was convinced that the universe is framed in accordance with laws of æsthetics; and as for stars, he could not suppose that they were suns, but let his thoughts soar into the sheerest metaphysics.

It was Galileo who did more than all the mathematicians to show us where we live. He worked by the only method that has ever brought conviction—by showing us sights. As soon as he heard a description of the new Dutch glasses for looking at distant objects he fashioned one and looked at the moon and the planets. He showed others how to look. With his own hands he manufactured hundreds of telescopes which were sent all over Europe. Everywhere people could *see* that Jupiter was sailing through space attended by some satellites which revolved around it without being left behind. There was a picture of a miniature planetary system in operation. Then for the first time the Copernican theory became a reality to those who were willing to trust their eyes.

Still the first computation which really proved the revolution of the earth was that published by Newton in 1686. And during the next century and a half the idea that the earth moved seemed to have only a slight and speculative foundation. The idea was generally considered "degrading." Just as Darwin had to recognize that his theory was "revolting to our pride," so the astronomers had to concede that a moving globe was a mean, belittling conception compared with the nobility of an earth that stood fast in the center of all and was served by the spacious firmament on high. Conviction spread with exceeding slowness. Even by 1800 the Copernican theory remained a dubious and dangerous doctrine of materialism to most professors in American colleges.

Not till Bessel measured the aberration of light in 1838 was there any certain proof of the parallax of stars. Even by 1900 there had been telescopic measurement of parallax for only forty of them. No measurement of the diameter of a star was made till 1920. How re-

fined an achievement this was can be appreciated if we realize that it was equivalent to finding the diameter of a quarter-dollar at a distance of seventy miles.

IV

The modern astronomer does not rely on his telescope for measurements. He uses the spectroscope and interferometer, instruments of unrivaled subtlety and sureness. By looking at the bands of light that they furnish, an astronomer can read descriptions as detailed as the reports of a ball game. He learns the temperature of any particular star, the elements of which it is composed, the density of the materials, the atomic conditions of gases which are in states unknown in our solar system, whether the direction of its motion is away from or toward us. In bands and fringes examined through a microscope he can see that a star is double and can calculate the orbits of the two suns about each other. By interpreting such knowledge he has recently learned that all stars go through the same course of life, from a thin gaseous giant of moderate heat to a more compact state of maximum heat, and then to states of decreasing heat and size. Within the last three years he has learned to read the distances of certain variable stars, the Cepheids, and thus has been able to estimate the distances of some nebulas. There are now spectroscopic wizards who give out matter-of-fact information about the speed at which the hydrogen electron revolved around its proton when it started toward us from its distant sun a thousand years ago.

There is no way of conceiving the distance that separates us from that sun. If we use as a unit for expressing it the distance from the earth to our sun (93,000,000 miles), we shall find it inconveniently small, for this petty yardstick must be applied 260,000 times to reach the nearest star.

Another way of regarding the distance is to use the speed of light as a measure. Light travels from the sun to the earth in 8 minutes and 20 seconds. When it has traveled for a year it has covered nearly six million times a million miles. This distance that light travels in a year, a "light-year," is large enough to serve as a unit of measure in astronomy, though it is now being supplanted by a unit 3.3 times as long, the "parsec." The nearest star is 4.2 light-years from us. Only four stars are within a radius of ten light years from us.

Another way of trying to imagine stellar spaces is to diagram them. Suppose that the sun is a tennis ball lying on a court near New Orleans. The earth would then be represented by a grain of sand at a distance of 23 feet. The nearest star will be another tennis ball—how many yards away do you guess? You cannot reach it in an hour's walk. You cannot drive to it in a day. You must journey northward through the whole length of the Mississippi valley, 1100 miles, to the neighborhood of Duluth, before you come upon it. And even this utterly unimaginable distance is less than the average between stars in the universe. Such is the space which the astronomers now explore—a vacuum in which three-inch globes and specks of dust occur at intervals of thousands of miles.

For our sun is not far below the average mass of the stars. The brightest star, Sirius, has a mass only two and one-half times as great. Our sun is not a dwarf compared with even such a monster as Betelgeuse, which, though it may have a diameter 250 times that of the sun, has a mass that is only ten times as great; for it is composed of an excessively thin gas.

Suppose, for an illustration of average conditions in the universe, that we are in the center of a sphere of space that has a diameter of 33 light years—that is, nearly two hundred trillion miles. In this region there are probably not more than thirty suns. If we reduced this sphere to a ten-foot globe, the thirty suns would be molecules. Now a mole-

cule is not comparable to a gross "speck" of matter; it is so small that if it passed through a microscopical pore in the skin it would be like a man passing through an aperture seven miles wide. In a ten-foot globe the suns would be no more than thirty *molecules*. So inconceivably rarefied is the star-gas in our bourne of time and place.

Astronomers have calculated the speeds and directions of these molecular suns that float about in a vacuum. If you look toward the bright star Vega, you will see the direction in which our sun is drifting. Its rate is excessively slow—only twelve miles a second. We shall be half a billion years in reaching the neighborhood where Vega now is—and then Vega won't be there. All the stars are swinging gently along on courses that appear to be straight lines, but that are presumably arcs of magnificent ellipses which can be determined in the future. Very few move sufficiently fast to have distorted the chart of the heavens within historic times. The most rapid one has a rate which carries it in 220 years across a space in the sky that is no wider than the area occupied by the moon. The slow ones will gradually shift positions as the centuries pass; in the course of millions of years the present constellations will be replaced by other configurations. The "fixed" stars are as wandering as so many motes in a beam of light.

They move in all directions. Collisions are possible and doubtless occur at times, but must be rare. The universe seems to be, in the main, a peaceful, happy-go-lucky concourse. Yet the motions in it appear to be far from random. Already there have been determinations of decided "drifts" of large proportions of the total population of the billions of inhabitants of our Galaxy, and the next important announcement of novelty from the observatories is likely to be some generalization of the Quo Vadis of the groups of stars.

The whole region occupied by our Galaxy is lens-shaped; its size is estimated to be more than 100,000 light-years in diameter and 10,000 in thickness. And this vastness is now supposed to be only a small portion of the total universe. So frequent are the bulletins which stretch the limits of stellar space—each so staggeringly surpassing the previous ones—that if I report the latest, the details may be antiquated before they can be printed and put on a newsstand.

Some examples of how astronomical knowledge soars year by year are really comical. In the new *Britannica* volumes of 1922 it was grudgingly conceded that in our galaxy (the Milky Way) there might possibly be as many as three or four billion stars; in June, 1925, Doctor Abbot of the Smithsonian Institution calmly stated, "The telescope *proves* that there are thirty or forty billion stars in the Milky Way." In 1924 Hale, the director of the Mount Wilson Observatory, startled us by speaking of the most distant stars as 220,000 light-years away; a few months later it was reported that Major Hubble, of that very observatory, had *proved* the spiral nebula of Andromeda to be a million light-years away.

When I first saw the statement by a popularizer of astronomy that perhaps there are in the entire universe "thousands" of galaxies like our Milky Way, I was scandalized by such a flighty perhaps. But Professor Russell of Princeton, who says we may safely conclude that Andromeda is as remote as Major Hubble reckons, now admits the likelihood of the thousands. "This possibility," he says, "makes even the case-hardened astronomer gasp." He is now prepared for the worst that the Hubbles and Shapleys and Leavitts and Lundmarks and Kapteyns may do in the next three years. We must all make ready to accept the utterly incredible.

While I am typing this article, Doctor Luyten of the Harvard Observatory states in the press, "That the whole of sidereal space is strewn with thousands of separate universes, comparable in size

to our solar system, is now the view accepted by most astronomers." He is probably speaking cautiously, for already there is in print an estimate of hundreds of thousands of "island universes." Our Milky Way, which we proudly referred to only a year ago as "the" universe, is now seen to be only one of a swarm of countless similar universes that constitute the whole of matter. The Harvard Observatory has estimated that a slight hazy spot is shown by the spectroscope to be a starry system a billion light-years from us. Pannekoek has announced that our insignificant local Galaxy is far from the center of the whole cloud of galaxies, so far out that light would need 2,300,000 years to reach us from there.

This looks like the beginning of an infinity of space and matter. Strangely enough, the mathematicians say not. They reckon that the universe is finite. As for the total amount of matter, Eddington calculates that a sphere of water with a radius of 354,000,000 miles would be more than the universe could stand, for it "would cause space to curve back into itself." Hence he can comfort himself by figuring out the limit of the number of galaxies, with the average complement of stars, that are possible in the universe. This is reassuring. The astronomers may have to stop some time.

As for the total extent of space, it is estimated to be that of a sphere with a diameter not less than seven trillion light-years. And that is very cozy quarters compared with infinity. A mathematician feels positively cramped in it.

V

So there is the daylight to which astronomy has finally shown us the way. As we look around in it we can wonder, like gentlemen unafraid, what the full noon of knowledge will reveal to the explorers of the skies. It is a glad prospect, in which we should rejoice. Perhaps we may properly feel some pride in what the best minds of the race have been able to accomplish.

But we should make no mistake about the basis of our pride. It is more wholesome for us to keep in mind the Great Dark of pure reason where we used to cower, and to reflect that our escape was due to *noticing what the eyes could see.* Though a small fraction of our race has learned to live in mental daylight, most of us are befogged and do not know where to look for the source of further light. We can know if we will keep forever in view the picture of Brahe when he tried to find the parallax of stars. He was a proud man who wore fierce viking mustaches and had for his workshop a castle given by an emperor. His arrogance never suspected that he was a subatomic creature on a grain of sand "thinking" about some tennis balls that were thousand of miles away. Yet he was a humble and teachable person compared with all the infinitesimal intellectuals who made it a crime to question our central and dominating importance. Such is the intellect in comparison with the power of observation. When astronomy has fully taught its lesson we shall have a new wisdom in the world.

It is a terrific lesson. There are fearsome corollaries to it. Poor Bishop Brown, for example, when he learned of stellar spaces and that nothing can travel faster than light and that our souls would have to speed through an absolute zero of cold for millions of years before they could reach any destination where a heaven could be—poor Bishop Brown gave up his faith. If the millions of years had not been sufficient to cause such a tragic loss of belief, the trillions that are now reported would have done the work. So the bishop came to regard his religion as mere symbolism that applies only to our earthly life. Here is an example of the destruction that science can do; here is the conflict that disturbs the Church to-day.

It is also a perfect example of how only ignorance and folly can be thus easily persuaded to abandon religion. I say "ignorance" because if the bishop had been just a little patient, had bided

just a few months and consulted a mathematician, he could have found out that his reason was nothing but the mechanism of our three-dimensional life. Even the reason of a scientist could have told him that heaven may be just round the corner in a fifth dimension and that souls may be able to slip thither in a moment. I say "folly" because science cannot destroy reality. It attempts nothing but to report material facts that are seen by material eyes. Science can never make a report about any spiritual reality. The only religion that science can destroy is some false and materialistic one.

The candle of astronomy has shown that specters do not exist and that we can live in the daylight of natural law. In its sunshine we have nothing to fear except the disregard of that law. So obscured is the impersonal regularity of nature that we might still be living in the Great Dark of imaginary fears if we had not observed the stars.

FOR ANY LADY'S BIRTHDAY

BY LAWRENCE LEE

SPRING'S silver poplars stand apart,
Most ladylike of trees,
And mortal ladies should take heart
From gentlefolk like these.

They watch the blue days pass along,
They see the nights go by,
But keep forever morning's song
And nightime's starry sky.

They know the maiden spring goes soon,
But their wise hearts are still,
For they have seen the quiet moon
Above a wooded hill.

The poplars wear in halo-guise
Their silver crown of years—
And if all ladies were as wise
There would be fewer tears.

The Lion's Mouth

A HAPPY SOLUTION

BY MARGARET SEARLE

AS A young writer, I have been faced until recently with an unfortunate situation. When I first began to write, my friends, who had theretofore seemed harmless, came to take on a new and menacing aspect. They began to give me advice.

Of course, they meant it well. They were full of the milk of human kindness, Grade A. It was just that the writing game has that fatal way of inspiring conversation. At once glamorous and fairly untechnical, it is a subject anyone can enjoy; and my friends, while awed to humble silence by the mysteries of etching or chiseling or counterpoint, were inspired to high loquacity when it came to advising a young writer.

In this capacity they fell into three groups: the ones who suggested subjects, the ones who told me how other writers worked, and the ones who harped on Experience.

Of these the first was probably the most remarkable—the group which had Ideas. This was made up mostly of the friends who in the sultry and soulful intimacy of midnight confidences were in the habit of saying that "you know sometimes they thought they could have written themselves." And now they thought they could be vicariously literary through me!

There was one girl who had fully intended to become a writer but had unwittingly stumbled into matrimony and motherhood instead. And now her only contribution to the literature of nations was the bedtime story . . . to all of which she seemed to resign herself gracefully enough, and was the kind of mother the tenors sing about.

But whenever she saw me coming she would immediately revert. Her eyes would light up once more with a thousand-watt divine spark, and she would avidly return to the peculiar joys of creative art.

"My dear," she would cry, "I have the most wonderful idea for you! And it really happened—this girl was a close friend of my cousin Fred's fiancée. You see, she'd been going with this man for years and then she threw him down and then, months later, she decided she really loved him after all, so she called him up. And my dear, it was his wedding day—he was being married to someone else! Just think what you could do with that! Imagine the telephone conversation with her trying to act casual and everything, but afterward just sort of—you know. . . .

"And here's another one," she would go on. "I made it up this morning while I was dusting the radio. See—this man and girl are in love, but they quarrel or something, and the girl runs away from the little home town and seeks a career as an opera singer. And the man looks for her all over the world and everything, but just can't find her. But when he's just about to give up, he turns on the radio one night in his lonely little room—can't you just see it?—and the announcer speaks the name of a certain big opera star—then what should he hear but the voice of the girl? Of course, he can tell it right away and rushes to her. And she'd

been longing for him too all these years —careers are really so empty and everything—so they get married right away. Now, honestly, don't you think that's a glorious story?"

And there were others just like her. . . .

Ceaselessly the suggestions would pour in until, following them all, I should have written enough to make the Five Foot Shelf look like a pamphlet.

Now and again I would try to change the subject. "I did the course in eighty to-day."

But—"By the way, why don't you do a story about golf? The tired business men would eat it up."

I'd bring up bridge.

But—"Why don't you try something for the bridge magazine?"

I remembered a story about Chekhov, who once when a young friend insisted upon talking about his work, broke off wildly, "I—I like candy, don't you?"

But trying the same expedient, I met with the same old failure. They suggested that I write up Page or Shaw for the success magazines!

Then there were those whom I designated in my mind as the Biographical Group: those who made a practice of citing other writers' lives. They picked up their information here, there, and everywhere, and its range was really astonishing—from Tacitus to Tarkington, from Milton to Millay. All of this they were fond of storing in their memories until the next time I should come along. Lives of great men all reminded them—of me.

"Say, I read somewhere that Shakespeare—or was it Shaw?—"

"Neither would care to be confused with the other," I would murmur in my most discouraging manner.

But my informant would go on undaunted—"Well, whoever it was, he found he could write best sitting up very straight in a hard chair as though in a business office."

"But just yesterday," I would remonstrate, "you said that Descartes doped out all of his ideas lying flat on his back in bed."

I need not have been surprised, however, as such contradictions were an every-day matter. One friend told me that Fanny Hurst was reported to write best on a typewriter; while another had heard that Booth Tarkington reached his highest points of inspiration when manipulating a soft lead (No. 2) pencil. Someone else told me that H. G. Wells found himself most productive when surrounded by friends; and another that Hugh Walpole absolutely secluded himself. Rupert Hughes was cited as patronizing the best interior decorators; and another successful fictionist as occupying a home with no more distinguished period than Late Macy. Arnold Bennett was said to write down his tales in carefully bound books; and Francis Thompson to have scribbled his most exquisite lyrics on the backs of dirty menu cards in sordid restaurants.

Each of these methods I was in turn urged to follow. I should drink tea for breakfast like Arnold Bennett and coffee for breakfast like Sinclair Lewis; smoke cigars like Amy Lowell and opium like De Quincy; stay in America like George M. Cohan and stay away from America like George Bernard Shaw; get tuberculosis like Stevenson and keep physically fit like Bernarr Macfadden; live in Minneapolis like Scott Fitzgerald, in Baltimore like H. L. Mencken, in India like Kipling, in Indianapolis like Tarkington. In each of these formulæ success was assured.

Then finally there was the Experience Group. In talking with each of its members I had a similar fate: wherever the conversation started, it would end in the same place—"If you're going to write, you ought to have lots of Experience." Their talk was repertoire, not repartee.

If you had asked them just what they meant they couldn't have told you exactly. In general, Experience vaguely connoted a combination of nights in

Paris and days in Russia and an apartment in Greenwich Village. And I should seek it as the knights of old sought the Holy Grail.

Privately I disapproved of the self-conscious pursuit of experience, for my natural tendency was to enjoy life spontaneously. But how was I to remain so with everybody's treating my mind as something to be filled as carefully and cautiously as a flask; calling my friends "contacts with human nature," and referring to all my activities—from finding my soul to buying a stick of gum—as "grips with reality"?

No matter what I went through, there was always someone to say, "You'll be thankful someday that you had that experience." I think even if I had died they would have said it.

In the end, between all of these people, I was becoming fairly exhausted. I began to think I could stand it no longer. And I was right; one day the crisis came.

I was going to have tea with three friends; and as it was a rainy, snowy, sleety February day, I had no small trouble in reaching them. I slipped on the sidewalk and turned my ankle, and slipped on the street and wrenched my back. I was spattered by passing taxis and swabbed by passing raincoats. And my umbrella, getting into the spirit of the thing, turned inside out.

When I reached my friends' house I sank heavily into a chair. Damp and exhausted I recited my troubles.

But—"Why don't you do a little sketch about it for one of the humorous things—the Lion's Mouth in *Harper's* or some place like that?"

I opened my mouth to protest—but—"It's those little human trials and tribulations that O. Henry used to notice—it was the secret of his success."

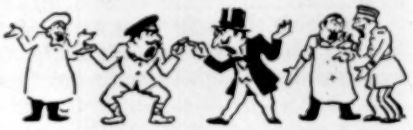
Then—I held my breath, I felt it coming—"Every experience counts, you know, if you're going to be a writer."

I arose slowly, walked over and opened the desk drawer. There it was—a loaded revolver.

Quietly but firmly I raised it. "I'm sorry, my friends, but it can't be helped."

And I shot down the three of them.

Since then I have had very little trouble. I have been left comparatively alone.



A SOCK ON THE JAW—FRENCH STYLE

BY JAMES G. THURBER

"WHAT I should like to see," said the mild, gray-haired American gentleman sitting next to me in a *brasserie* on the boulevard, "is someone get a good sock on the jaw." He folded his tiny Paris edition of a great New York newspaper, and took another sip at his demi of beer.

No one ever gets a sock on the jaw in Paris. No one ever gets a sock on the jaw anywhere in France. And though you may be the most pacific of creatures, this failure of the French to come to blows will eventually unnerve you and when watching a street argument, you will cry out, "why doesn't he punch his nose?"

There are certain epithets, which, if unsmilingly uttered, demand in America a sock on the jaw. Judges, police—even doting mothers and presidents of W. C. T. U. locals concede here the validity of an unwritten law. We make a careful distinction between a brawl, row, or riot, and a fight. The first three should come under the head of assault and battery or disturbance of the peace. But the good old American fist-fight has, by inalienable sanction, to be carried to a decisive issue—preferably somewhere off the public highways, back of a barn, riding academy, or old mill. And the American public is willing at all times to give the combatants air and hold their coats.

This ancient form of settling disagreements has even attained the dignity of an art in Anglo-Saxon countries. In our own no schoolboy's youthful mettle can be properly tempered without recourse to it; it is an honorable tradition at West Point; it is part of the bulwark of American civilization. An American father assumes that his son will not pass through the grammar grades without giving and receiving an occasional black eye.

But in France an overt act leading to a sock on the jaw would entail Heaven knows what unexampled consequences —perhaps a further fall of the franc, the levying of additional imposts, the increase of the gendarmerie, a nine o'clock curfew, and an official manifesto from the Minister of Public Instruction. If it did not lead to an actual crisis, it would at least call forth long editorial prophecies of grave national disturbances. For example:

> The case written upon the docket of the Mairie of the 7th Arrondissement yesterday, in which one Armand Mahieu, during the course of a public quarrel, struck with his closed hand the person of one Réné St. Jean, a chauffeur, reflects a critical emergence in our national life of an evil spirit of unrestrained aggressiveness, smacking of a new form of bold lawlessness. What avail our conferences and our pacts and our protocols in the face of this unregenerate display of brute force? Whither are we drifting?

Americans look upon a good fight as a natural, healthy climax to a necessarily dull preliminary—the exchange of provocative epithets; but the immutable difference between the two races is shown by the fact that the French regard the argument as the best part of the fight and feel it a sort of public duty to join in and take sides with one disputant or the other. There is no such thing, therefore, as a private fight in France. They more or less resemble a forum. Anyone is eligible to get in on them, and it sometimes takes a newcomer ten minutes to discover who were the original aggrieved parties.

In Chalons-sur-Marne, some months after the Armistice, I witnessed as terrible a "fight" as two Frenchmen ever had. A soldier had thrown himself down upon a baggage truck to rest, and refused to move when a station agent demanded the truck. There were many others trucks in the room, but this was apparently his favorite. In response to the agent's entreaties and commands, the soldier never so much as twitched a muscle. The station attaché thereupon began to abuse him in round, flat terms, which were alternately addressed to him and then repeated, after the manner of Frenchmen in argument, to the bystanders. And the bystanders, after the manner of French bystanders during arguments, began to take sides, some agreeing with the agent and others expressing approval of the attitude of the soldier.

"Why should he move if he doesn't want to?" demanded one. "He's a soldier of France."

"Since when has the Ministry of War commandeered baggage trucks as barracks for the army?" asked another, sharply.

This led to a bitter debate on the subject of the extent of the power of military right of eminent domain, into which the agent cut with the remark that, soldier or no soldier of France, it wasn't the poilu's truck, neither was it his station.

"I suppose it's your station?" insinuated a supporter of the recumbent infantryman.

"It's his station in the sense that he is in charge here," came back a defender of the agent.

This emboldened the station man to manifest his authority by picking up empty trucks and slamming them against the wall, a procedure in which he was helped, in the case of the heavier trucks, by several of his partisans. Whereupon adherents of the soldier began to tear posters and train schedules from the walls. And over and above the racket rose a crescendo of debate upon the relative rights of public utilities and

the military branch of the government. When the affair reached its crisis, the agent kicked the handles of the truck and the soldier flung his helmet against a wall. That was all.

And so it goes. A taxi driver grazes the hub of a wagon, and calumny gushes forth. Sometimes it proceeds for half an hour and through several miles of Paris streets, one of the warring vehicles accompanying the other far out of its way to prolong the verbal battle. Autobus drivers keep pace with the disputants in order that their passengers may spur on their favorites. In the best of these word-battles the government is invariably dragged in, and there is heated attack and defense of M. Caillaux, M. Steeg, former Minister of Justice, and the late Réné Viviani. Finally, however, it veers sharply back to the grazed hub and the pro-German proclivities of the chauffeur and the fact that the teamster's children will grow up to be acrobats. In other words, opportunity invites the blow direct. But it is never given.

I saw a horrible street "fight" grow out of the unfortunate fall of a horse in a quiet street on the left bank. The driver cursed the beast roundly. "Pardon," cut in a strange chauffeur's voice, "but if you knew anything about wagon driving that horse would be on his feet now." The teamster came back with some nasty verbal crack, and the passersby began to congregate. They considered the situation carefully and chose sides. Half of them went over and lined up with the chauffeur. Bitter invective about the cruelty of unskillful harnessing began to fly. The driver, who had begun to uncinch the bellyband, rose to defend this operation against the claim that the shafts should first be unloosened.

"He knocked the horse down; I saw him!" cried one passionate old lady, who had just arrived and was carried away by the chauffeur's indignant arraignment of the driver's lack of technical hitching knowledge.

"It was the horse's fault; a fool could see that," insisted a butcher, stepping out of his shop where he had been busy when the accident occurred.

"That's why you see it, eh?" demanded a pale little clerk, who was thus automatically arrayed, by the gift of repartee, on the side of the old lady and the chauffeur and the horse. The horse, who had made several unhappy efforts to get up, and would have succeeded with a little help, relapsed back upon the asphalt and closed his eyes. At this point the driver picked up the animal's head and was about to heave him to his feet, when the chauffeur came out with a particularly sinister innuendo. The driver let the horse fall back on the asphalt again, and returned to the argument.

Late that night I heard my concierge and her husband—for my hotel was near at hand—convicting and acquitting in turn the teamster and his fallen beast.

"It was the driver's fault!"

"It was the horse's fault!"

"You should uncinch the bellyband!"

"You should unloosen the shafts!"

One reason why no one ever gets a sock on the jaw in these terrible French street fights is doubtless because an ill-timed right swing would abort the free exercise of community debate in France—a privilege highly prized and a practise which serves roughly as the French substitute for outdoor sports as we know them in America.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CEILINGS

BY DAVID McCORD

IT IS about time that something was said on the general subject of ceilings. Hour after hour, as a child, I lay in quiet and profound contempla-

tion of a number of them, for they were practically the only thing that I could view continually with any degree of composure. They never annoyed. Their uniform blankness was one with my state of mind. I cannot say now with any certainty how much those ancient plaster surfaces influenced my early life. A great deal, though, I expect.

I remember one in particular. It supplied the top to my nursery. Right above my crib appeared a curious combination of two or three cracks and a large water-stain dating back to a Saturday night when Delia overdid it in the bath on the floor above; a beautiful calcimine creation with four humps and prominent elbows, trekking across a fly-specked desert. It was a good thing, in its way, and diurnally came in for a bit of solid contemplation. To-day, no doubt, I should call it a camel, but at that period of my interesting life camels were wholly unknown. I had never been to Arabia or Ringling, nor was I permitted to indulge in the æsthetic and gastronomic delights of animal crackers. Practically speaking, I had no teeth.

Dimly associated with my yellowing friend is a less important stain. In the light of modern science I should suppose it to have been a spot of casual gravy, but at the time I accepted it as a part of the Eternal Pattern of things, especially ceilings, and immediately adjusted it in my memory as a rather creditable if malicious face. I can still recall it. How dreadful it was! It used to leer at me over my bottle, and had a nasty habit of forming the basis of the most horrible nightmares whenever the old digestion decreed a slack day. It seems incredible that I should remember so much of a season when I was scarce a year old. But who can disprove me? When the memory is cross-examined for the real facts of our childhood there is a delicious backsliding and a fine conflux of years. I find it quite as easy to pull up recollections of the so-called bottle era as of the most ambitious college days. Easier, in fact. . . . When I was three the ceiling was redone; and the presence, along with him of the several humps, passed damply away under the glistening swaths of the calcimine brush.

We pay a lot of attention to our hats. And yet they cover only one head at a time. A ceiling, on the other hand, simultaneously covers several (without imposing the least restriction on anybody), and often a lot of atrocious furniture as well. But who cares about it? A ceiling is no more to us than a necessary partition in space. Necessary to keep the feet of the fellow higher up from treading on our ears, and (once) a kind of buffer and free target for champagne corks. Who (I repeat), beyond babies, cares for ceilings? Not the artist. The nearer his picture comes to being skied the madder he is. Not the advertiser. Visually (but not otherwise) he will meet you on the level. And not you; and not I.

For my part, I have always felt that ceilings were made, more than anything else, to exhibit the strange capacity of the fly to walk upside down. Before there were any ceilings where did the common house-fly obtain that exquisite exercise which keeps him fit to dash round the rim of the cream pitcher and explore the difficult area of Uncle Arthur's whiskers? I confess I do not know. But as things stand now, ceilings are the proving-ground of flies. Squads of them may be observed there any hot, June morning, maneuvering about in great solemnity; learning new tricks, I dare say, practicing approach shots for the jam pot, and the proper cadence for use on a bald head. The ceiling is also their refuge, and a wounded or disappointed fly will seek it quicker than the flypaper. He seems assured that none will pursue him there. And certainly I shall be the very last to do it. Almost anything in its proper place is an *ornament*. A bear in his den, a foot in a shoe, a fly on the ceiling, for example.

Of course, some ceilings are more at-

tractive than others. Italian ceilings are situated somewhere up in the vicinity of the clouds, and by their mysterious isolation inveigle us into looking at them. I have often tried, but with only partial success. When the opportunity comes I shall visit an Italian villa I know, steal softly up the stairs, and cut a nice hole through the floor of the guest chamber. Then I shall stick my head through it and have a long look at an honest-to-goodness Italian ceiling. I see no other way. Of course, too, there is "the vault of heaven," and "the canopy of stars," and all that sort of natural covering which the poets talk about. No one is fonder than I of a good, cheerful summer sky, if my hay fever isn't too bad and I can find a white duck hat around the house that will fit me; nor of a starry night, for that matter, if you'll stick to the main road. But I was speaking, rather, of the artificial ceiling, such as King Alfred sat under; the common sort, that has for centuries covered impartially emperor and clown. There's the one in the kitchen. Nobody in his right mind, to be sure, would look twice at that. But consider the one in the bathroom, which is no more than one-tenth the size. That is the one ceiling in the whole house with which I am quite familiar. Lying in a temperate bath, I have made a study of it. I have played (mentally) a game of chess on it; and once, when I was younger, I hit it with a wet sponge, trying to kill a mosquito. I missed him.

Public places have the decorative instinct toward ceilings. You have surely noticed it. The dome of the Grand Central Station in New York is simply littered with stars of various magnitudes and lively representations of the Olympus family in striking poses—all in all, one of the most satisfactory blue-prints of the heavens I have ever seen. The motive there is a simple one. It is the generous desire of the officials to make the traveler perfectly at home with the universe, so that a small journey in Upper Five (and porter, call me early!) to Chicago will seem like nothing at all. Or relatively nothing. And there are the hotels. I have seen hotel ceilings (in the dining rooms especially) so incrusted with cupids and cherubs and Rubenslike damsels reclining heavily on thin air that I have buried my face in the soup in sheer confusion. Not for the world, in some places I know, would I turn my eyes aloft. "*Look up, not down.*" Poppycock. A good wall is enough for me. My crib days are over. If there is something to be seen, don't hang it over my head like a sword of Damocles. Put it where I can view it face to face. Even the Bible will bear me out in this. Belshazzar saw the writing on the wall, not on the ceiling. You don't want a stiff neck, do you? No? Well, neither do I.

THE INNER MAN WHO SPEAKS IN US

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

IN AN essay of John Jay Chapman on Non-Resistance he says of the sayings of Christ—"The state of mind in which Christ lived is the truth he taught. (His) most powerful means of conveying his thought was neither by his preaching nor by his parables, but by what he himself said and did incidentally. This expressed his doctrine because his state of feeling was his doctrine. The things Christ did by himself and the words he said to himself, these things are Christianity. If he had lived longer, there would have been more of them."

Christ spoke out of the plane in which he lived. He expressed *himself*. So, no doubt, everyone does. We all speak out of the planes in which we live. We all express *ourselves*, however little we intend to. It is all we have to express. If we try to cheat about it and express something not really in us, that is self-expression and detectable as such.

William Allen White, known familiarly as Bill White, has written a book about Calvin Coolidge, not known familiarly by any one, but called Cal by irreverent people and no doubt by early acquaintances. The present moralizer has got far enough ahead in that book to be impressed by the picture Mr. White makes of the inevitableness of Coolidge. He brings out vividly and impressively that whatever comes out of Calvin Coolidge is self-expression, and tries to tell us what it is that is in Coolidge and how he came by it. It leaves one with the sense that our President is a man of very definite qualities, that he is not trying to fool anybody about anything, not even about himself; that he is good of his kind whatever his kind is.

One thing about him is especially interesting—his attitude about money. He believes in business; does everything he can to help business; believes evidently in the industrial development as part of the great job of progress. He seems to believe in money, to admire it, to respect it, to think of it in some of its relations as something almost sacred, so much it goes against him to have it wasted. And yet for himself he has never gone an inch out of his way to get money. Money has not only not been first with him, but he has never allowed it to be important to him. What seems to have been important to him was to follow a line of political service in this world. He seemed to follow it instinctively rather than by judgment. One calls him shrewd—a shrewd politician. Well, he *is* shrewd; but it is a shrewdness inherent in the very materials he is made of, that comes out of the soil and society of the State of Vermont, and Heaven knows what hereditary qualities in the Coolidges. This sense of a President who has been held to a course by some inward compulsion—by something a little more than mental, a little more than choice—is very interesting. That is the impression Mr. White has given forth.

One said about that book, now Bill White will tell us all about how Coolidge got on, but will he tell us where he gets off? We all know the facts about how he got on, but the other thing nobody knows, and many would like to. Mr. White faces this question and discusses it and is highly intelligent about it, but, of course, he does not answer it except to suggest that when the wave which Calvin has ridden breaks and subsides, Calvin will get a respite.

Yes, of course. But meanwhile the fitness of the man for the times is very impressive. Here is the country running after money and exulting in it with loud cries! Here are people by the hundred thousand spending millions in adroit entreaties to other people to come and buy what they want to sell; here is mass production doubling itself every little while, things going as though the production and distribution of commodities were the things that would save the world—and behold a President approving of it all and yet for himself never bothering about money, never concerned to accumulate commodities, but always valuing life, liberty, intelligence, and self-respect, which for him seem to stand for that Kingdom of God which he must seek first, leaving the "all other things" to be added to him or not, but as to that never seeming to care.

It is proper however to remember—and White brings it out—that the Coolidges were rich people in the community in which they lived, that they valued intensely the maintenance of a moderate provision between them and fate, that they always saved money and always kept it, handing it down from one generation to another, but never very much; never enough to change the current of their lives and twist them from frugality and the day's work

BRUCE BLIVEN, in the December number of this Magazine, after searching the minds of the people back and forth through the West, said that the two matters in which the voters were really interested were Prohibition and Fundamentaliam. He found a willingness to go to the mat on these issues, but as to other matters not much more than a languid interest. Most of the other matters—taxation, foreign debts, and even coal—seemed to be the concern of experts, but about Prohibition and, increasingly, about Fundamentalism Mr. Bliven found in the voters a disposition to think that they knew enough themselves to form an opinion.

Now that is interesting. Undoubtedly an opinion on Prohibition is gathering strength all over the country. It would be rash to say what it is, but time will tell and probably rather promptly. In many minds is forming the resolution to vote with emphasis on this subject the first good chance that offers.

As to Fundamentalism, there may be growing a like resolution to vote, and that is rather an appalling thought because of the feeling that so many voters will vote out of insufficient knowledge, vote out of an instinct that is sound but on details as to which their information is not sufficient. A great many of them will really go it blind. All the same, the earnestness of their concern is so much more evidence of the rising interest in religion.

The papers quote Bernard Shaw as saying in a lecture to the Fabian Society that the Bible is oriental literature and sets up a code of morals which to a large extent is inapplicable to modern times. He did not think it should be forced on school children. We have, he said, a literature of our own, occidental literature, and a corresponding code of morals, and that should be taught in the schools. He also told of the idealistic socialist state in which four hours for work, eight hours for sleep, eight hours for leisure, and four for meals, dressing, and rest would be the division of the day. Everyone in Mr. Shaw's socialist state must have the same income and every child a communistic education.

Bernard Shaw must have his joke and perhaps this is part of it. Certainly on this platform he could not run successfully for office in the United States. His suggestion that the Bible is played out as a guide for our conduct does not yet perceptibly prevail anywhere in this country nor, for that matter, does it prevail in England where as here, Mr. Shaw has many readers but few followers.

The question hereabouts is not whether the Bible contains the necessary information about the conduct of life, but to what hands the authority to interpret and apply that information is entrusted. Bishop Brent the other day at the consecration of Bishop Stires preached a strong and stirring sermon about the boundless scope of the authority over the world which Christ bequeathed to his disciples. Many readers who would accept all he said about that would still wonder in what precise hands that authority was deposited. Bishop Brent told Bishop Stires to grasp that authority and use it; which was all right, but he did not insist that the authority belonged preponderantly to bishops. Lots of people who believe profoundly in Christ are very uncertain how much they should believe in bishops. A large part of Bishop Brent's audience, both lay and clerical, were descended from Puritans who came to the United States considerably to get away from prelates and church organization. They immediately started an organization and mastership of their own about as stiff as the one that they left, but still they held considerably to the idea that the authority derived from Christ was available for use by anybody who had the understanding and the grit to use it.

Most of the great religious movements of our modern times have been in defiance of bishops. So was the mission of George Fox and so was that of John Wesley. They went in and took hold, catch as catch can, without more than very ordinary credentials. Many of the bishops are splendid men, Bishop Brent for one; Bishop Stires will probably be another. Almost all of them are valuable servants, but the authority that they exercise seems to be more individual than official. One observes in them disparities of attitude very similar to those of persons on whose heads the hands of consecration have not been laid. One reads in the papers how Methodist Bishop Cannon, Bishop Brent's colleague at Stockholm, wearied the assembled delegates at the all-churches convention there by too protracted an exposition of the merits of Prohibition in the United States. Having that in mind, one picks up the newspaper and finds Roman Catholic Archbishop Curley blazing forth at Baltimore in eloquent denunciation of "the madness of attempting to club men into morality by laws that have no place in the life of any nation save to wreck national respect for law and Constitution." So when Bishop Brent supports, as he did, the claim of Christ to be the Ruler of the Universe, he will have a large agreement with that suggestion; but if he suggests that the authority of Christ is to be interpreted and applied by the clergy, about nine-tenths of that agreement will melt away. For government by ecclesiastics has been tried and we have the record of it, and nobody wants it to prevail again, not even the clergy. Their mission is a different one from that, a great mission beyond question, but not the regulation of secular life by ecclesiastical authority or laws procured by it.

WHERE shall we look for authority in religion? Where shall we look for some constituted source of interpretation of the Christian gospel that we can trust and follow? Where, indeed? Shall we look to bishops to tell us what is sound Christian doctrine? Which bishops? Here are Methodist Bishop Cannon and Roman Catholic Archbishop Curley diametrically opposed about the usefulness of the present propensity to pass laws regulating human

conduct in matters that have heretofore been left to individual conscience. Which is right?

There is a party in the Episcopal Church that repudiates Protestantism. Representatives of it held a meeting in New Haven on November 3rd. It was called an Anglo-Catholic Congress. One of the clergymen who spoke at it declared that "there is only one valid ministry and that is the Catholic ministry of the Apostolic Succession." In his estimation all other credentials were no good, and Protestant ministers who lacked them were "regarded as laymen pure and simple and must be confirmed and ordained before ministering in his Church." That assumption is no novelty, but it has not a strong following among Protestants in these States. The preachers at New Haven rejected Protestantism, but Episcopalians generally regard themselves as Protestants though they are not all much excited about it. But even the bishops of the Episcopal Church, who have as good a claim as can be made to mechanistic Apostolic Succession, do not claim infallibility in the interpretation of doctrines. Even their conventions do not claim it. They seem to do the best they can to define true doctrine and indicate what is right and what is wrong by Church standards, and let it go at that. The Roman Catholics, as everybody knows, go farther than that in claiming infallibility for the head of their church. Where then shall common Christians in these States and in these times look for assurance as to what is right and wrong and what is Christian doctrine and what is not?

It looks as though they would have to continue to inquire of their own minds, search their own Scriptures, say their own prayers; observe, contemplate, reflect, consider. That large body of pious people who think the Methodists and some of the Baptists have strayed away from the true philosophy of Christ's teachings in their efforts to regulate habits will have to go to the polls with their opinions, for there is no other place where they can get an effective decision on them. Opinions in religion nowadays are very much like opinions in politics. The line of division between politics and religion grows fainter and fainter. Our political opinions come in curious ways. A certain frame of mind becomes epidemic, sweeps everything before it, turns a lot of men out of office, puts another lot in their places, makes laws or rejects them, goes on for a time so, and then there comes a new emotion born of a new state of facts, requiring different policies, and the public mind catches it, and new majorities send the country along on a new course.

So it is going to be with religion. New facts, new conditions of life are going to modify old statements and produce new interpretations of what the Gospels contain. The great facts of Christianity remain. The prospect is that confidence in them will increase and spread. The impression one gets is that the assaults on the facts of Christianity have done their worst, that the new knowledge of our day, the new understanding of life, is all on the side of those facts, but the interpretation of the facts, the understanding of them and the application of them to human life is quite another matter. That will change.

These are times when the impossible happens. On this day of writing seven nations have just signed the Locarno pact. The world is neither going back to the Middle Ages nor to what it was before the war. It is being made over new, out of old materials to be sure, but not by old patterns, and it is going to be better, a great deal better, much more religious than it has been this long time and freer too, freer especially for all who see truth to go out and get what they can of it, get it for themselves and for their fellows.

Personal and Otherwise

AFTER an absence of one month, ***Christopher Morley,*** author of *Thunder on the Left*, returns to our pages with a newly completed fantasy in two parts, of which we publish the first in this issue. For new readers unacquainted with Mr. Morley's work, we add that he used to be a columnist for the New York *Evening Post* and now contributes a weekly column ("The Bowling Green") to the *Saturday Review of Literature;* that he lives on Long Island; and that previous to the appearance of *Thunder on the Left* he had written several volumes of fiction, essays, and verse, of which the best known is *Where the Blue Begins.*

Some ten years ago ***H. G. Dwight*** won an enviable reputation with *Stamboul Nights*, a collection of Turkish stories. After the war he was attached to the State Department for several years and found no time for writing. Now, happily, he has begun again; he wrote "The Washington Express" (in our October issue) and "The Horrors of Washington" (December). This month he deals deftly with the curious ways of the military, or (if you prefer) with the curious opinion of the military held by civilians when there is no enemy at the gates.

The attention of New Yorkers, Chicagoans, Detroiters, Philadelphians, and residents of Los Angeles or any of our other rapidly expanding cities, is directed to ***Lewis Mumford's*** clearsighted article on the portentous problem of the overgrown metropolis. Mr. Mumford is the author of *The Story of Utopias* and *Sticks and Stones* (the latter a brilliant study of American architecture and civilization). He lives at Sunnyside, a new housing development at Long Island City: "taking some of his own medicine," he calls it.

To all readers of *When We Were Very Young* it will be good news that ***A. A. Milne*** is writing a new series of children's verses. They will be a regular feature of HARPER'S for many months to come; the first two poems appear in this issue. Mr. Milne is also an able dramatist (witness *The Dover Road*, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, etc.); he has written an ingenious detective story, *The Red House Mystery;* and it is a pity that more Americans are not acquainted with the amusing sketches and essays (collected in *The Day's Play*, *The Holiday Round*, etc.) which he wrote when he was assistant editor of *Punch*.

Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick, now a regular HARPER contributor, speaks vigorously and freshly this month on a topic in the forefront of public discussion.

In our September issue appeared an unusual boy story by a new writer, ***Harold W. Brecht,*** of Philadelphia. Mr. Brecht now makes his second appearance with another small boy, another fight with a bully, but a quite different theme.

We have been deluged with replies to "Living on the Ragged Edge," the anonymous paper on family income vs. family expenses which we published two months ago. (Some of the comments are printed in later pages of this department.) Before the article appeared, we sent it in proof to ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould*** and asked her if she would not express her views upon the significance of the struggle on the part of innumerable middle-class families to keep their heads financially above water. As the wife of a college professor (at Princeton) and as an incisive commentator on present-day social conditions, Mrs. Gerould is peculiarly fitted for such a task. She adopted the title we suggested: "The Plight of the Genteel."

Estimates of Governor Smith of New York State differ, but it will hardly be denied that he is both a political figure of national importance and a man of singularly engaging personality. We asked ***Robert L. Duffus,*** former editorial writer on the New York

Globe and New York *Herald*, now a free-lance journalist, to make a thorough study of the Governor and his career, and after doing so, to set down what he thought of him. Mr. Duffus, as will be seen, has arrived at no uncertain opinion.

Mary S. Watts, who contributes the second story of the month, is a well-known novelist: she is the author of *Van Cleve*, *The Rise of Jennie Cushing*, *The Rudder*, etc. She lives in Cincinnati.

Should history textbooks tell the truth, or distort it to satisfy super-patriots? ***Harold Underwood Faulkner***, associate professor of history at Smith College, who wrote *American Economic History* and the article on "Colonial History Debunked" in our December issue, speaks up for the historians.

Albert Payson Terhune is a successful writer of fiction, especially dog stories, and breeds prize-winning collies at his country home at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey.

A prize-winner in the recent HARPER Short Story Contest reappears in the Magazine this month. "Treeshy" is our second story from ***Ada Jack Carver***, whose first, "Redbone," won first prize in one of our quarterly competitions a year ago.

Edna Kenton, who argues the case for the proposed Equal Rights Amendment to the Constitution, is the author of numerous magazine articles, chiefly on feminism, and the editor of a new book, *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*.

After writing several fascinating articles for the Magazine on botanical and biological subjects ("The Clover Leaf," "The Ways of the Weevil," etc.), ***Henshaw Ward***, of New Haven, turns his attention to astronomy. He used to be a master at the Taft School, and is the author of *Evolution for John Doe*. Few men share his knack of making the miracles of modern science vivid to the intelligent layman.

In addition to Mr. Milne, of whom extended mention is made above, the poets this month are ***John Hall Wheelock***, a member of the staff of Charles Scribner's Sons and the author of *Black Panther* and several other volumes of verse; ***Henriette de Saussure Blanding*** (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich), a California poet who has frequently appeared in HARPER'S; and ***Lawrence Lee***, of New York, a newcomer to the Magazine.

The writers for the Lion's Mouth are ***Margaret Searle***, a recent Vassar graduate now with Harper & Brothers; ***James G. Thurber***, whose manuscript (as might be guessed) comes to us from Paris; and ***David McCord***, who since his graduation from Harvard has been assistant editor of the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*. All three are new HARPER contributors.

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Paul Dougherty, one of whose magnificent studies of the Cornish coast is reproduced as the frontispiece of the Magazine, needs no introduction to those acquainted with American art. He won election to the Academy in 1907, at the age of thirty, and has held ever since a preëminent position among our marine painters.

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There is no space in these columns this month to publish the complete conditions for HARPER'S Intercollegiate Literary Contest. Already it is apparent that over fifty colleges and universities will be represented. Copies of the official statement of conditions have been sent to the English departments of these and other institutions; we shall be glad to furnish them to individuals who may be interested.

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If there had been any doubt that "Living on the Ragged Edge"—the anonymous article in our December issue on family income vs. family expenses—dealt with a matter of intense personal concern to a wide circle of readers, that doubt would have been removed by a reading of the comments and replies which it provoked. As this paragraph is being written, less than three weeks after the appearance of the article, the number of replies has already reached seventy-two; and the majority of them are not brief comments but lengthy and considered statements—either of advice to the anonymous author, of personal experience in solving the problem of living on a moderate income, or of comment on the whole social question involved.

The replies represent an extraordinary diversity of points of view. Some of the

writers have no sympathy with Anonymous in her plight. Says J. H. N., who lives in a town in New York State:

To those of us accustomed to economy, to making a game of it, breaking loose once in a while for a change or "thrill," making little effort to keep up with Lizzie, going our own independent way, not feeling that the "quality of our food and clothes and house furnishings must be, while not luxurious, at least never cheap," Anonymous's predicament is little more than a joke.

A judge in Nebraska says he feels sorry for Tom, but not for his wife:

No wonder his life is embittered and he is crushed with the appalling sense of failure! What is the idea in burdening a man in his financial condition with a cook, a maid, and a nurse? Plain snobbery and nothing else. If the neighbors kept an elephant this woman would want one also. . . .

The principle of the complaint of Anonymous, says "Carbolic Acid" (writing from Iowa City), is illustrated by an incident he saw the other day:

A neighbor's little boy was playing with a bucket. He sat down on it without removing his fingers from under the rim. There he sat and howled, without making the least effort to escape the predicament, when the simple matter of tumbling over, provided he had no wish to exert himself in getting up, would have simplified the matter and left him little worse off. . . . It's very evident that that particular boy is not destined to be a remarkable president.

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Most of those who have written us, on the other hand, agree with Anonymous that the problem is a real one and not to be solved without difficulty. Most of them sympathize keenly with her. Many declare that their plight is similar. One, a college professor's wife, is as bitter in her sympathy as "Carbolic Acid" is in his disapproval. Yet not all of these are unhappy. One college-bred woman, married to a college-bred man, says that they have had hard luck, that their business ventures have been unfailingly disastrous, that for ten years she has been living "well over the brink," but that she and her husband are "amazingly happy." She sets forth her philosophy thus:

At present we live in an ugly, rented house in an industrial city in western Pennsylvania. I am not strong enough to have any occupation that requires regular hours. Besides, could I secure employment and afford a servant, I should have to entrust the care of my boy to her, and I do not wish to have him largely influenced by a person with whom I myself would not associate on terms of equality. I do my housework and plan all my expenditures so that they are as low as is consistent with good health and decency. Probably I should be an unhappy woman. I am not. Our debts have not been incurred by extravagance and we are doing our best to reduce them. Doubtless there is something about me less fine and fastidious than about "Anonymous." I should like to maintain certain standards of living to which I was accustomed in my girlhood; but as long as we can keep our standards of thinking I shall not allow the lack of well-trained servants and beautiful surroundings to dim my spirit. In a shabby house on a dingy back street it may be hard to have a proper regard for the amenities of life, but I shall not cry out against our poverty, for then I would know that poverty had beaten me. . . .

With other readers of moderate means stoicism takes other forms. L. P. M., in a suburb of New York, thinks that those who stoop to pick up money can have lots of it, but that those who prefer the finer things of life should not let petty matters like bills deduct from their satisfaction. "I find," says he, "that however numerous my debts, my creditors are almost always courteous gentlemen and willing to wait a little longer." Several readers, on the other hand, point out that allowing bills to run up is hardly fair to the grocer, the tailor, etc. "Not long ago," testifies E. G. A. (writing from a town in Michigan), "Mrs. D. in our neighborhood was selling some china of her mother's and giving the money to the church. She knew that I wanted some of it and asked me if I would like it then. I said, 'No, I never buy anything until I can pay for it.' Now, I care a great deal for her good opinion. She looked at me and said, 'Good for you.'"

To a number, New York City is the villain of the piece. Westerners seem especially convinced of this: there are even a few invitations to move to California! Others feel that the problem is essentially the same anywhere: that the high costs of New York are matched by high salaries.

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In all this diversity, however, a majority verdict emerges. The consensus of opinion among HARPER readers on the case of Anon-

ymous may perhaps be summarized as follows: 1. She has three servants. She should give up at least one if not two of them, and if this means giving up her job, then she should do so. If it means moving to a smaller or more easily managed house, she should do this too. 2. She should pay cash and do her purchasing in person instead of by telephone. 3. She should adjust herself psychologically to thinking in terms of a smaller income, and should try to secure her happiness from things whose value is not measured in terms of money.

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We should like to be able to quote from every letter, and to quote at length from many of them; but even with the addition of two extra pages to the Personal and Otherwise department this is impossible. We have therefore selected a few letters for more extended publication. The first is from a well-known essayist now living in a Pennsylvania city:

At supper just now I was telling the family about the financial problems set forth in the interesting article about "The Ragged Edge." As I wound up the account with a list of those things which the article set forth as among the needs of life, finishing with cook, maid, and nurse-girl, my audience grew hilarious.

"I don't call that the ragged edge," said my husband. "That's the embroidered edge."

Five families of my acquaintance are living in New York, each family with a different income-scale; and all but one of those families is living on its own particular Ragged Edge. The lowest salary among them is, I should judge, about two thousand dollars below the probable income of the lawyer and his wife described in the HARPER'S article. The highest income in the group is probably more. But it makes not a whit of difference what the arithmetic of the matter is. It is algebra that counts. Let x equal the income: with four out of these five families, the expenditures will always equal at least $x + 1$, regardless.

The fifth couple, the only one in the group with any financial peace of mind (and not the wealthiest), took account of stock before their marriage day, and decided that whatever their income might be from time to time, they would dock it. These expenditure limits are arbitrary anyway; most people nowadays allow the arbitration to be done by the extreme top limit of what they can earn. Knowing this, a young couple *starting out* can accomplish much. (Personally, I consider the particular couple described in the article past praying for. They are already committed to too much. It is the standard they set that I would try to explode.) Docking one's own income has to be done at the first of each month, not the last. You have to save your money when you get it; there is no other way. In the experience of the fifth couple, it was the wife who had to keep this custom firm; her husband's half of the budget displayed savings only to the amount of his fixed life-insurance premiums—even before marriage he had never saved. The wife, entrusted with the administration of all household expense, lived as if her husband's salary were twenty-five per cent smaller than it really was, and banked the residue. When his income increased, she also salted that away. She had an object, of course, to spur her on—education for the children and the future building of a house. But her methods were simply such as I describe.

To young couples starting out, it may be of interest to know the line of reasoning she followed to persuade her husband into tolerance of this plan. Surveying their salary and their tastes, in the delicious conferences of an engaged-to-be-married pair, they learned that they could not possibly hope to satisfy their standards in material and external things. They both had exquisite tastes, not only bred of "college" (save the mark) but also of long generations of artists and globe-trotters. The setting that would precisely have suited them would have been a luxurious estate in a parklike corner of Old England, with a retinue of servants.

Since they could not have many servants, they had none, except an occasional woman by the day. If your tastes are high enough, you can eschew them with a better grace. When you once cut out resident servants, you have at one fell swoop a new heaven and a new earth, one in which you work like everything, but pay your tradespeople honorably every month, not "a little on a big bill."

The wife in this particular family had been earning about three thousand before her marriage; she and her husband together decided that she could best drop all that. This sounds like the cave-era, but in my experience, the more successful the woman, the more calmly she can eschew the dear delights of hastening off to business every day. Except with the permanently childless pair, it does not add to the family surplus for the wife to work out. The scale of expenses, all up and down the line in every item, jumps up to eat the surplus. In a household run by cook, maid, and nurse-girl in the winter and by two maids in the summer, the money earned by both husband and wife is being put into a sieve. It takes brains and concentration to keep within any income nowadays, short of the inherited coupons of the idle rich. A man's salary goes twice as far if his wife, instead of trying to eke it out with her own earnings, makes a highly skilled specialty of keeping her own house.

Everything hangs on the choice of the wife; shall she stickle for the maximum of suitability in equipment, service, environment, and material

supplies that combined outside efforts can attain, or shall she use her resourcefulness to keep within a dignified margin, self-imposed, preferring hard work and certain material makeshifts to risking her husband's feeling of not being quite up to her standards of expense? No wife can afford to let her husband suffer from the creeping sense of failure that comes over him when he sees his generous earnings sinking out from under him like quicksand, and his wife wildly scrambling together half-time wages to piece out You can give a man this sense of failure on a salary of twelve thousand just as readily as on a salary of three. Any woman with a particle of initiative and two children can easily spend every penny of twenty thousand a year in New York City to-day, and still be wondering how to pay for "straightening a set of teeth."

The most pernicious item in the entire modern standard of living is the theory that certain types of expensive material equipment are "matters of character." We have all gone mad for the fitting stage-set and have forgotten the lines of the parts we are supposed to play. Even the colleges are full of it; millions for new buildings, and not one cent to allure a more distinguished faculty. Small wonder that the graduates are insisting that their material equipment shall be "never cheap," but are quite unabashed about teaching their children to play the piano in an amateurish way. Parental piano-instruction is a farce; parental home-making even with the most meager raw materials can be a work of art. Children are better trained for life, and much better grounded in matters of character, if they have not seen all manual labor and basic industry delegated, but have helped in some of it themselves.

Many a woman is not strong enough to keep house; but then she certainly is not strong enough to dissipate her energies in doing outside paid work under difficulties. Except for a Madame Schumann-Heinck, it does not pay. A part-time mother leads a nervous life. No maid can fill the bill, and absolutely *no* maid will cut the bills. Since, with modern expenses, you will be desperately verging on some limit anyway, set the limit yourself, and set it well below the sum your husband earns. Dock your own salary (you could live on it if it were docked) and save your nervous system—and *trim* the ragged edge.

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Similar is a bit of advice from G. M. A. of Henderson, Kentucky: "They must make a radical change. Let them take one-third of Tom's earnings and properly invest them, and live on the other two-thirds. Can't do it? There are those who are living on one-tenth of your earnings, and they eat just as wholesome food, wear just as warm clothing, and sleep under just as tight a roof as you do."

Can it be done? Listen to one of the older generation, the mother of a writer whose stories are enjoyed by thousands of HARPER readers:

For more than sixty years I have been a reader of HARPER'S. The reading in its December issue of its article "Living on the Ragged Edge," and the failure (as it seems to me) to solve the problem by the two writers whom the Editor called to his aid, have impelled me to give my testimony.

Unless New York City is the trouble, I see no reason for the financial stress of "Anonymous." Having never lived there, I do not know its demands, but certainly "a cook, maid, and nurse" are enough to wreck one financially and spiritually —anywhere. To be worried about the next month's bills would have the same effect upon me, but I never had that sensation.

Like "Anonymous," I was reared by parents who gave me every advantage, and also my "financial inheritance was negligible" in the years when it was needed. Similar also was our desire for a rich and gracious existence. This can be found outside a great city.

When married, my husband, a university and theological school graduate, was a clergyman with a $600 pastorate. Three years later, when our first child came, he had $800 a year and parsonage. Three years later came a second child and a salary of $1000. At longer intervals two more children. The last of these was born in Germany, where my husband was taking a three years' course in theology as preparation for a professorship in a theological school.

It may be said that those were cheap times. True, but in those fifteen years of married life we had so far lived within our income that we had a good cottage at the seashore, where we spent our summers, and enough money laid by to enable a family of five to go to Berlin for three years. When that fourth child arrived, we employed a maid for part of each day, and my husband for six months toured Palestine and the Orient.

For the next thirty years he received $2000 and upward, until the years of his retirement at the age of seventy by law of the institution, he was receiving $3000. During those years we lived in our own eleven-roomed house, and I did the work with the help of the children—except the laundry. All of the children went through the university with honor, and then took special work in Europe, and the three now living are important factors in their communities.

An ardent suffragette would say that I was a "slave." *Au contraire* I was the freest of women. I governed my own time in my own way. I studied the college textbooks and read largely during those years.

I believe that the economic independence of wives threatens our homes. Children are less welcomed than formerly. If there are children, they

need the mother (not a nurse) to respond to the cry of "Mother!" as it rings through the house. Perhaps it doesn't ring nowadays. If so, one of the sweetest sounds of home is missing.

How a mother can leave her baby or her children, at their most impressionable age, for a large part of the day, I do not understand. Of course there are mothers who must earn money, but we are not discussing that class of wage-earners. "Anonymous" writes: "I have been able with half-time work to earn more than enough to pay the wages of the children's nurse." During the war—alone with her first baby—she had a nurse in the same way, spending seven hours away from home. I could not have endured that work for an employer, nor the tedious trolley rides, but at her present age I could have done my housework, with her family of four, in five hours a day, leaving time for rest, reading, literary work, and entertaining.

"Anonymous" speaks of the schools outside cities. As far as children in the grades are concerned, I did not worry about the schools, for I knew that I could supplement them. I knew what books my children read. I read aloud suitable books, and I found that they would listen to talks on history and even learn dates, if I put it all in story-form. Their interest was greater because we had spent fourteen months in England, France, and Italy, seven years after we came home from Germany, and they were familiar with the great, historic buildings which I had explained to them when visited.

Finally. The time to save money is *at the start*. Money at interest grows and grows. Safe investments help, and we can give our children every advantage without lowering our standards of life.

Both "Anonymous" and her advisers seem to scorn the thought of money, but they are compelled by outstanding bills to agonize over it. My scheme leaves one free from all that, and has also given all of us great opportunities in our later years.

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And can it still be done nowadays, by those in their twenties and thirties? Many an explicit report of income and outgo, among the letters we have received, shows that it can. Here is one from Dedham, Massachusetts:

I do not know what there is in A's home that holds her to it. Certainly she seems unhappy, restless, and dissatisfied. And what pleasure is there in living in a city if one has not the money for enjoying its advantages? What do they all get out of it? Surely they spend their comfortable income with a pitifully small return. Strange, for a woman with three maids to be unable to afford theater tickets; to spend a thousand dollars for bringing a child into the world and have nothing left for "extra educational advantages." The account of this family's life seemed to me like a sojourn in Topsy-Turvy Land, and must seem so to them.

The answer, I think, is to decide what essentials we will buy without money. We can't most of us have everything. Why pick city streets, three maids, a nervous breakdown, and an inferiority complex? Anyone with a reasonable salary and a small family can do better than that.

My husband and I are a case in point. We live, as most of my married college friends do, on an income well under five thousand dollars a year. We have a new seven-room house (which we are buying through a co-operative bank) in a Boston suburb. It is only ten miles from the city. I do my own work, with a cleaning woman one day a week, and take all the care of the baby. We see much of our families and friends, who come to us for informal meals and visits. We are always well.

Our house is pretty and simple, and we are happier in it than anyone at all modern would believe.

Of course, we have just heaps of unsatisfied longings—for far countries, for a car, for many delightful luxuries, for lazy vacations, for more theater parties, more music, more books. Still, we are not dull. We see more than three plays a year, and find books and friends more absorbing than ever. Usually, I am humble with a sense of well-being. We have some money in the bank, our own open fire, many friends, and more joy in our baby than people ever had before. My husband enjoys his work. There are occasional financial difficulties, but he is not harried continually by the endless struggle to keep ahead.

After all, what good are our college educations if they have not taught us how to get happiness from life? How foolish to have studied Art and Philosophy and Literature and Psychology if we have none of these things within us! When we are old, we may come to realize that most of life's loveliest treasure was not after all so costly in dollars and cents. Is there not some way for us all to take some course in Adult Economics that will teach us what to buy?

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